

# Develop Your Reading

KNIGHT and TRAXLER



TREBETT

130

1941





DEVELOP YOUR READING





By Ewing Galloway, N. Y.



# DEVELOP YOUR READING

BY

PEARLE E. KNIGHT, M.A.

HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH  
CHARLESTON HIGH SCHOOL, CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

AND

ARTHUR E. TRAXLER, Ph.D.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR, EDUCATIONAL RECORDS  
BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY; FORMERLY  
PSYCHOLOGIST, UNIVERSITY OF  
CHICAGO HIGH SCHOOL

*ILLUSTRATED*

THE COPP CLARK CO. LIMITED  
TORONTO CANADA

1945

COPYRIGHT 1941, BY PEARLE E. KNIGHT AND ARTHUR E. TRAXLER

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, INCLUDING THE RIGHT  
TO REPRODUCE THIS BOOK OR PORTIONS  
THEREOF IN ANY FORM

[974]

PRINTED IN CANADA



## *Introduction*

### TO THE STUDENT

DID you ever stop to consider the part that reading plays in the life of the average person? You know, of course, that reading is very important while you are in school, but has it ever occurred to you that many people who are not in school read almost constantly?

Let us accompany Mr. Williams, a typical businessman, on his way to work and note some of the uses he makes of reading. At the corner newsstand he purchases the *morning paper* and *reads it* as he rides to his place of business. Arriving at his office, he plunges into the *morning mail*, *reading the letters rapidly* and dictating replies. As he proceeds with the dictation, he pauses occasionally while his secretary brings him various *office records at which he glances* to get certain details he needs.

The morning correspondence finished, Mr. Williams *looks over the memorandum of appointments* which his secretary has made for him and then begins receiving callers. In several of these interviews *printed materials are used* and in all of them Mr. Williams makes *notes which are to be read later*.

At 12.30, Mr. Williams goes to a near-by restaurant where he *reads a menu* and selects his lunch. Returning to the office after lunch, he *goes through the afternoon mail*, *reads an extensive report* on general business conditions in his particular industry, and interviews more callers. At 4.30 he *begins reading* and signing *the letters* which he dictated earlier in the day.

Leaving the office at five o'clock, Mr. Williams buys the *evening paper* and *reads it* on the way home. He glances up occasionally and his eyes come to rest on *various advertisements*, which *he reads* almost unconsciously. When he arrives home his wife shows him the *program of the matinee* which she has attended in the afternoon. After dinner,



*he goes over some bills, reads aloud a story to the children just before they go to bed, and then settles down for an hour's reading of a current best-seller, over which he relaxes and grows sleepy.* Thus, this average businessman closes an ordinary day, quite unaware that reading has been perhaps his most important single activity and that since he left home in the morning he has covered thousands of words of printed material, ranging from simple children's stories to highly technical business data.

Anything that is so much a part of everyday living as is reading needs, of course, to be done as well as possible. Good reading ability will be a constant aid to you both in school and in later life; besides, it can bring you much pleasure. If you enjoy reading, it is probable that you do at least certain kinds of reading well. In that case, you probably do a large amount of reading, and thus, through practice, you become an even better reader.

If you don't read well, your difficulty may be that reading is really hard for you or it may be that you are one of those very active persons who have always found so many other interesting things to do that you have not had time for just sitting and looking at books — unless your teacher was around to see that you did. If you are a person who has had so many other interests that reading has been crowded out, it is not surprising if you read somewhat more slowly and with less comprehension than some of your classmates. We learn to do by doing; we learn to read by reading. Every year reading will naturally have a larger place in your life than it had when you were a child in the elementary school. So you'll be wise to prepare yourself by beginning in a systematic way to do more and more reading. And you'll find some fascinating things in print. Don't be surprised if you turn out to be a bookworm after all!

If reading just naturally seems hard for you and always has been that way, probably your difficulty can be traced to two or three definite things you haven't learned. Perhaps you haven't learned to select the important ideas from the mass of detail, or to vary your speed of reading for the difficulty of the material, or to see the pattern in which the selection is written. Or it may be that you fail

to recognize many words — that is, your reading vocabulary may be weak. In this case, you should learn how to attack new words and become skillful in the use of the dictionary. You will find that increasing your reading vocabulary is a long, slow battle, but it is one that you can win with perseverance, and probably in no other way can you give your reading such a boost.

Perhaps you are a good reader — one of the best in your class. That is something to be happy about — but are you as good a reader as you could be? Do you always keep your mind on what you are reading and do you habitually read informational material as rapidly as you can understand it? If so, you are one in a thousand! Nearly everyone — no matter how well he reads — could become a better reader by diligent practice at reading with maximum efficiency.

Then, there is oral reading. Ability to read well orally is not so important as it was in the days of our great-grandfathers when everyone sat around the fireplace and read from the only available book, which was passed from reader to reader, as throats grew tired and voices gave out. But it is still rather important at times, especially if you are suddenly called upon to stand up before your class or your club or some other group and read something you have never seen before with a voice and expression that will enable everyone to understand and appreciate it — or, worse yet, to read a paper over the radio. We feel that oral reading is still important enough so that you will want some practice in it; so you'll have a chance to read aloud before you get through this book.

The whole book has been planned to help you learn to do the things that make the difference between a poor or indifferent reader and a good one. We feel that while you are learning to read better you might as well have some fun along with the work; so we have tried to include selections that you will find interesting. Other boys and girls have read the stories, poems, and articles in this book and have liked them. We hope that you, too, will enjoy them.

*January, 1941*

PEARLE E. KNIGHT  
ARTHUR E. TRAXLER





## *Contents*

Introduction . . . . .	v
------------------------	---

### PART I · RAPID READING

I To Find Fun in Reading . . . . .	3
II To Improve Our Rate of Reading . . . . .	48
III To Skim . . . . .	75
IV To Enlarge Our Vocabulary . . . . .	106
V To Find Help in the Dictionary . . . . .	121

### PART II · CLOSE READING

VI To Discover the Main Idea . . . . .	140
VII To Retrace the Author's Pattern . . . . .	151
VIII To Search for Details . . . . .	190
IX To See Imaginative Pictures . . . . .	218
X To Share the Author's Feeling . . . . .	242
XI To Read Aloud . . . . .	287
XII To Review . . . . .	342
Index . . . . .	371



DEVELOP YOUR READING





# PART I · RAPID READING

## CHAPTER I

### *To Find Fun in Reading*

How many of you can swim? Have you known for some time how to swim or have you just learned? Whenever you learned, it is safe to venture a guess that you did not master the different strokes by staying away from the water. You may have stepped in, inch by inch — such a timid way seems silly to you now — or you may have plunged right in. We hope no one pushed you in! As soon as you were in, the fun began.

Let us get *into* reading. As with swimming, the way to learn to read is *to read*. The more we read, the easier reading becomes for us and the better we like it. Your teacher is planning to give you time for just reading. Here are some stories and articles on which you can begin. You will be told how long you may have to read — probably ten or fifteen minutes each day. Forget that you are in a classroom with others, and lose yourself in the story. You are not to be tested on what you read. Just enjoy it. At the end of the time the class may discuss it briefly, to add to the general appreciation of the story.

Try to finish in the time given you. Don't let an occasional noise disturb you. Try to keep your eyes on the page you are reading. If at first you find it hard to keep your mind on what you are reading, simply *keep trying*. It is just a bad habit, which you can break if you want to. So keep after it. Each day will give you a new chance. And the more you forget your surroundings, the more you will enjoy the story.

Now for the stories.

THE BUFFALO DANCE <sup>1</sup>

\* *By Cornelia Meigs*

In the cool silence and in the level light of the late afternoon, Chanuka's canoe seemed to be the only moving thing in the wide expanse of marshy lake country. There was so little breeze that the tall reeds stood motionless, knee-deep in the still water. The Indian boy was not hunting today, nor was he watching for any enemy, that he moved so silently. It was only his unwillingness to break that spell of utter quiet that made him guide his light craft so noiselessly across the narrow stretches of open water, over the shallows where the water grasses brushed softly along the birchbark bottom and between those tufts of green where rocks, brush, and poplars or pines rose from the water here and there in a myriad of tiny green islands. Everywhere the tall rushes stood stiffly erect, so that he could not see, in any direction, more than a few yards beyond the high painted bow of his boat. Yet he moved forward steadily, threading his way without hesitation through that maze of concealing reeds and winding water lanes.

He liked to feel that he was the only human being within twenty, fifty, or perhaps a hundred miles, that he and the fish and the waterfowl had all to themselves this stretch of lake and marsh and river which lay to the southward of the hunting grounds of his tribe. Somewhere beyond that watery domain lay the grassy open country where dwelt the Dakotas, the unforgetting enemies of his tribe.

The older warriors still talked beside the campfire of the long wars which had raged intermittently and furiously between nation and nation for a hundred years. Neither tribe could ever call itself actually victorious; but fighting would cease at times from sheer exhaustion on both sides. For some years now there had been uneasy truce, with the smoldering hatred ready to break out into fierce flame again at any moment.

Once Chanuka had said to one of the old braves, "The Dakotas live on the prairies and hunt the buffalo, and we dwell in the forest

<sup>1</sup> By permission of *St. Nicholas Magazine*. D. Appleton-Century Co., publishers.

and get our meat from the deer and the moose. We do not need to quarrel over hunting grounds. Why should we be always at war with the prairie men?"

To which the scarred and wrinkled fighter had replied, "We hate them; so did our fathers, so will our sons. That is cause enough. And you will understand, when you grow older, that when spring comes, then the young warriors are ever restless and eager to be on the warpath. And for us the warpath must always lead southward."

Chanuka could understand the second explanation better than the first, for he knew that stirring of the spirit and the body in the spring which might lead one anywhere.

Through these last years when there had been no fighting between Ojibway and Dakota, both sides had avoided this special stretch of lake and swamp which lay between their two domains, so that it had long been left empty even of hunters. Now, moved by that same restlessness which comes with the bursting loose of ice-imprisoned streams and the stir of life in the vast green wood, Chanuka had turned aside from his hunting to explore this unknown land and these unfamiliar waters. In spite of the knowledge that such journeying was forbidden by his chief, he could not forbear going farther and farther southward into the empty waste.

The last lake through which he had passed was wooded only on three sides, while the grassy prairie swept all the way up to its southern banks. This was proof indeed that he was coming close to the lands of the enemy. But the dense forest was still massed behind and immediately about him, and the sharp hoofprints of deer and the big splay-footed tracks of moose had trampled the grass and mud of the shores where the wild creatures had come down to the water to drink or to feed on the lily pads.

A blot of dense green, showing through the pale stems of the rushes, told him finally that he was approaching an island, solid ground in this empty wilderness of ripples and swaying reeds. He came near, dipping his blade easily and lightly, and then suddenly paused, with his paddle half lifted, frozen into an immovable statue



of wary listening. He had heard a voice issuing from the dense undergrowth of the island, a voice which muttered, dropped into silence, then fell to muttering again or rose to a curious half-choked cry.

With a motion as soundless as that of a fish's quivering fin, Chanuka paddled nearer, yard by yard, until he was stealing under the drooping boughs of overhanging trees, until he was peering out at a bit of gravel beach and a narrow grassy clearing.

That which he saw first was a canoe, or rather had once been a canoe. It was not a trim birchbark vessel such as was bearing Chanuka on his voyaging, but the clumsier dugout craft of the sort that the Indians dwelling on the southern rivers fashioned from tree trunks. It was battered and trampled now into hopeless ruin, stamped halfway into the soft ground, with the snapped blade of the paddle lying beside it along with a broken bow and a spilled quiver of arrows. After one long, silent survey, Chanuka stepped ashore and walked, without attempt at concealment, across the slope where the turf was plowed and torn by the stamping hoofs of some great animal.

The master of that broken vessel was extended at full length, half hidden below a thicket of brambles. One arm was crumpled under him; the other was flung before his face. Long, lean, and red-skinned, he lay inert and helpless, muttering and whispering to himself, taking no notice, even when Chanuka finally knelt down beside him on the grass. The arm under him was undoubtedly broken; his whole body was bruised and torn with a dozen jagged gashes, while the hot fever of untended wounds was evidently running like fire through his whole being. Chanuka laid his firm brown fingers against that burning skin and nodded.

"No one but a plains-dwelling Dakota," he commented within himself, "would know so little as to stand against the charge of a wounded moose."

All up and down upon the grass was written the record of that encounter when the great ugly-tempered beast, wounded and furious, had turned upon the unwary hunter. Here were wounds of lashing,



goring horns, here was the broken bow from which the arrow had sped too late.

"He thought he was hunting a creature like one of his stupid buffalo," the Ojibway boy reflected in scorn.

The Dakota had evidently followed the animal through the marsh, not knowing that the moment it felt firm ground under its feet the moose would turn upon him in deadly attack. Canoe, weapons, the limp, helpless body under its feet, alike were objects of the huge beast's blind onslaught. One final charge had carried it clean over the fallen quarry, and it had gone plunging and splashing across the marsh, leaving the silent glade far behind. The keen eyes of the Indian boy could read plainly the whole tale.

Chanuka's eyes glinted with a sudden spark as he stooped over the wounded stranger. He had thought more than once, as he paddled through the reeds and the rapids, of the black disfavor with which the chief of his village would greet him upon his return. The year before in the same foolhardy curiosity he had journeyed down into the prairie region and on his return had been met with severe reprimand and punishment as well.

"If a warrior seeks out the enemy's country, he must not come home empty-handed," the hard-faced old Indian had said, and had set the boy to do squaw's work for the waxing and waning of the first snow moon. The memory of that penalty had often burned hotly in Chanuka's heart; but it had not kept him back when the spring unrest set him once more to roving. And this time he would not come home empty-handed; he would bring a captive from the tribe of their foes, a Dakota warrior, helpless in the bottom of his canoe.

He stooped and half lifted, half dragged the limp figure out from among the brambles to lie upon the open grass. As he did so the glittering light in his eyes died suddenly. For a long minute he stood frowning down upon that truth which a better view had revealed. Long of limb though the Dakota might be, he was evidently not yet a grown warrior. His age must be much the same as Chanuka's own.

A boy, a boy taken with the same sudden impulse to wander into

hostile country for no better reason than that it was forbidden! It would have been glorious triumph to carry home a captured brave. But would the triumph be quite the same when the captive was a headlong blundering lad, who had dared the same dangers as himself and had fallen into unexpected misfortune?

Hardly admitting, even in his own mind, just what was his final purpose, Chanuka stooped once more and began, as best he could, to tend the other's hurts. Every warrior knew a little of how bleeding wounds could be bound up with leaves and bark. Darkness fell while he was still at work; he kindled a fire, brought from his canoe a wild duck which he had shot earlier in the day, and set it to broiling before the coals.

When the savory fowl was ready he attempted to feed the wounded Dakota, but that burning throat would swallow nothing but water. After the first long cool draft from the bark cup which Chanuka set to his lips, the long lad's tossing and mumbling eased a little. He kept repeating a single word thereafter, which Chanuka began to understand stood for water — ever more water. In the end the Ojibway boy forgot to eat and bent all his absorbed effort upon bringing sufficient water, and moving the sufferer from time to time when one position became unbearable and he stirred and struggled feebly to shift to another.

The moon rose and stood high above the trees; the dark ripples lapped softly on the shore, and that muttering voice went on and on. There was never a groan, never a querulous note of complaint. Even with his mind and spirit wandering somewhere in that land of shadows which borders upon death, the young Dakota's instinct held true. Not once did he cry out with the pain which was consuming him.

All night Chanuka toiled over him. It was only when the moon was dropping and the sky growing white to the eastward that the fever seemed to abate and the Dakota lay more quietly. When the morning broke over the silent marsh, the two Indian boys lay together upon the grass, side by side, both fast asleep.

There followed some days of strange comradeship. On the second

morning the Dakota tried to stand, but could not; on the third he made determined effort to walk, and by the fourth could move about, although but slowly and painfully. His wounds would give him pain for a long time still, and the scars would be with him throughout his life; but the iron strength of an Indian would yield to weakness and fever for no more than the briefest stretch of days.

The two could not talk together; nor did they make any real effort to communicate by that language of signs with which all red men are familiar. That they were enemies, brought together in surprising and accidental truce, was a thing which neither of them seemed able to forget. Yet they caught fish and cooked them together, snared rabbits and ate them in company, and, as on that first night, slept side by side upon the grass.

It was the Dakota who made the only effort at further acquaintance. His name, it seemed, was Neosho. He offered this information and once or twice seemed to be trying, further, to give his rescuer some knowledge of the country in which he dwelt and the life of his people in their buffalo-skin lodges beside the big southward-flowing river. But Chanuka did not offer much attention to what the other was attempting to tell, and, after a little, the Dakota ceased any efforts at a semblance to talk. Had not Chanuka, on that foolhardy journey of seven moons ago, seen those same lodges of Neosho's people in the open country near that same river? He had stolen so close, under cover of the darkness, that he had actually lain hidden on one side of a small creek while, upon the flat open ground of the opposite bank, the people of that Dakota village had built their circle of fires and had danced the Buffalo Dance. He could see and hear them still — the red flames, the strangely moving dancers, the chanting voices and the thumping of the drums coming out of the darkness.

The Buffalo Dance celebrates the festival when the Dakota braves have come home from their summer hunting, laden with the meat which is to be their provision against the winter. Only three dancers take part in it. First comes the warrior who represents the





INDIAN CEREMONIAL DANCE

*Santa Fe Railway Photo*

buffalo, wrapped in a brown hairy robe and bearing the shaggy horned head pulled down over his own like a mask. He crouches and dances forward, tossing the head from side to side, imitating the lumbering gait of the buffalo. Next comes the horse, a man wrapped in a pony's hide and covering his face with the rude effigy of the animal's head. He moves it up and down, imitating the jogging motion of a horse loping along the buffalo trail. Last comes the hunter with his bow and arrows, rehearsing in pantomime all the adventures of the summer's chase.

Much as Chanuka would have liked to know more of the Dakotas and their ways, he fought against paying heed to what Neosho was trying to tell him. He would sit beside the fire moody and brooding, or would go silently about his work of bringing food and caring for his comrade's wounds. There had been some idea in his mind, at first, of letting the Dakota boy recover somewhat, and then of challenging him to mortal combat, as was fitting between enemies. But as he watched the other limping back and forth across the glade,

slowly coming again to his former strength, the Ojibway's determination failed. The days passed, and no challenge came.

Even through their long silences there was something growing up between them. Could it be called friendship between two mortal enemies? One had fallen into dire misfortune; the other had scorned to take advantage of his helplessness. Does such a thing make friends? Neither would betray by word or sign whether such were possible.

It was on the fifth day that they finally parted. The sun was rising red above the marsh when Chanuka signed to the other to take his place in the bow of the bark canoe. Neosho could not have known whether he was to be carried to freedom or back into the forest to fall into the hands of his deadly foes. He cast one glance at his broken bow still lying upon the ground and then with unchanging face stepped into the light craft which was already lifting to the ripples. Chanuka dipped his paddle and they slipped away through the rushes.

The unseen hand of a slight current bore them away southwestward, carried them at gathering speed through a narrow stream, then out upon the broad silver of a quiet lake. The forest was behind them; from the opposite shore the prairie lands, dotted with groves of trees, stretched away in green and rolling ridges. Chanuka brought the bow of the boat to land, and sat waiting without a word while his companion stepped out upon the grassy bank and strode away up the green rise. As he crossed the shoulder of the ridge, Neosho looked back and raised his hand. Chanuka lifted his paddle. That was the whole of their leave-taking before the Dakota disappeared beyond the grassy summit. The Ojibway pushed off his vessel into deep water, swung the bow, and set himself to paddling steadily northward.

If Chanuka wondered, on his homeward journey, what was to be the end of that forbidden adventure, he wondered still more when he arrived at his journey's end. He had been made to do sharp penance for that earlier expedition into the plains country; but this time, when he returned after an unexplained absence of eleven days:



and with nothing to show but a few wild ducks and a string of fish, no word was said. He was conscious that the eyes of the wrinkled old chief followed him as he went to and fro in the village. But if there was to be punishment for his disobeying, it was slow in coming.

The months of the summer passed with all the braves occupied by the season's hunting. Then the autumn began to draw on. The wild rice was ripening along the edges of the marshes, the swamp maples were turning red, and the dry rustle of the wind in the poplars foretold the coming of the winter tempests.

It was after a long day of hunting in the rice swamps that Chanuka was summoned at evening to the lodge of his chief. The great chief sat alone before the smoldering fire and looked at the young brave with hard, narrow eyes. The moment of reckoning for that stolen expedition had come.

"You, who have a heart so set upon voyages to the southward, are now to take a new journey," the chief said at last.

As a proper brave should, Chanuka waited in silence for the whole substance of his leader's commands.

"It may be that the time is coming close for us to do battle once more against our age-long enemies, the Dakotas," the other went on. "The signs of sky and forest point to a hard winter; but our hunting has been good, so that our tribe will not have lost in strength before the spring. We must discover whether our foes are to fare as well through the season of the snows. That is to be your task."

He paused, seeming to search the boy's face for any sign of dismay. Yet Chanuka's countenance was as unmoving as his own, as the chief continued:—

"You are to seek out that largest village of the Dakotas which lies in a great grove of walnut trees where one big river forks into three; and you are to go in haste so that you may see their braves come home from the buffalo hunt. If their store of dried meat for the winter is scanty, they will hunger and weaken when the snows begin and sickness will go from lodge to lodge. And then, when spring comes, the Ojibway will fall upon them. It is of this matter that you are to bring news, whether the Dakota hunters come home

heavily or lightly laden. By the word which you carry we will determine whether there is to be war again, or longer peace."

A journey is apt to seem shorter each time that it is repeated. Chanuka, traveling over the now familiar waterways, seemed to approach his journey's end more swiftly than either time before. It almost seemed that his paddle lagged; but brisk autumn winds and streams brimming from autumn rains carried him relentlessly onward. It was not until he had passed over half the distance that a strange question began to form itself within his mind. Was it possible that he did not wish to go so quickly? Was he a reluctant messenger; had those days upon the island in the marsh so weakened the resolution of a proper warrior that he, the first one chosen for the warpath, was going forward unwillingly? The thought stung him as though it were one of the wild black bees who were gathering their final store of honey in the sheets of yellow flowers which bordered all the streams. He dipped his blade and sped southward with all the haste which his paddle could add to the breezes and currents behind him. Yet as he journeyed his face darkened; for ply his paddle as he would, he could not seem to leave that haunting question behind. He did not know that he was offering vain battle against a natural force far stronger than even the relentless will of an Indian warrior. Wars may last a hundred years, or a thousand; but the spirit of fellowship which can spring up between one growing youth and another is older and more powerful than tribal hatreds.

He came to that green shore where he had left Neosho; and from there hastened forward on foot until he came in sight of the forks of the big river and saw the Dakota lodges scattered through the grove of walnut trees. From daybreak until evening he lay in hiding on the opposite side of the stream, watching all those who went back and forth amongst the lodges or came down to the bank for water. At first it was plain that only squaws and children and old men inhabited the place, that all the young and able-bodied braves were still away hunting the buffalo. Chanuka's chief had timed the sending of his messenger well; for the boy had waited only a night and a day before he witnessed the return of the hunters.



They advanced across the plain in a cloud of dust, a long line of laden ponies and weary huntsmen. From the shouts and from the delight with which they were greeted by those who ran out to meet them and escort them to their own lodges, it seemed that the chase had been crowned with success. Of that, however, Chanuka could not be certain until he stole nearer. This it was his plan to do on the night when the Dakotas lit their ceremonial fires on the flat bank just across from him and made ready to dance the Buffalo Dance.

Another warrior, so Chanuka reflected, might be content to watch and spy and carry home his news gathered only by observing from a distance. But he was determined to steal through the whole village, to peer into every lodge, and to carry away, perhaps from the dwelling of the chief, some token of actual proof that he had walked among the very campfires of the enemy. A beaded pouch, a bow, or a carved pipe — something he must surely have to bear away. Had not his chief said that he who seeks out the country of the enemy must not come home empty-handed? The darkness of the chosen night had fallen and the women were preparing the heaps of wood for the circle of fire when he slipped into the river to swim silently across.

He came out dripping, and crouched under the low bank to listen. All the voices and movement were on the flat ground to the right of him, where the whole village seemed to be gathering. He found his way to a break in the slope of the shore and, under the scanty cover of wild blackberries and hickory brush, crept unnoticed to the very edge of the camp. The lodges stood tenantless, with the embers of spent fires dying before every door. He peered into one empty dwelling, then another and another. It was even as he had guessed from afar — the stores were plenty; the hunt had been successful. The Dakotas were rich indeed this season with dried meat and buffalo robes; there would be no starving when the winter came.

He had reached the very center of the camp and was looking about him to determine which was the chief's lodge, the most worthy dwelling to be plundered. It would be easy to bear away

anything that he wished; for every living soul, it seemed, was on the open ground beside the river. A sudden tumult of voices almost at his elbow startled him into the knowledge that he was mistaken.

From the Medicine Lodge below the biggest walnut tree there came forth a group of laughing, shouting warriors. The dull fire behind them and the light of the stars above showed him that here was the Medicine Man himself, with an escort of young braves, walking down through the lodges, to appear the last of all beside the river, and to give the signal for the dance to begin.

The young men spread their line out through the camp, perhaps to see whether every person had gone. There was nothing for Chanuka to do but to give way before them, slipping from one shadow to another, taking advantage of any possible cover, but still being driven steadily down toward that space of light and tumult where the whole village was gathered. In absolute desperation he took refuge at last under the edge of a great pile of firewood.

The shouting warriors passed close beside him. One of them even stopped, seemed to hesitate a moment, and then went on with the others. An old brave came hobbling up to the opposite side of the heap of fuel and gathered an armful to fling upon the fire just kindled not ten yards away. The flare of red light showed the crowding women and children, the warriors in their feathered headdresses, and the fringed branches of the walnut trees moving softly in the rush of hot air. It would be impossible now to slip from that hiding place and reach the river unseen. From time to time more wood was thrown upon the fire, keeping the light ablaze and steadily lessening Chanuka's only cover. The drums thumped under the trees; the Medicine Man's voice rose in slow chant. The dance was about to begin.

Of a sudden, Chanuka, tense as a whipcord, felt a touch upon his arm. He started; in the pressure of his excitement he might have cried out. Someone was stooping over him, a queer misshapen figure quite unrecognizable in the firelight. But the voice which spoke Chanuka's name in a whisper was Neosho's.

At such highly wrought moments minds move quickly, and understanding comes without need of words. Neosho, it seemed, was to

take the part of the horse, in the coming dance. Crouching low at the edge of the heap of wood, he wrapped about his former comrade the sheltering garment of horsehide and thrust into his hands the wooden, skin-covered likeness of a horse's head. Already the brave who was to take the part of the buffalo was dancing and stamping his slow way around the circle inside the ring of fires. Every eye was upon that moving figure with its tossing horns and lashing tail. One round the buffalo was to make alone, then was to be followed by the horse, then by the hunter. So intent were all the spectators about the fires that no one noted the brief pause before the horse came out from the shadows and the second dancer joined the first.

As has been said, Chanuka had seen the dance before, watching from afar across the stream. It was well for him that an Indian is trained to notice and to store up every detail which his eye has once seen. With his heart hammering against his ribs, and with his eyes peering desperately through the holes in the clumsy head, Chanuka set himself to imitate the stamping dance step of the man before him, while he moved the horse's head, up and down, up and down, just as he had seen the dancer, a year ago, imitate the jogging motion of a loping pony. In that breathless moment during which Dakota and Ojibway had changed places, Neosho's quick eye had noted one detail which might have betrayed them both. He had kicked off his beaded moccasins, and had pointed to Chanuka's, cut and embroidered in a different fashion and proclaiming his tribe to any watchful eye. The long-limbed plainsman was larger than the lad of the forest, so that now Chanuka, dancing for his life, found the moccasins awkwardly big as he jerked and shuffled forward in the wake of the shuffling buffalo.

He had circled the ring of flickering red light, and now, from a shout behind him, knew that the hunter had joined the other two and that all interest and every glance was centered upon the final dancer alone. Once more they made the circuit, the three together. It seemed to the panting boy wrapped in the heavy horsehide that the round of fire-lit grass had stretched to the compass of a mile. But at last he saw the buffalo stop, look backward over his shoulder,



and then step aside to mingle with the crowd. A few more steps he danced; then, where the spectators had dwindled to a broken line on the rough footing just above the riverbank, the horse also slipped out of the circle and disappeared beyond the curtain of darkness that hung beyond the fire.

There was a soft splash in the water, as though a great fish had jumped. It attracted the attention of a single, lean young warrior who alone turned to listen, and who, presently, edged his way to the brink of the river and there gathered up an abandoned horsehide and the rudely fashioned model of a horse's head. Although he stood, silent and hearkening, for long minutes, there was no sound to be heard above the drums, no hint of a wet, supple figure clambering out of the stream on the opposite bank, and setting forth to bear a message northward.

It was three days later that Chanuka stood before his chief again and gave the news that the Dakota tribe had had good hunting and that this was no time to prepare for renewing the war. The other heard him, frowning.

"And how do I know that you really traveled so far, that you speak the truth when you say that you actually peered into the Dakota lodges beside the river?" he asked.

"By these," returned Chanuka briefly. He held up a pair of buffalo-hide moccasins, beaded and ornamented after a pattern never used by an Ojibway. And from the lodge pole of a certain dwelling of the Dakotas there swung at that same moment a pair of smaller moccasins, embroidered with bright porcupine quills, such as are worn by the forest hunters. For long years they hung there, the silent witness of a friendship of which no word had ever been spoken aloud.

## WOMAN'S SPHERE<sup>1</sup>

*By S. H. Kemper*

"Wilbur, dear," said Aunt Susan, "Rosa is very busy with the washing this morning, and if you will go down into the garden and

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

gather this basket full of peas and then shell them for her to cook for dinner, I will —" Aunt Susan paused to reflect a moment, then continued, "I will give you a new ball for a birthday present."

Aunt Susan smiled kindly at the flashing look of intense joy that Wilbur lifted to her face as he seized the basket she was holding out to him.

"I — I'd just love to have it!" he exclaimed.

He was quite overcome with emotion, and tore away toward the garden at top speed.

Wilbur's mother was ill, and Wilbur had been sent to visit Aunt Susan in order that the house might be quiet. Aunt Susan was really Wilbur's father's aunt. She was Grandma's sister, and she was very old. Grandma was not old. Her hair was white, but it went in nice squiggles around her face, and she wore big hats with plumes and shiny, rustly dresses, and high-heeled shoes. And when she kissed you she clasped you in a powerful embrace against her chest. Grandma was not old. But Aunt Susan, with her smooth gray hair and her wrinkled face and spectacles, her plain black dress and little shawl, and her funny cloth shoes, seemed to Wilbur a being inconceivably old. You felt intensely sorry for her for being so old. You were so sorry that you felt it inside of you; it was almost as if your stomach ached. And she was always kind and gentle. You felt that it would be a grievous thing to hurt her feelings or trouble her in any way.

Wilbur's birthday came on Thursday and this was only Monday. A long time to wait. Wilbur needed a ball very badly. He had made friends with a number of boys here in Aunt Susan's town, and the baseball season was at its height. Wilbur's friends owned several perfectly worthy bats and two or three gloves, but there was a serious lack of balls.

That afternoon, joining the boys on the vacant lot where they played, Wilbur informed them with great satisfaction of Aunt Susan's promise.

"My aunt is going to give me a new ball on my birthday," he said to them.

They were more than pleased with the news. Wilbur found himself the center of flattering interest. He told them that he guessed it would be a regular league ball.

Wilbur exerted himself earnestly to be helpful to Aunt Susan and Rosa all day on Tuesday and Wednesday. He felt that he could not do enough for Aunt Susan, and also that it would be well to remind her of her promise by constant acts of courtesy and service, for it was a long time before Thursday. But it did not seem possible that anyone could really forget an affair so important and so agreeable as the purchase of a ball.

Wilbur knew where Aunt Susan would get the ball: at Reiter's store, of course. Reiter kept a store where books and magazines and athletic goods were sold. He kept all the standard things; the ball would be of a good make, Wilbur was sure.

Aunt Susan did not often go downtown. Except when busy about her housekeeping, she was likely to spend the time rocking in her old-fashioned rocker on the front porch, with a workbasket beside her, occupying herself with needlework or knitting. She knitted a great deal. There were many bright-colored wools in her workbasket.

On Wednesday afternoon Wilbur's heart gave an excited jump when he saw Aunt Susan coming downstairs tying her little bonnet over her gray hair. Her black silk shopping bag hung on her arm. Wilbur did not doubt that she was going downtown with an eye solely for Reiter's store. He assumed an unconscious air, just as one did when Mother went shopping before Christmas. He watched Aunt Susan out of sight, and afterward hung about the front yard till he saw her returning. He ran to open the gate for her and took her parasol and bag, looking up at her with bright, trustful eyes. The bag seemed quite full of small parcels as he carried it for Aunt Susan.

Wilbur fell asleep that night wondering whether Aunt Susan would put the ball on the breakfast table next morning, where he would see it when he entered the dining room. Perhaps she would bring it after he was asleep, and place it on the chair beside his bed, or



perhaps on the old-fashioned bureau. There were many happy possibilities.

When the window opposite his bed began to grow bright with the pink and gold of sunrise, Wilbur woke and sat up, looking first at the chair, then at the bureau. No, it was not in the room. It would be in the dining room, then. Aunt Susan had not yet left her room. In the kitchen Rosa was only beginning her preparations for breakfast. Wilbur spent a long time, a restless but happy hour, waiting, idling about the dewy garden and the front yard, feeding the chickens and playing with the cat.

At last Rosa rang the bell and Wilbur went into the house. Aunt Susan, seated at the breakfast table, greeted him affectionately.

"Many happy returns, dear!" she said, holding out her hand.

She drew him to her and kissed his cheek. Now, surely — But the ball was not on the table beside his plate. He could not see it anywhere in the room.

The breakfasts at Aunt Susan's were always good. There would be fried chicken and waffles, or muffins, and squashy corn bread. Indeed all mealtimes at Aunt Susan's would have been periods of unmixed joy if Aunt Susan had not felt obliged to keep up a steady conversation. Aunt Susan made small talk laboriously. It distracted your mind. She had a strange delusion that one was avidly interested in one's schoolbooks. She constantly dwelt upon the subject of school. It made things difficult, for school was over now and all its rigors happily forgotten. This morning, what with Aunt Susan's talk and his excitement, Wilbur could hardly eat anything.

Breakfast was over. Aunt Susan and Rosa were in the pantry consulting on housekeeping matters. Wilbur sat down in a rocking chair on the front porch and waited. He waited and waited, rocking violently. And then at last he heard Aunt Susan calling him.

He was out of his chair and in the hall like a flash.

"Yes'm," he answered. "Yes'm. What is it, Aunt Susan?"

Aunt Susan was coming down the stairs.

"Here is the ball I promised you, dear," she said. She placed in his outstretched hand —

Wilbur had visualized it so vividly, had imagined the desired thing with such intensity, that it was as if a strange transformation had taken place before his eyes. He was holding, not the hard, heavy white ball he had seemed actually to see, with its miraculously perfect stitching and the trim lettering of the name upon it; instead a curious, soft thing lay in his hand, a homemade ball constructed of wools. There seemed to be millions of short strands of bright-colored wools, all held together in the center by some means and sticking out in every direction. Their smoothly clipped ends formed the surface of the ball.

It was the kind of thing you would give a baby in a gocart.

Wilbur stood and gazed at it. The kind of thing you would give a baby in a gocart! Then he looked up at Aunt Susan, and suddenly the sense of his great disappointment was lost in that immense, aching pity for her. She was so old, and she had made it herself, thinking it would please him.

"It's — it's awful pretty!" Wilbur stammered.

He felt inexpressibly sorry for Aunt Susan. How could anyone be so utterly without comprehension!

Aunt Susan patted his cheek.

"You have been a good boy," she said. "I hope you will enjoy playing at ball with your little friends."

Wilbur went cold. The other fellows! He foresaw well enough their attitude toward his misfortune. To them it would seem a subject for unsparing derision. The kind of thing you would give a baby in a gocart! And he had said, "I guess it will be a regular league ball."

Aunt Susan went away upon her housekeeping activities, and Wilbur, after standing for a while turning the woolly ball in his hands, went upstairs to his room. He hid the ball under the neatly folded garments in the upper drawer of the bureau. It was a relief to get it out of sight. He had a heavy, sickish feeling in his chest. The more he thought over his trouble, the greater it seemed. A great dread of having the other boys know about it possessed him. He felt that he could not possibly bear the ignominy.

The morning dragged itself heavily away. Wilbur remained indoors. He could not go out for fear the other fellows might see him. He winced painfully at the thought of meeting them.

Rosa baked a fine cake for him, decorating it tastefully with nine pink candles, but Wilbur regarded it wanly.

At dinner Aunt Susan noticed his lack of appetite and fussed over him anxiously, dismaying his soul with dark hints of doses of medicine.

"I don't feel a bit sick, Aunt Susan," he protested; "honest, I don't."

He felt almost desperate. He was heavy-hearted with his disappointment, oppressed with the fear of discovery; and now he must be harried and pursued with threats of medicine.

It was a miserable afternoon. Wilbur undertook to write a letter to his mother. Usually Aunt Susan was obliged to urge him to his duty, but today it offered an excuse to remain indoors, and Wilbur seized it gladly. Writing a letter was a business that took time and effort. After a while, as Wilbur sat in the attitude of composition, with his legs wrapped around the legs of his chair and his shoulders hunched over the table, Aunt Susan's anxious eye detected the fact that he was not writing but was absently chewing his pencil.

"Wilbur, dear," Aunt Susan said, "you are staying in the house too much. Put your letter away now and run out of doors. I think you need the fresh air. You can finish your letter tomorrow."

"Oh, I would rather finish it now, please," Wilbur said. "You know Poppa is coming to see us this evening, and if I get it done I can give it to him to take to Mamma."

He hastily stuck out his tongue and, breathing heavily, began to write.

Throughout the afternoon Wilbur contrived by one excuse or another to remain in the house. After the early tea Aunt Susan sat down in one of the porch rockers with her knitting and Wilbur sedately took another. With great effort he sustained the conversation which Aunt Susan considered necessary. Presently, with a throb of alarm, Wilbur saw Henry, the boy who lived next door, climbing



the fence dividing the two yards. With fascinated dread Wilbur watched him approach. He stood still at the foot of the porch steps.

"Hello," he said in his deep and husky voice.

"Hello," Wilbur replied coldly.

"Good evening, Henry," said Aunt Susan; "sit down and make us a visit. How is your father? How is your mother? When is your married sister coming home for a visit?" And so on.

Henry sat down on the steps, answering Aunt Susan with weary civility. Wilbur rocked and rocked with nervous violence. Sitting in a chair like a grown person, he felt a certain aloofness from Henry on the steps. It was a poor enough security, but he clung to it. And then suddenly Aunt Susan was saying: —

"Wilbur, get the ball I gave you and play a game of ball with Henry."

The moment of discovery had come. And Wilbur found himself wondering dully what Aunt Susan's idea of a ball game could be like. His mind seemed to fumble stiffly with the unimportant thought. He rose heavily. Henry had snapped up briskly from his place on the steps as Aunt Susan spoke.

"That's right!" he said. "Let's get out there in the road and warm up."

Wilbur turned to enter the house.

"I'll go with you," Henry said.

They ascended the stairs, Wilbur lagging on every step and Henry breasting forward like a homeward-bound horse. They crossed the little upstairs hall and stood at the door of Wilbur's room. The woolly ball lay on the bureau, its many colors garish in the sunset. Wilbur had left it in the drawer, but Rosa had been in the room putting away his freshly ironed clothes, and had taken it out and placed it on top of the bureau for all the world to see.

Wilbur shut his eyes and waited for a bitter outcry from Henry. There was, however, a moment of silence, and then Henry demanded impatiently: —

"Well, where is it at?"

Wilbur opened his eyes and regarded Henry stupidly. Henry, then, did not even recognize the strange, bright object on the bureau as a ball. Probably he took it for a pincushion. The shock of the unexpected reprieve made Wilbur feel faint and confused.

"It's here — it's right in this room," he stammered.

"In the bruy-ye?" Henry asked, pointing toward the old-fashioned bureau.

"I — I left it in the top drawer of the bruy-ye."

Henry went and opened the drawers one by one and rummaged in them.

"It ain't here!" he exclaimed. "I bet somebody's stolen it from you! The colored girl! I bet she's stolen it!"

"Aw, she wouldn't steal! She's nice!" Wilbur exclaimed; but even as he spoke, he saw his mistake. Henry had made the descent to a course of deceit, of hideous disloyalty to a dear friend, fearfully easy! Wilbur descended. "Maybe," he faltered, "maybe she needed a ball awfully and just had to take it! Maybe she needed it awfully!"

"Well, ain't you going to try to get it back from her?"

"Oh, no!" Wilbur cried in horror. "I won't say a word about it. It would hurt her feelings. She's nice —"

"Well, I bet if it was my ball and anybody stole it I would raise an awful row."

"I won't say anything about it," Wilbur repeated. "It would hurt her feelings. And I guess you better go home now, Henry. Maybe your mother is wondering where you are."

Wilbur adopted the formula with which other boys' mothers were wont to put him on the social inclined plane. He felt a desperate need to be rid of Henry. Henry departed without resentment.

A little later Wilbur's father came. It was a comfort to have Poppa there. Wilbur's tired spirit leaned against his big, quiet strength. In the dusk Aunt Susan and Poppa sat on the porch and talked. Wilbur stood beside Poppa's chair. It was peaceful and cool in the late evening. Wilbur liked to hear the noise the katydids made in the trees. It went on, over and over —



## BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL

*By Ewing Galloway, N. Y.*

Suddenly, as if recollecting something he had forgotten, Poppa put his hand into his coat pocket and drew out — It was the ball of Wilbur's dreams. Poppa, still talking to Aunt Susan, was holding it out to him. He saw it in all its utterly desirable excellence, its natty charms, hard and heavy and smooth and gleaming white. Wilbur's small brown fingers curved themselves feebly upon its taut sides. He did not speak, but his long-lashed eyes, brooding upon the perfection within his grasp, lifted for a moment to his father's face a deep look of such intensity that that person was startled.

"It's your birthday, old chap," he said, putting his arm around Wilbur. "I thought you might like a new ball."

He felt Wilbur trembling slightly and wondered whether, in spite of the little fellow's seemingly perfect health, he could be an overstrung and nervous child.



"Now you have two balls," Aunt Susan said fatuously, rocking herself in her old rocker.

"Yes'm," said Wilbur.

From the security of his immense happiness he smiled at her kindly, very kindly, very indulgently, for how could she understand?

## HOW INTELLIGENT IS YOUR DOG? <sup>1</sup>

*By John Gray Peatman*

Dogs differ in many ways. We do not have to go back far in our experience to be able to realize that. Aside from the most observable and ordinary differences of size, shape, and color, we often notice that some dogs seem more intelligent than others — that is, they appear smarter and can learn tricks more easily. You have probably trained your dog to bring back to you a stick or rock thrown several yards away. Perhaps you have taught him to jump over chairs, to stand on his hind legs, to behave properly in the presence of strangers. And you have undoubtedly found that your dog learns some of these things quickly and some slowly.

We know that there are two very important things that determine to a great extent just how much and how quickly a dog can learn to do various feats. The first consists of *inherited* abilities or natural inabilities. A dog ordinarily has a very keen sense of smell. On the other hand, he can probably never learn to talk as we do or to walk always on his hind legs. Nature has not given him the bodily organs for this, and consequently certain limits are set beyond which the animal can never hope to go in his learning.

The second thing that determines to some extent how much and how quickly a dog can learn is found in his master. Man must have great *patience* in teaching a dog. He should never handle him brutally, for such treatment destroys the animal's confidence and love.

Professor C. J. Warden, who is in charge of the animal psychological laboratory at Columbia University in New York City.

<sup>1</sup> By permission of *St. Nicholas Magazine*. D. Appleton-Century Co., publishers.

and his assistants recently were asked to test scientifically a five-year-old German shepherd (police) dog. His owner, Mr. Jacob Herbert of Detroit, told us that Fellow — the dog — understands the meaning of several hundred words. We took an immediate liking to Fellow, who acted as if he wished to talk to us and tell *us* many things about the canine world.

Whether Fellow was a trick dog or an extraordinarily intelligent one was the first question for us to answer. Trick dogs of unusual ability are to be found in circuses, vaudeville, and motion pictures, and very few, if any, of these can make any claim to understanding the *meaning* of words. The trick dog has to depend on gesture and routine as well as the human voice. That is, he has to see signs or gestures of his master and then perform an act precisely as he has been trained.

The animal trainer in a circus perfects the learning of the dog to such an extent that, for example, when he holds up a hoop the dog jumps through when commanded. It is an act the animal has done hundreds of times, with his master always present. In other words, the dog's ability to jump through the hoop depends on conditions that are more or less the same.

You already see, perhaps, some of the things we had to do in order to test whether Fellow could understand the meaning of words. In putting him through the test we had to rule out all possibility of gestures from his master, as well as routine activity — that is, any feats which he might have learned to do in a certain order, such as, first, jumping over a chair, second, going to a window, third, mounting a table, and so forth. Fellow, in order to convince us that he was unusually intelligent, had to be able to do in random or chance order what was commanded by the master, who was within hearing but not in sight of the dog.

Fellow was put in an ordinary room where we observed him perform. Mr. Herbert, his master, went into the next room, closed the door, and gave commands through the keyhole.

"Fellow! Go to the table," said Mr. Herbert. Fellow approached the table. "Fellow, jump upon the table . . . that's fine . . . turn

around . . . there, stand still. Now jump down . . . no — never mind!" As quickly and obediently as a well-behaved person, Fellow did all of these things as commanded.

And more: "Fellow, jump down and go to the window . . . now to the other window . . . stand up and look out of the right . . . look the other way . . . that's fine. Go back to the table . . . no — never mind! Go to the front door . . . go to the man in the corner . . . put your head on his lap . . . now, go back to the table and jump upon it . . . jump down . . . stand still."

Then we placed a silver dollar, a strap, and a pocketbook on the table. "Fellow," came the voice of his master, "go to the table and get the silver dollar . . . take it to the man by the window. Now get the pocketbook . . . bring it to me." Fellow continued as he was told, and just as he came near the closed door to find his master there came the voice: "Never mind, Fellow, take it back to the table . . . that's right, put it on the table. Now pick up the strap . . . the strap on the table . . . fine! Carry it back to the window."

Mr. Herbert continued: "All right, Fellow . . . now your right foot up to the bowl . . . now your left . . . take a drink of water. Come back into the room . . . put your head in the man's lap." Then the master came out from behind the door. Fellow showed his joy by wagging his tail, and even his eyes seemed to reveal his pleasure.

The dog was told to stand by and guard Professor Warden. Fellow took the position ordered, and then his master tried to approach the professor. Fellow barked loudly and snapped his jaws very vigorously, showing that he will obey his master even to the point of attacking him.

"Stand still, Fellow . . . still . . . look ahead . . . there!" The dog was standing very still in a position of alert attention, such as hunting dogs take when pointing at an animal. Mr. Herbert explained that Fellow had several times held the pose for as long as thirty minutes, while an artist was painting his portrait.

For over an hour and a half Fellow continued, without hesitation, to obey commands such as the above. A week later a similar dem-





TRAINED POLICE DOG DISARMS A GUNMAN

Wide World Photos, Inc.

onstration was made before the class in animal psychology at the university. Again, with the same promptness and skill, Fellow did as his master told him. As the order of performance was never the same and as Fellow could not see his master, we were convinced that the dog was responding to the *words* given.

Although Fellow perhaps does not have an understanding of words as we have, — that is, as a collection of syllables made up of certain letters of the English alphabet, — he at least knows them as definite sounds. And his hearing for *sounds* is very great. Mr. Herbert would oftentimes change the pitch of his voice, speaking sometimes in a high and other times in a low tone. Such an intelligent dog as Fellow must be worth to his master the quarter of a million dollars that has been estimated as his value.

By way of a postscript to Mr. Peatman's article, we print this story of a man finding his dog by telephone.

Even dogs now find in the long-distance telephone a means of re-establishing communication with the home from which accident or wanderlust has separated them.

According to the *Vancouver* (British Columbia) *Daily Province*, a resident of Victoria lost a valuable retriever dog. He advertised

widely for it, and not long afterward a dog whose description corresponded to that given by the owner was found in Vancouver, sixty miles away. The state of depression in which he was at the time he was found indicated that he was a very much lost dog.

The supposed owner was notified by telephone. "Let me speak to him," was his surprising reply.

The receiver of the telephone was placed near the ear of the sad-eyed creature. Immediately upon hearing the familiar voice, he went into an ecstasy of excitement and delight. Leaping to the floor, he dashed about in a frantic search for the master whose voice he had heard.

"That's your dog, all right!" exclaimed the animal's guardian.

After a fruitless search, the dog returned to the instrument, where he now listened attentively. With his tongue hanging out in his excitement, he looked appealingly at his new friend and whined softly. Then he heard the voice again, and this time he appeared to accept the situation.

"I told him I'd have him back soon," said the owner to the dog's custodian, when the latter again picked up the receiver. Whether the dog had understood the message or not, he appeared quite willing to await developments, and his appetite and spirits returned.

## THE STORY OF SKYWRITING<sup>1</sup>

*By Burt M. McConnell*

Two thousand years ago man had risen high enough to carve hieroglyphics on the top of Cleopatra's Needle. The twentieth century found him putting up electric letters on the roofs of buildings. Now comes the celestial bill poster, with an airplane for a fountain pen, the blue sky for a background, and white smoke as a writing medium. The man who has reached the highest position — considered from every angle — among the world's "ad" writers is Major "Jack" Savage, of London, New York, and Paris. Incidentally, he is the

<sup>1</sup> By permission of *St. Nicholas Magazine*. D. Appleton-Century Co., publishers.

only "ad" writer who ever gave the present chronicler a physical pain in the neck.

It came about in this manner. One day some years ago, I came out of a skyscraper in the uptown district of New York to find Fifth Avenue crowded as thickly with people as it was the day Lindbergh arrived from Paris. They were gazing skyward at what seemed



SKY WRITING

*Rudy Arnold*

to be an intoxicated comet with a trail of white smoke. Unlike a well-behaved comet, with its graceful arc, this phenomenon apparently was bent on twisting its tail into as many kinks as possible. The business of the greatest city in the world came to a standstill. Streetcars were stopped while crews and passengers alighted to watch this amazing spectacle. Traffic policemen for the moment



forgot their duties. Automobile drivers, their eyes bent heavenward, ignored the signals. Pedestrians bumped into one another — and continued on their way without apology, their eyes staring into the sky. Office workers forgot their lunch, as they leaned out of a thousand windows.

From the comparative safety of the doorway I stared, too. There before my eyes, two miles in the air, on the greatest of signboards, appeared a great circular "O," a mile in diameter. It was the final letter of "RODEO." The promoters of the Wild West riding and roping exhibition then at Madison Square Garden apparently considered it good business to spend a thousand dollars for this form of advertising.

Here, it seemed to me, was a good story. How did they do it? How had skywriting been evolved, and by whom? What kind of airplane did they use to make those swift and accurate maneuvers two miles above the earth? Who were the pilots? With these questions on the tip of my tongue, I sought the secretary of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, just around the corner. And he told me that the office of the Skywriting Corporation of America was in the very building I had just left!

By this time the "RODEO" had drifted a mile to the eastward, and the crowd had scattered. Policemen had unscrambled the traffic, and the city was back again on an even keel. Within ten minutes I was talking with the man who makes the skywriting wheels go round in the United States — Mr. Allen J. Cameron.

"How is it done?" I asked him.

"Well, in the first place, the smoke used in our work is produced by a secret formula worked out by Major Savage just after the war. It is made by two chemicals, which are fed simultaneously into a heated chamber. The apparatus is built into the fuselage of the plane, with the outlet at the rudder. It requires about 7,000,000 cubic feet of smoke to form a single letter, so the skywriting plane must leave the ground with two hundred pounds of chemicals on board. As a rule, the capital letters are written about a mile high — or long — and the small letters about half as large. Sometimes, how-

ever, a customer wants his letters about two miles long — and we aim to please. We use white smoke because it stands out in bold relief against a blue sky; but we also have produced red, green, and yellow letters. The smoke is so dense that, under favorable weather conditions, the 'sign' may be carried, practically intact, ten or twenty miles."

"How does the pilot know just where to cross his *l*'s and dot his *i*'s?" I inquired.

"Well, you see, the pilot has before him, when he takes off, a chart of the loops and curves which form the word he is to write on the sky. The only unusual thing about it is that it is written backward, so that the people on the ground, and not the angels, will see it correctly. The planes we use are British SE-5A fighters, equipped with Hispana-Suiza engines of 200 horsepower. These planes are so small that a pilot is obliged to ease himself into the cockpit with a shoehorn. But these fighting ships can climb to an altitude of two miles in twelve minutes, and fly at the rate of 135 miles an hour."

"What is the most difficult letter to write in the sky?" I asked.

"A capital D, because of the many right-angle turns required. A capital Z, on the other hand, is easy to trace in letters of smoke. That is, it is easy for a good sky penman; there are good and bad skywriters, just as there are good and bad penmen. Many an excellent pilot is a washout as a skywriter."

Through the necessity of making sharp vertical banks, Immelmann turns, and other maneuvers required in skywriting, a pilot must perform in less time than it takes to read this sentence — once in approximately every nine seconds — some of the most intricate acrobatic stunts known in aviation. He must be guided entirely by his chart, for, while the letters of smoke stand out quite clearly from the ground, two miles below, it is almost impossible for him, flying on a level with the letters, to get any idea of their form. The job of making the letters uniform in size, spacing them properly, and lining them up correctly, is a difficult one.

The skywriting pilots go about their hazardous business in a rather bored way. They carry on in the same skilled, efficient, systematic manner that a well-trained sign painter or bricklayer performs his duties. Their work is carried on at such a great altitude that their tiny airplanes barely can be seen, except when the wings flash in the sun. The capital letters which they etch on the greatest of "blackboards" with a crayon of smoke are about seven times the height of the Woolworth Building, and a mere dot over an *i* is as large as the average city block. A word of eight letters may stretch across the firmament for a distance of about five miles, and at an elevation of ten thousand feet is visible to the naked eye within a radius of fifty miles. The pilot often finds it necessary to fly fifteen miles in writing a single word. He may have to fly a couple of miles to cross a *t* or dot an *i*. Most of the "shows" are put on by former "war birds."

The first real demonstration of skywriting in the United States brought Mr. Cameron's corporation two contracts which called for a total of 1500 flights, and the payment of a million and a half dollars. Since then these celestial bill posters have spread their letters of smoke over a territory from Bangor, Maine, to San Diego, and from Seattle to Miami.

What of the men who actually do the work? Captain Cyril Turner, British war flier and winner of the Distinguished Flying Cross, was the first man successfully to demonstrate skywriting, under Major Savage's direction.

"What does it feel like to spatter the sky with smoke words?" I asked Captain Turner.

"O-oh, about like any other kind of work, I guess. Perhaps a little more difficult than most. First, there is the machine to think of. Our engine must turn the propeller over at the rate of two thousand revolutions a minute. Even then we lose fifty feet in altitude while writing each letter, although this is not noticeable from the ground. But if the motor should slow down to nineteen hundred revolutions a minute, we would drop an additional thousand feet while writing one word, and this would ruin the show. We write on



a horizontal plane, and not up and down, as it seems to the person on the ground. The steadiest air currents, we find, are at a height of two miles, so we operate at that altitude. That is also a safe height; if the engine should 'die' over a big city, we could turn the nose of the plane downward and glide as much as twelve miles to a landing place. Fortunately" — and here the Captain knocked on wood — "we have put on hundreds of shows, and haven't as yet had a serious accident."

"Once you are in the air, you must be as busy as the proverbial paperhanger," I suggested.

"Busier," declared Captain Turner. "A skywriter really needs four eyes — one for the chart, one for the city over which he is flying, one for the sun, and one for the wind. He also must keep an eye on the instrument board of the plane, and whatever eyes he has left should keep tab on the smoke dials, the flow feeders, the chemical gauge, and the adjustment valves. Still another eye must be kept on the clock, for we allow just so many seconds for each stroke or letter. And, of course, the pilot must see that the smoke trigger is working properly, so that the right amount is ejected.

"While he is doing all this, the pilot flies by instinct. He must choose the position from which to start his first letter with full regard to the direction and velocity of the wind, the position of the sun, the area the sign is to cover, and the corresponding location of the greatest number of spectators. And he must write backward; don't forget that. So, you see, the skywriter must think of his chart, his engine, his oil-pressure gauge, his altimeter, his clock, and half a dozen other mechanisms — all at the same time. The smoke-producing apparatus must be kept belching out a quarter of a million cubic feet of smoke a second; less than this would make the letters too thin, while a greater amount would be dangerous because of the high temperature and increased pressure."

Major Savage, who is not yet forty, learned airplane construction and flying many years ago. A few years later, with Captain Hucks, he went about England giving exhibitions in a secondhand airplane that no one in his proper senses would venture to fly today.

When the startling news of Pegoud's loop-the-loop exploit broke, Major Savage, realizing the new maneuver's enormous exhibition value, and wishing to add it to his bag of tricks, rushed over to France to study Pegoud in actual flight. Returning to England, he mastered the loop. With Captain Hucks and several student aviators, he toured England giving exhibitions of looping, which is really a simple maneuver as we know it today. But it was quite thrilling then, and the tour netted the two pioneers \$150,000. This they invested in a plant for building airplanes. When Great Britain went to war, in 1914, their equipment and machines were turned over intact to the government, and both partners in the enterprise went in for active flying duty.

The smoke-writing idea came to Major Savage three years later, but it was not until after the war that he found it possible to carry out his experiments. He made progress, with the aid of Captains Hucks and Turner and a small band of faithful mechanics. But expenses were heavy, and he soon found himself handicapped for lack of funds. Nor would the banks loan him money. Several of his airplane-manufacturing friends had grown wealthy during the war, but it was impossible to obtain either moral or financial aid from them; the plan was too visionary, they said. The Major tried the government, pointing out the value of his discovery in war, but the government was not impressed. Finally, when Major Savage was at the end of his resources, Lord Northcliffe engaged him to write the name of his chief London newspaper, the *Daily Mail*, in the sky.

"The Northcliffe contract was signed just in time," said Major Savage recently. "I was absolutely broke, as you say in America. The first show was put on at the Derby racecourse. Two million people were on and around the course, and we began our stunt during the wait that precedes the historic race. Every face in the great throng, which included the King and Queen of England, was turned up to the sky, and the pilot had barely written the first three letters, D-A-I-, when everyone present caught the idea, and a tumultuous shout of '*Daily Mail*' burst from a million throats. The advertising manager of the paper immediately signed other con-

tracts, so we put seven pilots through a course of training. Then we came to the United States. Eventually, we intend to plaster the sky of every country in the world with letters of smoke. Just how much success our pilots will have with Chinese and Japanese, however, is more than I can say."

## KNUTE, THE GIANT BULL SNAKE<sup>1</sup>

An account of the adventures of Knute, the biggest bull snake that ever lived, and of his meeting with Paul Bunyan, the greatest logger.

*By Glen Rounds*

Knute was no ordinary snake. He was never content to be just an ordinary snake, he wanted to be the greatest snake that ever was. From the time he was just a little fellow, he was all the time taking stretching exercises to develop his muscles. So he grew very fast, and it is said that when he was three years old he was able, with his bare tail, to lasso and hog-tie a full-grown buffalo bull, and that is something that most snakes cannot do even when they are much older.

When he was full-grown he was so long that when he was taking a drink out of one of the Great Lakes his tail, likely as not, was scaring the daylights out of homesteaders out by where McCook, Nebraska, now is. What we call the Great Plains was once his bed ground. Tossing in his sleep over the course of some centuries, he wore down the trees to sagebrush and smoothed off the hills.

During the Indian wars Knute joined up with Custer's army, where a missionary taught him to talk. He was quite a pet with the men because of the tall tales he could spin of the things he'd seen here and there. But he scared the Indians so badly that the soldiers never could catch them, and he was so big that the General was afraid he'd accidentally squash a bunch of men some day, so he asked him please to leave, which was all right with Knute, he

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the author.



being very accommodating. Anyway, he was a little tired of army life.

So he went off up into the Badlands in South Dakota, where no one much lived at that time, to be a hermit. For a while he was quite happy there, game being plentiful so he had plenty of time to think. Not that he had anything special to think about, but he just liked to think.

However, one day when he was prowling around near Laramie, Wyoming, he came across a railroad track, the first one he'd ever seen. He thought it was some kind of varmint trail, so he sat himself down to wait for the varmint. Directly, along came a freight train a mile and a quarter long, with two engines — and he swallowed the whole thing.

The train crew jumped in time to save themselves, but what a time they had trying to make the boss believe their story when they tried to explain the loss of their train. Finally the boss fined them each a dollar and a quarter; as train men were "kinda hard to get" those days, he hated to fire them.

But poor Knute! It was easy enough for him to digest the freight cars, which were loaded with meat for the army posts, but when he finally digested the boilers, all that steam turned loose in his stomach gave him a bad stomach-ache. At first the steam had a pressure of one hundred ninety pounds to the inch, just as it came from the boilers. But the indigestion gave him fever, and the fever made more steam, and so it went. Before long he had three hundred pounds pressure and it was still going up. He felt pretty bad.

He had to have something done, but he couldn't go to the Indian medicine men, as they were scared stiff at the sight of him. Then he thought of Paul Bunyan, the great inventor and logger. As far as anyone knows, Paul never found a problem he couldn't solve. So Knute tore out for his camp. Paul listened to the snake's story and let out a low whistle that blew in the windows of the Sunshine Café in Sabinal, Texas.

This was the kind of problem he liked. So he thought even faster than usual, but even so he had chewed his nails till the scraps were

piled round him nearly to his knees, and his hands were all tangled up in his whiskers, before he thought of anything. By that time Ole, the Big Swede, had gotten back from replacing the windows of the Sunshine Café and Paul right away put him to work taking a safety valve and whistle off an old donkey engine back of the blacksmith shop. Ole was as good a plumber as ever wore hair, so he had no trouble connecting these things up to Knute's neck.

Right away the snake felt better. The valve was set to keep the pressure at one hundred and ten pounds. That was just enough to keep his stomach warm. And he was as tickled with the whistle as a kid with a new red wagon. He wanted to pay Paul for curing him, but Paul wouldn't hear of it. Said he was mighty obliged to Knute for bringing him such an interesting problem. Folks all over the country would be telling the story for years.

A few days later Knute was back in camp with another little problem for Paul. He said that, what with his getting along in years, his circulation wasn't what it used to be; and his tail being so far from the rest of him, he was having considerable trouble keeping it warm. That one was nothing at all for Ol' Paul. He just had Ole run a pipe line for the steam from the whistle right down Knute's back to his tail. Along the last mile or two he fastened a lot of old steam radiators he'd picked up somewhere or other. And though that was the beginning of the coldest winter Indians could remember, Knute came through without a single chilblain.

And more than that, the heat attracted antelope, buffalo, and jack rabbits by the thousands, making his hunting a cinch.

Naturally this was the beginning of a very fine friendship that lasted for many years. Knute got into the habit of dropping into camp every now and then with a bait of fresh meat for the men's Sunday dinner. So he was right popular with everyone, even the cooks, and that was something, for it's very seldom that anyone is popular with a camp cook.

A couple of years later Ol' Paul was dickering with the Queen of Spain on a lumber deal. It seems that she had options on about four states that she wanted logged off. The price she offered was

about right, but the time limit on the job was so short that Johnnie Inkslinger, the bookkeeper, was worried and advised Paul not to try it.

But Paul just grinned in his whiskers and reckoned that he'd try it. He said that if he needed more men there were plenty of good ones yet in Sweden. In the meantime he just sat around whittling, and occasionally went out to the blacksmith shop where Ole, the Big Swede, and a lot of helpers were working on something in the way of a secret contraption. And Johnnie was worrying himself sick.

And a few days later a timber cruiser came into camp with the news that Sowberry Burke, Paul's old enemy, had heard of the deal, and had sent his straw boss, Mike Fink by name, to Sweden and hired all the Swedes there. Johnnie was about fit to be tied by this time, but Paul just sat and whittled.

Later the same day one of Sowbelly's men came in with a message for Paul. It seems that Burke was ready to bet a dollar and a quarter that Paul couldn't finish on time. Paul sent word back that he'd take the bet and raise it a quarter. This puzzled Burke, as he knew that under the terms of the contract Ol' Paul had to pay a whale of a penalty if he was late and he had less than half enough men for a job that size.

By this time the story had spread to every lumber camp and mill town in the country. Bets were being made everywhere on the outcome. Lots of folks thought that at last Sowbelly had gotten the best of Paul. But Paul's men stayed loyal, taking all bets. Even Hot Biscuit Slim bet a dime. But they were worried. They thought a lot of Paul, and working for him meant a lot to them.

However, a couple of weeks later, the straw bosses told the men at breakfast to pack their lunch buckets and get their axes, as work had finally started on the Queen's job.

When they came out of the mess hall there was Knute waiting for them. But the way he was duded up was a caution. Right back of his shoulder blades were strapped two saw blades each forty feet long, and down his back were the bunks and stakes of three



trains of log cars. And there was also a donkey engine and boom for loading logs from the ground.

Rope ladders hung down his sides and the men climbed these to find places on his back. Ole was sitting by the whistle and when everyone was loaded he blew the whistle twice and they tore out.

The two saw blades cut a swath through the timber like a mowing machine, and every little way they dropped a crew to top and trim the fallen timber so it would be ready to load on the way back.

That way timber was cut faster than it ever had been before. But after a few days Knute began to limp from the wear and tear of hauling such heavy loads through rough country. So Ole shod him, nailing ninety-three thousand and fourteen pairs of sharp shoes on his belly scales, and from then on there was no trouble.

It was really a stirring sight to see Old Knute come dusting into camp at night. As far back as you could see was bend after bend of him swinging round the curves of the tote road, and on his back loads and loads of good saw logs with the men riding on top waving their fur caps and hollering. The sparks from his shoes hitting the frozen ground made a solid line of fire the full length of him. The steam flying back from his nostrils almost hid Ole, who rode on Knute's head, holding a lantern and blowing the whistle every forty rods.

After they unloaded, it took nine hundred and forty-four men an hour and a quarter to rub him down and cool him off so he would not catch cold.

All winter they worked like that, and the job was finished with three days to spare, winning many bets for the men as well as bonuses all round. But Paul had to chase Sowbelly clear to the Gulf of Mexico to collect his, and then he only got about six bits, as Burke had had to pay the Swedes all winter even though they didn't work, so he was broke.

The Queen of Spain wrote Paul a long letter afterward, and we all figgered that she probably said some mighty nice things about him, but being as how the letter was written in Spanish, we never

did find out, nor did Paul. But the story of how Paul gave Sowbelly Burke his comeuppance was told for years in all the lumber camps in the country.

## HOME READING

Now you will want to read more than you can in the few minutes in class. What will you read? Something *interesting*, of course. But the trick is to find an interesting book, isn't it? So this chapter is going to help you by suggesting some books that a great many other boys and girls have enjoyed, and by telling you something about each, to help you choose.

Then you can help one another find interesting books by telling about those you know and like. Here is the list. Which ones would you like to read first?

## BOOKS YOU WILL ENJOY

### Animals

Bostock: *The Training of Wild Animals*

Lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, and other animals are shown being trained, fed, and cared for.

Fitzpatrick: *Jock of the Bushveld*

This South African dog has many thrilling experiences with antelope, snakes, and the tsetse fly.

James: *Smoky*

A real cowboy tells of the rodeo and life on the range as seen by Smoky, the cow pony.

Johnson: *Lion*

Two adventurers tell of photographing lions in Africa, with thrills a-plenty.

Kantor: *The Voice of Bugle Ann*

This hunting dog with the silver voice runs down foxes to their holes but does not kill them. (Short.)

London: *The Call of the Wild*

Buck, a fine wolf dog, draws sledges in Alaska under hard conditions and harder masters.

Mukerji: *Gayneck*

This is the story of a pigeon, serving as messenger during the World War.

Ollivant: *Bob, Son of Battle*

The last of a certain breed of Scotch sheep dogs shows himself to be truly great.

### Diving, Flying, and Exploring

Berge and Lanier: *Pearl Diver*

This diver has exciting adventures, not simply with pearls, but with sea monsters and South Sea cannibals.

Eadie: *I Like Diving*

This tells of the training given professional divers for the navy and of the writer's helping raise a sunken submarine.

Ellsberg: *Ocean Gold*

This is an account of deep-sea divers searching the wrecks of sunken ships.

La Varre: *Up the Mazaruni for Diamonds*

The jungles of South America are the scene of these exciting experiences in exploring.

Studley: *Learning to Fly for the Navy*

An Annapolis graduate takes us with him as he goes through his training and learns to fly under many different conditions.

Wallace: *Lure of the Labrador Wild*

A group searches for a lake in Labrador, meeting great difficulties. A true experience.

Williamson: *Opening Davy Jones's Locker*

Davy Jones's locker, as you may know, is the bottom of the sea. This is the account of exciting adventures while exploring the sea bottom.

### At Sea

Bullen: *Cruise of the Cachalot*

This is an account of whale fishing, with a fine picture of the sea.

Finger: *Courageous Companions*

Around the world with Magellan goes a young lad — a long voyage full of storms, battles, and other excitement.

Hawes: *Mutineers*

A rich boy ships as a cabin boy and finds treachery among the crew, endangering the valuable cargo.

Kipling: *Captains Courageous*

A little rich boy finds himself on board a fishing smack and learns a number of useful things.



Meigs: *Trade Wind*

This story takes place during the American Revolution, in which David has a part. A good sea story.

Thomas: *Raiders of the Deep*

Submarine adventures abound here, showing risks, dangers, and thrills.

Villiers: *Falmouth for Orders*

The sea is the scene, and the story is an account of a race from Australia to England by sailing vessels.

### About Girls and Women

Aldrich: *A Lantern in Her Hand*

This pioneer woman faces hardships but comes out victorious.

Coatsworth: *Here I Stay*

A young woman who does not move from New England to the Ohio Valley with her neighbors manages to stay alone through the winter, but spring brings a suitor.

Ertz: *No Hearts to Break*

The marriage of the Baltimore belle to Napoleon Bonaparte's brother in this story, as in history, failed to win Napoleon's blessing.

Furman: *The Quare Women*

Some young women pitch tent in the Kentucky mountains to teach the people there better ways of living. The newcomers find traces of an old feud and have some curious experiences. Based on real facts.

Haskell: *Katrinka*

This orphan girl entertains the great Russian Czar and makes a place for herself in a strange country.

Jackson: *Ramona*

Ramona, though part Spanish, marries an Indian husband and with him suffers the wrongs dealt the Indian in early days.

Keller: *The Story of My Life*

This gives the steps by which this amazing woman overcame her handicaps of deafness, dumbness, and blindness.

Morley: *Haunted Bookshop*

This is a story of a bookshop haunted by the spirits of great writers and by a sly and dangerous customer.

Singmaster: *When Sarah Saved the Day*

Fifteen-year-old Sarah, an orphan, had a hard time to keep the house and care for the younger children, especially as her uncle had a plan of his own.

## Stories of All Sorts

Clemens (Mark Twain): *The Prince and the Pauper*

The little prince and the little poor boy exchange places for a time and each learns a great deal.

Hawes: *Dark Frigate*

First at sea with adventures with pirates and later back to fight for Charles I of England — long ago.

Hough: *The Covered Wagon*

The difficulties of the pioneer are shown here — flooded streams, Indians, quarrels, sickness, accidents.

Janvier: *Aztec Treasure-House*

The sign of the arrow leads to the discovery of an old treasure city in the mountains of Mexico, with narrow escapes for the searchers.

Johnson: *Stover at Yale*

Stover finds there are more ups than downs at college.

Johnson: *The Varmint*

Stover has a good many experiences before he learns how to be not a "varmint," but a leader.

Kaler: *Toby Tyler*

Toby spends several weeks with a circus, working, and discovers a surprising number of things about circuses.

Lansing: *Magic Gold*

This story is based on the old effort to change base metals into gold and shows how a boy succeeded in doing something important even without the gold.

Lesterman: *Adventures of a Trafalgar Lad*

A fifteen-year-old boy is captured by pirates and nearly loses his life in the sand, but lives to see the pirate ship destroyed.

Meador: *Longshanks*

Tad finds himself aboard Abe Lincoln's flatboat on the way to New Orleans.

Schultze: *Running Eagle*

This Indian girl learns to do the same things that Indian boys do and thus earns a favored place among them.

Tarkington: *Penrod*

Penrod and his friends are in and out of trouble and bear down on their enemies, with fun for themselves.

Verne: *Around the World in Eighty Days*

In the days before airplanes and automobiles, a young man wagers that he can go around the world in eighty days and does so — with a few minutes to spare.

Wallace: *Ungava Bob*

Bob, wanting money for his sick sister, goes to hunt the Big Hill Trail — in the face of great dangers.

White: *The Blazed Trail*

Thorpe inherits his father's debts and goes into lumbering in Northern Michigan. He struggles against an enemy and proves himself of strong and fine character.

### About Real People

Bok: *The Americanization of Edward Bok*

A Dutch boy makes good in America, rising to a position of influence, wealth, and leadership.

Burroughs: *Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt*

This is a true account of the days Theodore Roosevelt spent in Yellowstone Park. (Short.)

Golding: *The Story of Livingstone*

More than a hundred years ago Livingstone explored Central Africa, and as missionary, scientist, pioneer, he led a life of excitement, danger, and achievement. (Short.)

Grenfell: *Adrift on an Ice-Pan*

This famous Labrador doctor is caught on loose ice with his dog team and drifts for a long time until finally rescued. A real experience. (Short.)

Kellock: *Houdini*

This is the life of probably the greatest magician of recent years, who could escape from all kinds of shackles.

Lindbergh: *We*

This account of Lindbergh's life includes his early barnstorming experiences, his flying the mail, and his remarkable flight to France.

Siple: *A Boy Scout with Byrd*

The boy who accompanied Admiral Byrd to the Antarctic gives his unusual experiences.

White: *Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout*

This life of Boone shows how well he understood Indians and the conditions of frontier life.

### OTHER BOOKS

Besides these stories there are many more available in your school library and the public library, in the room for boys and girls.



Perhaps there is a shelf of interesting books in your classroom. If not, you may like to help collect one by borrowing several from these libraries or by bringing some from home to lend for a while.

If you cannot arrange for a classroom library, your teacher will give you a corner of the blackboard where pupils may write the titles of books they recommend, preferably with their own names, so that you can find out more about them if you care to. A small ten-cent card file on the teacher's desk may replace or supplement the blackboard list. When you have finished reading a book you liked, you may write a card for this file, telling in a sentence or two what the book is about and why you liked it. Then sign your name. When you are ready for another book to read, you may glance over the cards in the file and copy down the titles of three or four to look for in the library.

As you continue reading, be sure to keep a record of your books. A simple form for your record has been arranged for in your workbook.

You will be interested also in keeping an account of the number of pages you read. At the end of your workbook there is a place to mark down a cross (x) for each twenty pages you have read. Include pages from magazines, too, and the stories read in this chapter.

## CHAPTER II

# *To Improve Our Rate of Reading*

IF several boys are picking up nuts under a tree, do all get exactly the same number? If some girls are drying dishes for their mothers, do some do more than others in the same length of time? There may be several reasons for these differences, but surely one reason is that the ones who accomplish the most, work faster. What are the advantages of working fast? Are there any disadvantages?

Just as there is a difference in rates of working, so is there a difference in rates of reading. What advantages do you see in being able to read rather rapidly? Besides "covering more ground," rapid reading is more fun. You not only read two stories instead of one in the same time, but you probably enjoy them more. And, curious as it may seem, you may understand the stories even better than slow readers do.

Of course, extremely fast reading may prevent one's understanding what is read, but this seldom happens. Most of us are more likely to read too slowly, or at least more slowly than we need to, for the best results.

Do you know your own rate of reading? We shall figure it on the basis of the number of words you can read in a second. A good average number for easy reading is about four words a second. Here is a test for you to score yourself by.

### PRETEST OF READING RATE AND COMPREHENSION

**Directions.** When the teacher gives the signal, look at page 50. Most of that page contains some questions printed upside down. Pay no attention to these, but look at the *bottom* of the page where there are two or three lines right side up. The teacher will read these lines orally and you will

read them silently. When the end of the last line is reached, the teacher will stop reading and you will turn to the next page and continue to read. From time to time the teacher will say "Mark." Put a circle around the word you are reading when that signal is given, and *keep right on reading*. When you finish reading, turn back to page 50, turn the page around, and answer the questions which are based on the exercise. Do not read any part of the material more than once. Read as fast as you can read *understandingly*, but no faster, as *you cannot answer the questions unless you know what you have read*. If you have any questions, ask them now.

Wait for the signal to turn to the next page.

When you finish reading, your teacher will tell you how to find your scores. Record them in your workbook as follows: —

- Rate in words per second . . . . .
- Comprehension: number of questions correct . . . . .



- Directions.**—Select the word or phrase which best completes the sentence and place its number opposite the number of the question in your workbook.
1. In ancient times people believed that the earth (1) was suspended in the sky by a golden thread; (2) rested on the shoulders of a god; (3) was held in space by the sun's attraction; (4) floated on a limitless ocean.
  2. The legends of the Greeks stated that at night the sun (1) slept; (2) overthrew numerous monsters; (3) grieved for the day; (4) became hopelessly lost in space.
  3. The Druids in what is now England were (1) medieval astronomers; (2) mythical gods; (3) sun worshippers; (4) rude scientists who used the sun's energy.
  4. The most magnificent sun temples are said to have been in (1) Peru; (2) Egypt; (3) England; (4) Greece.
  5. According to the belief of those who worshiped in the "Golden Palace" at Cuzco, the wife of the sun was (1) the Earth; (2) the Moon; (3) the planet Venus; (4) a legendary queen.
  6. To ancient people sunrise and sunset were (1) very important; (2) rather important; (3) of little importance; (4) of no concern.
  7. Early people thought that the sun was (1) a demon; (2) a star; (3) a god; (4) a king.
  8. The distance from the earth to the sun is nearly (1) 85 million miles; (2) 89 million miles; (3) 91 million miles; (4) 93 million miles.
  9. If ancient people had known how long it would take the sound of their prayers to reach the sun, they would have been (1) amused; (2) angered; (3) distressed; (4) pleased.
  10. If a child were able to reach up and touch the surface of the sun (1) its whole arm would catch fire; (2) it would never know it had been burned; (3) it would die of pain; (4) it would find the surface no hotter than the highest temperatures known on Earth.

## THE STORY OF THE SUN<sup>1</sup>

In days of old, people had some very strange ideas about the world in which they lived. They believed that the Earth was flat and that it floated on the surface of an ocean without limit. The

<sup>1</sup> From *The Young Folk's Book of the Heavens*, by Mary Proctor. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

sky was a blue canopy resting on the tops of lofty mountains behind which the Sun disappeared at sunset. We can imagine the anxiety with which the earliest watchers of the sky waited for its return to cheer them with its light and warmth next day.

Naturally they wondered whither it went during the long night hours, and the Greeks invented wonderful stories about the Sun, which they believed to be a god. He was supposed to disappear at sunset through the western gate of the sky leading to the dark Cave of Night. Here he encountered numberless foes, performed wondrous deeds of prowess, slaying dragons and mighty monsters, finally emerging triumphant at the hour of dawn. As the golden-haired Apollo, he drove his glistening chariot across the sky, always vanishing at sunset in a blaze of glory. Vulcan awaited him with his barge, rowing him across the Underworld, and bringing him to the eastern gate of the sky at dawn, after his nightly struggle with the demons of darkness.

Sometimes when the Sun god was angry he withdrew his light behind the clouds, but when he was pleased he beamed in magnificent splendor. Such a god must be appeased, so prayers and sacrifices were offered to him daily in temples erected in his honor. Ruins of these temples are to be found in Egypt, Syria, Rome, and elsewhere. The circular group of stones at Stonehenge, which is a cause of wonderment to all who visit it, is connected with the worship of the Sun god in Britain by the Druids in bygone days. At dawn on the twenty-first of June many visitors to Salisbury Plain meet to see the Sun rise exactly over the center of the stone known as "the Pointer." It is believed that the Sun worship of the Druids was brought into England by Egyptian colonists, as the rites of the Druids are very like those attached to Sun worship in ancient Egypt.

But the Sun temples in Peru are said to have been more magnificent than those of any other nation. The principal temple at Cuzco was known as "the Golden Palace," for its inner and outer walls were covered with plates of pure gold, the vases and temple ornaments were of the same precious metal, and above the altar was a golden disk with a face engraved on it to represent the Sun

god, and the surface was studded with precious stones. At the hour of dawn the doors opening to the east were thrown wide open, so that the first rays of the rising Sun fell upon its brilliant surface. As they were reflected in dazzling splendor, the Peruvian worshipers imagined that they were looking upon the face of the Sun god himself.

Around the sacred disk were grouped mummies of the departed kings seated on golden thrones, so that the rays of the morning Sun came day by day to bless their remains. The surrounding buildings were dedicated to other gods. One was sacred to the Moon, the wife of the Sun, and she was represented by a silver disk. Around this were grouped mummies of the ancient queens. Others of the lesser temples were dedicated to the planet Venus, to lightning, and to the rainbow. Outside the temple was a garden filled with beautiful flowers, and imitations of trees, bushes, and flowering shrubs, as well as animals, wrought in solid gold. One can imagine how they must have glistened in the brilliant sunlight of Peru.

Now all this may sound childish, but to the ignorant the daily return of night and day, sunrise and sunset, the chilliness of night replacing the warmth of day, were happenings of great moment. How wonderful must the first sunset ever seen have seemed to the first man! He saw the Sun sink below the horizon and darkness close in upon the Earth: he felt the chill of night and fell asleep not knowing of a sunrise to come. Surely joy and gratitude beyond measure must have overwhelmed him when he found sunlight and warmth awaiting him at dawn.

Little did he know that this old Earth, as it turns round and round, so that first one side and then the other is illumined and warmed by the Sun's rays, was responsible for the daily round of day and night. Nor had he the remotest idea that the Sun was a star, like any of the myriad stars he saw twinkling in the sky at night, but so much farther away that they appear only as points of light.

Now why is it that the Sun appears so much larger than the stars? It is simply because we are by comparison close to it, while the stars, as we shall see later, are placed at enormous distances from





RUINS OF INCA TEMPLE-FORTRESS

*Courtesy of Grace Line*

the Earth. Even so, the Sun is nearly ninety-three million miles away. It is difficult to realize what this vast distance actually means. If one were to try to walk such a distance, supposing that he could walk four miles an hour, and keep it up for ten hours every day, it would take sixty-eight and a half years to cover a million miles, and more than sixty-three hundred years to complete the journey. A cannon ball moving at the rate of seventeen hundred feet a second would require nine years for the journey, and the sound of the explosion would not arrive until five years later. It would have distressed the Sun worshipers of old had they been told that the sound of their prayers would require some fourteen years to reach the ears of their Sun god.

If a child had an arm long enough to reach from the Earth to the Sun and amused itself, while a babe in the cradle, by touching the surface of the Sun with the tip of its finger, it would never know that it had burned its finger. The sensation of pain would require one hundred and fifty years to travel from the child's finger to its brain, so that the child would grow up to manhood and old age and would die without realizing what had happened in its infancy.

This illustration was worked out one evening several years ago by Professor Mendenhall and Professor Young. They were having a learned talk about the Sun when a little boy in the room, seeing a moth hovering near a lamp on the table, tried to save it from destruction. Unfortunately he burned his finger in the attempt, and the professors were disturbed by his cries. While one — the father of the boy — comforted the little sufferer, the other made a calculation to find out how long it would have taken the boy to realize that he had burned his finger had he done so by touching the glowing surface of the Sun.

Now that the test is over, we shall practice reading several selections to see if we can improve our rate. Let us remember that we are trying not to beat the other pupils but to beat our own record! Begin when the signal is given and keep time carefully. *Be sure you understand what you are reading.*

When you finish each selection turn to the workbook to record your rate and answer a few questions on the meaning.

### THE LADY SAID "NO!"<sup>1</sup>

While reconnoitering in Westmoreland County, Virginia, General Washington's officers came upon a team of fine, sleek horses being driven to the plow by an elderly Negro.

"Hello, good fellow," one of the officers called out, "we must have those horses. They're just what we've been looking for."

Without paying any heed, the venerable man turned and began to plow another furrow. When he returned, the officer again demanded the horses, but all the plowman would say was, "Better see Missus! Better see Missus!"

The officers repaired to a neat farmhouse near by and knocked upon the door, where they were greeted by an elderly woman of grave but kindly charm. They repeated their demand.

"Upon whose orders are you acting?" demanded the lady.

"Upon the orders of our chief," they replied.

"Your chief?" the householder exclaimed. "Who is your chief, pray?"

"General George Washington, Commander of the Revolutionary Army," one of the officers replied grandly.

"You go back," replied the lady with a smile, "and tell General George Washington for me that his mother says he cannot have her horses."

### PIGEON SENDS HELP<sup>2</sup>

A carrier pigeon brought a message that sent Coast Guardsmen from Manasquan Inlet to the rescue of sixteen fishermen in two disabled motorboats about fifteen miles southeast of here this afternoon.

Joel Parker, a pigeon fancier who has rented birds to captains of fishing boats for use in emergencies for the last two years, re-

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

<sup>2</sup> By permission of the *New York Times*.





RELEASING CARRIER PIGEONS

Photo by U. S. Army Signal Co

ceived a homing pigeon about 3 P.M. The note in the capsule attached to the bird's leg said the *Ridewise*, a 30-foot motorboat of which C. A. Brown is captain, was held by engine trouble "two and a half hours' run southwest of Manasquan Inlet."

Actually the boat, with seven fishermen aboard besides Captain Brown, was not so far out. About two hours after the pigeon had been released, a Coast Guard picket launch was alongside.

About half a mile shoreward from the *Ridewise*, the Coast Guardsmen picked up the *Jean Dare*, a 38-foot cabin cruiser, which also was stalled by motor failure. The *Jean Dare* had Earl Dare as skipper and a party of eight fishermen led by Charles Cass of Philadelphia. That craft carried no pigeon.

Mr. Parker began renting pigeons first to tuna fishermen, who wanted to send advance news of their extraordinary catches ashore to be certain of large welcoming crowds when they docked. After a while other fishing boats started renting pigeons to send word to associates ashore how "they were biting."

Now about half of the fishing fleet regularly takes pigeons to sea. Virtually none carries a sending radio set. Pigeons have been used to summon the Coast Guard to rescues twice before this season.

THE SPARROW OF ULM<sup>1</sup>

If you should ever go to Ulm, a very old city in southern Germany, you could not help buying either a picture postcard or a little figure in pottery, bronze, silver, or gold of a humble sparrow with a wisp of straw in its bill. These sparrows are in all the shops, so there must be a story about them, and here it is.

Four or five hundred years ago Ulm was a walled city. That is, it had a high strong wall around it, and the only way in was through one of its gates.

One day some countrymen who lived outside the walls were bringing to the town a cartload of very long timbers to be used in an important building. These they had fastened crosswise on the low wheels, the timbers reaching all the way across the road. This was all right in the country, but when they reached the gateway the timbers, of course, would not go through.

The men looked at the gateway. They looked at their load. They could see no way out of the difficulty except to tear down enough of the wall to allow them to drive the cart and its load through. But this would be a lot of work and would cost a great deal. They sat down to think it over.

One of the workmen idly watched a tiny sparrow who was building her nest within the wall. She passed in and out through a small window-like opening with her building material. Finally she came with a long straw that would not go through the window. The bird didn't stop a moment. She dropped the straw onto the stone ledge, turned her head, took up the straw so that it ran along by the side of her body and easily flew through the opening.

Slowly it dawned upon the workman that they and their timbers were like the bird and her straw. He explained the matter to his fellow workmen.

Four or five hundred years later Ulm still honors the little sparrow and the workmen who were willing to learn a lesson from the tiny creature.

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

A TACTFUL KING<sup>1</sup>

Though he stood in the midst of a great throng, the man appeared very lonely and not a little embarrassed. The reason for his discomfort was more than obvious. The occasion was an investiture, and all the others who were to receive honors at the hand of their king were attired either in the uniform of the army or in the conventional black of civilians, while he, perforce, was attired in a flannel suit. True, the shabby garments were but newly cleaned and pressed. Yet they did not belong, and of this the man was acutely aware.

The glance of King George as it traveled down the line of waiting men singled out the flannel suit and glimpsed for an instant the look of misery in its wearer's eyes. Then the King went on conferring honors, speaking a few words to each man as he passed. But when the ex-soldier in the flannel suit came before him, George V laid a restraining hand upon his arm and began to ask him about his home, his family, his work, and about all the little things that went to make up his life. The man's face lighted up with pride and happiness.

It was fully five minutes before the King would let him go — not until every person in that great hall who had looked askance at the flannel suit was regarding its owner with respect.

A CURIOUS FIRE<sup>2</sup>

*By Charles T. Hill*

A remarkable combination of a pet cat, a kerosene lamp, and a milk bottle started a fire which completely gutted a New York City tenement.

On the ground floor of a tenement house on the upper west side of New York, an elderly spinster kept a small notion shop — one of those half stores, divided by a hallway and stairs leading to the

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

<sup>2</sup> By permission of *St. Nicholas Magazine*. D. Appleton-Century Company, publishers.



apartments above. She had a pet cat, and for the sake of economy used lamps in her living room at the rear, while her store was lighted with gas. One rather warm fall evening she was seated beside a table in the largest of her rear living rooms, reading by the light of a lamp, while her pet tabby was on a near-by window listening to a loud and harsh concert by two rival cats on a fence close to the window. A bell on the door of the store rang, telling her that a customer had entered, and the elderly shopkeeper left the room, leaving the door between the apartment and the shop open.

In an apartment in another house, situated on a side street and behind the tenement, a man whose work called him out in the wee, small hours of the morning was trying to obtain a little early evening sleep. Annoyed by the noise of the cats on the fence beside his house, he jumped from his bed in a rage and, seizing the first thing he could lay his hands on — which happened to be an empty milk bottle — he threw it at the disturbers of the peace. The bottle, flying wide of its mark, struck the wall close to the window on which the lady's pet cat was sitting, and broke into a thousand pieces. Poor Miss Tabby, alarmed at the terrifying crash beside her, made one frantic leap into her home and toward the table holding the lighted lamp. Her claws just caught in the edge of the table and over it came, bringing with it the lamp, which exploded. The shopkeeper, hearing the crash, rushed from her store only to find her rooms in flames. She made through the door leading into the public hallway in an endeavor to warn the tenants in the apartments above, leaving the door open. This, with the open door into the shop and the open window, made a perfect draft for the fire, and it raced after her like a flash, and before she could even reach the stairs to ascend, the flames had taken possession of the hallway, and the shopkeeper was forced to seek safety for herself by a hasty retreat to the street.

When the firemen arrived upon the scene, in answer to the alarm turned in by some passer-by, they found the store and the hallway of the tenement a mass of fire, while the fire escapes front and rear



*Acme Photo*

### FIRE IN NEW YORK CITY

were crowded with panic-stricken tenants. They were rescued with difficulty, and before effective streams could be brought to play on the blaze it had reached the top floor, where it spread, or "mush-roomed," as the firemen call it, and when the fire was finally extin-

guished the upper floors had been destroyed and the rest of the building gutted.

The true origin of this fire would probably have never been known if the indirect cause — the angry man who threw the milk bottle — had not become conscience-stricken and confessed to a fireman friend. Although the members of the department are now generally familiar with the curious combination that caused the fire, it is officially recorded at headquarters as simply due to its immediate cause — “an exploding lamp.”

P.S. Miss Tabby, the shopkeeper’s pet cat, returned the day after the fire, somewhat singed, but otherwise all right.

## THE STORY OF A GREAT INVENTOR <sup>1</sup>

In the spring of 1912, the large and beautiful steamship *Titanic* was making its way with great speed toward this country, carrying hundreds of gay and happy people. No one dreamed of disaster; no one so much as glanced at the lifeboats lying along the sides of the enormous vessel. Then, in the darkness of the night, there came a crash, a terrific grating, engines were reversed, and one of the greatest shipwrecks was taking place. The steamer had run into an iceberg. There were the lifeboats, to be sure, but far too few for such a large number of passengers. The ship began to settle and then to sink.

But in a little room a young man was working desperately, working as one can only when saving life. Hundreds of lives were in his hands — if he could only make his instruments work. There they were, tiny wires and keys. Far away was another ship. Suddenly it began to get signals of distress. Instantly an order was given. Under full steam it put out to give help and arrived in time to save about seven hundred men and women on board the fast-sinking *Titanic*.

All over the world people then began to realize the value of the great work done by Guglielmo Marconi. It was because of his dis-

<sup>1</sup> Adapted from *The Light Bringers*, by Mary H. Wade. Used by permission of Little, Brown & Company.



coveries and inventions that it had been possible to send wireless telegrams over great distances.

Marconi was born at Bologna, in the sunny land of Italy, on April 25, 1874. His mother was an Irish-born lady of a distinguished family, his father a wealthy landowner. The boy had every comfort. Sometimes children of well-to-do parents grow up with little love for work, but Guglielmo Marconi was blessed with an eager mind. He was a quiet boy with little fondness for merry play like other children, but one thing above all others interested him — electricity. He was never so happy as when making experiments. His parents, seeing that his experiments were really valuable, spared no money to get him everything he needed for them. He did not go to school, as most boys do, but was taught by tutors at home. Later he went to college and then to a university, where he studied electricity under a very wonderful teacher, Professor Righi.

The young man soon began to believe that it was possible to send telegrams without the use of wires. He had learned what another man had already discovered: that waves of electricity move through ether just as waves of water pass along the ocean. Marconi probably said something like this to himself: "As twigs are carried by the waves over the surface of the water, and as my voice travels from my mouth through the air, so waves of electricity sent out by these new instruments travel through the ether. Why may not these waves be used in telegraphy? If they are made intense enough, they will have the power to travel long distances. As to signaling, that can be done by using waves of different lengths, some short and some long." Of course, he saw there must be two instruments: one corresponding to the mouth, to send the messages; the other, like the ear, to catch the sound.

Marconi's father allowed him to set up telegraph stations where he pleased over his great estate. At first he could send telegrams only a few yards, but after five years he succeeded in sending a message two miles! This was something no other man in the world had done. At this time Marconi was scarcely twenty-two years old. After this first success he kept working quietly away until one day

the world was astonished to hear that a wireless message had been sent from the Isle of Wight in the English Channel and received on the mainland, 31 miles away. The tireless young inventor worked on until he succeeded in sending another message a distance of more than 180 miles.

The possibility of wireless telegraphy was now thoroughly established, and Marconi planned to send a message across the Atlantic Ocean. When all was ready for the experiment, he left an assistant in Cornwall to set up the "sending" instrument and he, with two other assistants, set sail for America. Marconi had been working for years to make it as perfect as possible. At Saint John's in Newfoundland, he set up his instrument in some old barracks on Signal Hill.

While Marconi was making ready to receive the message in Newfoundland, the operator left in Cornwall was preparing to send it. Then the day came when everything was in readiness. Marconi climbed to the top of Signal Hill. With the assistance of his men, he sent a kite up four hundred feet into the air. The wind was high, but the men managed to hold the kite in place. A cable was sent to the operator in Cornwall telling him to begin signaling. Quietly and calmly Mr. Marconi went into the station, sat down at the table, held the receiver to his ear, and listened. For thirty minutes he listened. There was not a sound within or without. Then, just at noon, on the twelfth day of December, 1901, to the inventor's ears there came a "Click! Click! Click!" It was the instrument, marking the three dots used in telegraphy which stand for the letter "S." This was the signal Marconi had arranged for. It had traveled two thousand miles. From distant England it had come, and had been received in Newfoundland. Not once, but many times, the message was repeated. There was no mistake. It came by the kite wire outside the station. The work of seven long years was rewarded. The greatest wonder of the age had been accomplished. And he who had made it possible was only twenty-seven years old!

Since that day when the first wireless message was sent, Marconi has made many new inventions, perfecting his instrument. Today





MARCONI AT ST. JOHN'S, DECEMBER 12, 1901

*RCA Mfg. Co.*

we speak of sending a "wireless" from one continent to another as naturally as sitting down to dinner. The inventor himself believes that the time will come when telegraph poles will be entirely done away with, and wireless telegrams will be sent for less than the ordinary telegram costs today.

Italy and other countries have conferred many honors upon this great inventor. In 1903, when he visited Rome, the leading officers of the city were at the railroad station to greet him. A carriage was waiting. The young inventor arrived. Suddenly a great shout went up. His warmhearted countrymen could contain their joy and enthusiasm no longer. Another moment and the horses were unharnessed, and the men themselves were in place to draw his carriage. They even fought with one another for the honor of conducting him to his hotel. They could not do enough to show how greatly





*National Broadcasting Corp.*

#### MASTER CONTROL BOARD AT RADIO CITY

they admired and honored him. It was a march of triumph such as falls only to kings and conquerors. Later the hero was carried to the great hall of Campidoglio, reserved for kings and people of greatest dignity. Here, before the King and Queen of Italy and leading men of science, Marconi read a paper he had written on wireless telegraphy. Then followed banquet after banquet at which he was the guest of honor.

Was the young man's head turned by so much praise? Not in the least. He went away the same calm, quiet, modest man he had been and still is today. Freedom to work and make new discoveries — it is this which gives him greater joy than anything else in the world.

EVERYDAY ADVENTURES<sup>1</sup>

*By Samuel Scoville, Jr.*

All that May day long I had been trying to break my record of birds seen and heard between dawn and dark. Toward the end of the gray afternoon an accommodating Canadian warbler, wearing a black necklace across his yellow breast, carried me past my last year's mark, and I started for home in great contentment. My path wound in and out among the bare white boles of a beech wood all feathery with new green-sanguine-colored leaves. Always as I enter that wood I have a sense of a sudden silence, and I walk softly, that I may catch perhaps a last word or so of what They are saying.

That day, as I moved without a sound among the trees, suddenly not fifty feet away, loping wearily down the opposite slope, came a gaunt red fox and a cub. With her head down, she looked like the picture of the wolf in *Red Ridinghood*. The little cub was all woolly, like a lamb. His back was reddish-brown, and he had long stripes of gray across his breast and around his small belly, and his little sly face was so comical that I laughed at the very first sight of it. What wind there was blew from them to me, and my khaki clothes blended with the coloring around me.

As I watched them, another larger cub trotted down the hill. The first cub suddenly yapped at him, with a snarling little bark quite different from that of a dog; but the other paid no attention, but stalked sullenly into a burrow which for the first time I noticed among the roots of a white oak tree. Back of the burrow lay a large chestnut log which evidently served as a watchtower for the fox family. To this the mother fox went, and, climbing up on top of it, lay down, with her head on her paws and her magnificent brush dangling down beside the log, and went to sleep.

The little cub that was left trotted to the entrance of the burrow and for a while played by himself, like a puppy or a kitten. First

<sup>1</sup> From *Everyday Adventures*, copyrighted by Samuel Scoville, Jr. Published by Little, Brown and Company. By permission of the author.

he snapped at some blades of grass and chewed them up fiercely. Then, seeing a leaf that had stuck in the wool on his back, he whirled around and around, snapping at it with his little jaws. Failing to catch it, he rolled over and over in the dirt until he had brushed it off. Then he proceeded to stalk the battered carcass of an old black crow that lay in front of the burrow. Crouching and creeping up on it inch by inch, he suddenly sprang and caught that unsuspecting corpse and worried it ferociously, with fierce little snarls. All the time his wrinkled-up, funny little face was so comical that I nearly laughed aloud every time he moved. At last he curled up in a round ball, with his chin on his forepaws like his mother.

There before me, at the end of the quiet spring afternoon, two of the wildest and shyest of all of our native animals lay asleep. Never before had I seen a fox in all that country, nor even suspected that one had a home within a scant mile of mine. As I watched them sleeping, I felt somehow that the wildwood had taken me into her confidence and was trusting her children to my care; and I would no more have harmed them than I would my own.

As I watched the cub curled up in a woolly ball, I wanted to creep up and stroke his soft fur. Leaving the hard path, I started to cover as silently as possible the fifty feet that lay between us. Before I had gone far, a leaf rustled underfoot, and in a second the cub was on his feet, wide awake, and staring down at me. With one foot in the air, I waited and waited until he settled down to sleep again. A minute later the same thing happened once more, only to be repeated at every step or so. It took me something like half an hour to reach a point within twenty feet of where he lay, and I looked straight into his eyes each time that he stood up.

No wild animal can tell a man from a tree by sight alone if only he stands still. Suddenly, as the cub sprang up, perhaps for the tenth time, there about six feet to one side of him stood the old mother fox. I had not heard a sound or seen a movement, but there she was. I was so close that I dared not move my head to look at the cub, but turned only my eyes. When I looked back the mother



fox was gone. With no sudden movement that I could detect, there almost before my eyes she had melted into the landscape.

I stood like a stone until the cub had lain down once more. The watchtower log was vacant, although I have no doubt that the mother fox was watching me from some unseen spot.

When I came to examine the den, I found that there were three burrows in a line, perhaps fifteen feet in length, with a hard-worn path leading from one to the other. The watch log behind them was rubbed smooth and shiny, with reddish fox hairs caught in every crevice. Near the three burrows was a tiny one, which I think was probably dug as an air hole; while in front I found the feathers of a flicker, a purple grackle, and a chicken, besides the remains of the crow aforesaid. How any fox outside of the fable could beguile a crow is a puzzle to me. All of these burrows were in plain sight, and I hunted a long time to find the concealed one which is a part of the home of every well-regulated fox family. For a while I could find no trace of it. Finally I saw on the side of a stump one reddish hair that gave me a clue. Examining the stump carefully, I found that it was hollow and formed the entrance to the secret exit from the three main burrows.

A week later I went again to look at the home of that fox family; but it was deserted by them and was now tenanted by a fat woodchuck, who would never have ventured near the den if the owners had not left it. Mrs. Fox had evidently feared the worst from my visit, and in the night had moved her whole family to some better-hidden home. This was three years ago, and, although I visit the place every winter, no telltale tracks ever show that she has moved back.

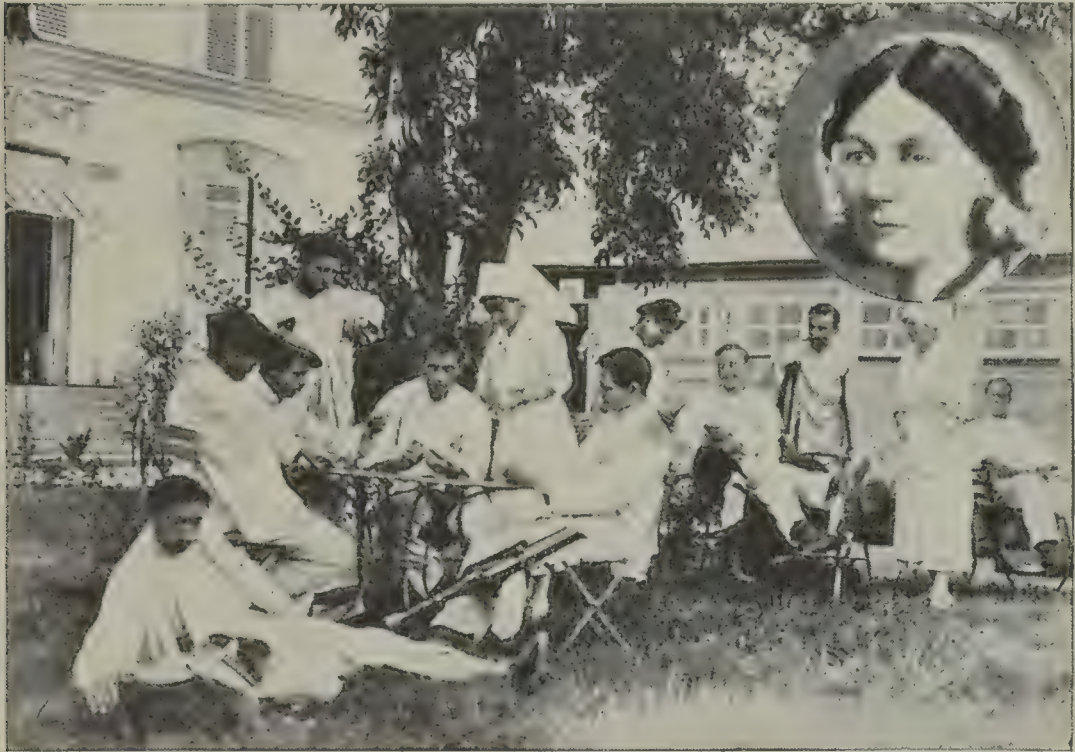
## THE ANGEL OF THE CRIMEA<sup>1</sup>

*By Laura E. Richards*

Miss Nightingale arrived at Scutari on November 4. Only twenty-four hours after her arrival, the wounded from the battle of Inkerman began to come in; soon every inch of room in both the Barrack

<sup>1</sup> From *Florence Nightingale*, by Laura E. Richards. By permission of D. Appleton-Century Co.

and the General Hospital was full, and men by hundreds were lying on the muddy ground outside, unable to find room even on the floor of the corridor. Neither Lady-in-Chief nor nurses had had time to rest after their long voyage, to make plans for systematic work, even to draw breath after their first glimpse of the horrors around them, when this great avalanche of suffering and misery came down upon



*American Red Cross*

RED CROSS NURSES CARING FOR WOUNDED IN FRANCE, 1918  
INSERT: FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, "ANGEL OF THE CRIMEA"

them. No woman in history has had to face such a task as now flung itself upon Florence Nightingale.

She met it as the great meet trial, quietly and calmly. Her cheek might pale at what she had to see, but there was no flinching in those clear, gray-blue eyes, no trembling of those firm lips. Ship after ship discharged its ghastly freight at the ferry below; train after train of wounded was dragged up the hill, brought into the overflowing hospital, laid down on pallet, on mattress, on bare floor, on muddy ground, wherever space could be found. "The men



lay in double rows down the long corridors, forming several miles of suffering humanity."

As the poor fellows were brought in, they looked up and saw a slender woman in a black dress, with a pale, beautiful face surmounted by a close-fitting white cap. Quietly, but with an authority that no one ever thought of disputing, she gave her orders, directing where the sufferers were to be taken, what doctor was to be summoned, what nurses to attend them. During those days she was known sometimes to stand on her feet *twenty hours at a time*, seeing that each man was put in the right place, where he might receive the right kind of help. I ask you to think of this for a moment. Twenty hours! Nearly the whole of a day and night.

Where a particularly severe operation was to be performed, Miss Nightingale was present whenever it was possible, giving to both surgeon and patient the comfort and support of her wonderful calm strength and sympathy. In this dreadful inrush of the Inkerman wounded, the surgeons had first of all to separate the more hopeful cases from those that seemed desperate. The working force was so insufficient, they must devote their energies to saving those who could be saved; this is how it seemed to them. Once Miss Nightingale saw five men lying together in a corner, left just as they had come from the vessel.

"Can nothing be done for them?" she asked the surgeon in charge. He shook his head.

"Then will you give them to me?"

"Take them," replied the surgeon, "if you like; but we think their case is hopeless."

All night long Florence Nightingale sat beside those five men, one of the faithful nurses with her, feeding them with a spoon at short intervals till consciousness returned and a little strength began to creep back into their poor torn bodies; then washing their wounds, making them tidy and decent, and all the time cheering them with kind and hopeful words. When morning came the surgeons, amazed, pronounced the men in good condition to be



operated upon, and — we will hope, though the story does not tell the end — saved.

Is it any wonder that one poor lad burst into tears as he cried: “I can’t help it, I can’t indeed, when I see them. Only think of Englishwomen coming out here to nurse us! It seems so homelike and comfortable.”

In those days one of the nurses wrote home to England: —

“It does appear absolutely impossible to meet the wants of those who are dying of dysentery and exhaustion; out of four wards committed to my care, eleven men have died in the night, simply from exhaustion, which, humanly speaking, might have been stopped, could I have laid my hand at once on such nourishment as I know they ought to have had.

“It is necessary to be as near the scene of war as we are, to know the horrors which we have seen and heard of. I know not which sight is most heart-rending — to witness fine strong men and youths worn down by exhaustion and sinking under it, or others coming in fearfully wounded.

“The whole of yesterday was spent, first in sewing the men’s mattresses together, and then in washing them, and assisting the surgeons, when we could, in dressing their ghastly wounds, and seeing the poor fellows made as easy as their circumstances would admit of, after their five days’ confinement on board ship, during which space their wounds were not dressed. . . . We have not seen a drop of milk, and the bread is extremely sour. The butter is most filthy — it is Irish butter in a state of decomposition; and the meat is more like moist leather than food. Potatoes we are waiting for until they arrive from France.”

This was written six days after arrival. By the tenth day, a miracle had been accomplished. Miss Nightingale had established and fitted up a kitchen, from which eight hundred men were fed daily with delicacies and food suitable to their condition. Beef tea, chicken broth, jelly — a quiet wave of the wand, and these things sprang up, as it were, out of the earth.

How was the miracle accomplished? Up to this time, the method

of giving out stores had been much like the method (only there was really no method about it!) of cooking and washing. There were no regular hours; if you asked for a thing in the morning, you might get it in the evening, when the barrack fires were out. And you could get nothing at all until it had been inspected by this official, approved by that, and finally given out by the other. These were called "service rules"; they were really folds and coils of the monster Red Tape, at his work of binding and strangling. How was the miracle accomplished? Simply enough. Miss Nightingale, with the foresight of a born leader, had anticipated all this, and was ready for it. The materials for all the arrowroot, beef tea, chicken broth, wine jelly, of those first weeks, came out of her own stores, brought out with her in the vessel, the *Victis*, from England. She had no intention of waiting a day or an hour for anyone; she had not a day or an hour to waste.

She hired a house close by the hospital and set up a laundry with every proper and sanitary arrangement, and there, every week, five hundred shirts were washed, besides other garments. But now came a new difficulty. Many of the soldiers had no clothes at all save the filthy and ragged ones on their backs; what was to become of them while their shirts were washed and mended? The ship bag gave another hop (at least I should think it would have, for pure joy of the good it was doing), and out came ten thousand shirts; and for the first time since they left the battlefield the sick and wounded men were clean and comfortable.

But the Lady-in-Chief knew that her fairy stores were not of the kind that renew themselves; and having once got matters into something like decent order and comfort in the hospital, she turned quietly and resolutely to do battle with the monster Red Tape.

The officials of Scutari did not know what to make of the new state of things. As I have said, many of them had shaken their heads and pulled very long faces when they heard that a woman was coming out who was to have full power and authority over all things pertaining to the care of the sick and wounded. They honestly thought, no doubt, that the confusion would be doubled, the dis-

traction turned to downright madness. What could a woman know about such matters? What experience had she had of "service rules"? What would become of them all?

They were soon to find out. The Lady-in-Chief did not cry out, or wring her hands, or do any of the things they had expected. Neither did she bluster or rage, scold or reproach. She simply said that this or that must be done, and then saw that it was done. Her tact and judgment were as great as her power and wisdom; more I cannot say.

Suppose she wanted certain stores that were in a warehouse on the wharf. The warehouse was locked. She sent for the wharfinger. Would he please open the warehouse and give her the stores? He was very sorry, but he could not do so without an order from the board. She went to the chief officer of the board. He was very sorry, but it would be necessary to have a meeting of the entire board. Who made up the board? Well, Mr. So-and-so, and Dr. This, and Mr. That, and Colonel Tother. Where were they? Well, one of them was not very well, and another was probably out riding, and a third —

Would he please call them together at once?

Well, he was extremely busy just now, but tomorrow or the day after, he would be delighted —

Would he be ready himself for a meeting, if Miss Nightingale could get the other members of the board together? Well — of course — he would be delighted, but he could assure Miss Nightingale that everything would be all right, without her taking the trouble to —

The board met; pen, ink, and paper were ready. Would they kindly sign the order? Many thanks! Good morning!

And the warehouse was opened, and the goods on their way to the hospital, before the astonished gentlemen had fairly drawn their breath.

"But what kind of way is this to do business?" cried the slaves of Red Tape. "She doesn't give us time! The moment a thing is wanted, she goes and gets it!!! The rules of the service —"



When Miss Nightingale arrived at Scutari, the death rate in the Barrack Hospital was 60 per cent; within a few months it was reduced to 1 per cent; and this, under heaven, was accomplished by her and her devoted band of nurses. Do you wonder that she was called "The Angel of the Crimea"?

## CHAPTER III

### *To Skim*

WHEN you first think of skimming, you may recall being told by some teacher not to skim the lesson but really to study it. And she was doubtless right for the particular work she had in mind. But there is a time for skimming, when careful reading would waste our time and energy. One of the secrets of being a good reader is to know when to read rapidly, when to study, when to skim, and in general how to fit our reading to the material.

So we are going to practice skimming. Just what do we do when we skim? We are carrying in our mind a question, or a certain number, or name, or other detail, and we let our eyes run over the page or paragraph or list very rapidly till we find what we are looking for. We do this so quickly that we don't have time to "take in" the facts we are passing by. When we find the number or name we want, we stop. Then we start all over if we have something else to find. This kind of reading is not continuous like most kinds. In this our minds seem to take big leaps from one thing to another — perhaps like the cottontail rabbit, or, even better, like the jack rabbit. He certainly does cover the ground! Or you may prefer to think of birds. When a robin runs along on the ground in little steps or tiny hops, he is acting much as we do when we read line after line, page after page. But when he takes to the air and flies from one tree to another and back to a bush and up to a telephone wire, his darting about is much like our skimming.

There are three ways in which you most commonly use this process of skimming: —

- I. Handling books, such as finding certain pages, using the table of contents and the index, and looking for diagrams, maps,

and the like. The dictionary especially calls for this kind of attack.

- II. Searching through articles in an encyclopedia or other reference book (sometimes a magazine article) to find dates, names, facts.
- III. Finding items in lists in the telephone directory, the *World Almanac*, radio programs, and other similar sources.

Let us try skimming these different kinds of materials for different purposes.

#### I. Handling books

##### 1. *Finding Pages*: —

Suppose your history teacher asks the class to turn to the diagram on page 238 of the textbook. Will all pupils find it at the same time? Why not? Do you think anyone would be foolish enough to read the page numbers along until he came to 238? After a pupil has turned to the general part of the book where 238 might be, how does skimming help him to find the exact page? Name several occasions at school, church, library, or home when you may be called upon to find certain pages in books. Let's practice this kind of skimming.

- a. Find the pages in this book listed below as quickly as possible and write down the first word on each page. Wait till all are ready before you begin. Raise your hand when you have finished. The class will check the first words when most have finished. Pages to find: 179, 53, 78, 12, 200.
  - b. Several of you probably came very near being in the first five pupils to find these. Perhaps if you try again, you can improve your speed. Pages to find: 66, 16, 166, 6, 206.
  - c. If you need more practice, you can make a list for yourself, or the class can suggest page numbers.
- ##### 2. *Using the Table of Contents and the Index*: —

Remember that the table of contents is at the front of the



book and the index at the end. The items in the table of contents are arranged in the order in which they come in the book. The index is in alphabetical order and contains many more items, each under its proper letter, *a*, *b*, *c*. What is the advantage of each arrangement?

- a*. Turn to the table of contents of this book and find the pages where these chapters begin: —

Chapter IV

To Read Aloud

Chapter VIII

- b*. Are there chapters with these titles: —

To Discover the Main Idea

To Read with Curiosity

- c*. Turn to the index of this book and find the articles listed below. Write down the pages where they can be found in the book.

When You Are a House Guest

A Hunter of the Grass-Tops

Woman's Sphere

Geography Game

The Juggler

- d*. Give your history book or other textbook to another pupil and ask him to make out a list of things for you to find in it. He can use the same form as Problems *a*, *b*, and *c*. You can also make out problems for him in his textbook.

## II. Searching an article in an encyclopedia or other book

We notice at once that instead of dealing with lists as we did before we deal now with paragraphs. This arrangement calls for especially keen eyes if we are to avoid reading everything in the article. It is necessary to keep one's mind on what one is looking for.

Here are some articles from different encyclopedias, magazines, and newspapers. Try to find the facts asked for, as quickly as you can. Remember to *skim*.

1. Find these facts about Gutenberg in the paragraph given below: —

- a. Date of his birth.
- b. Place of his birth.
- c. What he is famous for.
- d. Date of his death.

Johannes Gutenberg, the inventor of printing with movable type, was born about 1400, in Mainz, Germany. His proper name was Gensfleisch or Gansfleisch. In 1434 he lived in Strasbourg, teaching stonecutting, mirror polishing, and other similar arts. Between 1444 and 1448, he returned to Mainz, where, in 1449 or 1450, he entered into a partnership with a Johannes Faust, who furnished the money to set up a printing press. This partnership was dissolved in 1455 by Faust's bringing a suit against Gutenberg to recover money advanced, and Faust gained control of the press. However, Gutenberg, assisted by Dr. Homery, set up another press, which he ran until his death in 1468. A bronze monument, the work of Thorwaldsen, was erected to his memory at Mainz. There are a few copies preserved of books printed by him, which bring enormous prices.<sup>1</sup>

2. Skim the following to find

- a. How and where the real sword was suspended.
- b. What the phrase means now.

Damocles, *dam'ō-kleez*, a courtier and flatterer of the tyrant Dionysius of Syracuse. His extravagant description of the happiness of kings caused his royal master to read him a lesson. He was invited to a sumptuous banquet and was seated at the table in royal luxury. On looking up, he was horrified to find a sword suspended by a single hair over his head. Dionysius thus desired to emphasize the uncertainty of his life, even when in seeming security. The "sword of Damocles" has come into vogue as an expression refer-

<sup>1</sup> From *Student's Cyclopaedia*.

ring to impending or dreaded tragedy that may happen at any moment.<sup>1</sup>

3. Skim this paragraph for these items: —

- a. Who shot Orion with an arrow?
- b. Where is the constellation Orion?
- c. To what does the phrase "Orion's belt" refer?

Ori'on. A mighty hunter of Greek legend, Orion was noted for his beauty and gigantic size and strength. According to the best known story about him, Orion was loved by the goddess Artemis (Diana), whose hunter he became. His brother Apollo was angered at this, and one day seeing Orion swimming he pointed out to Artemis a black object in the water and challenged her to hit it with her arrow. She shot at it, finding when too late that it was the head of her lover. After his death he was placed among the stars, where he appears with a lion's skin, girdle, sword, and club, followed by his hound. The constellation of Orion is one of the brightest in the northern heavens. The three bright stars across its center are called "Orion's belt."<sup>2</sup>

4. Skim this article to find these facts: —

- a. Do fish live in the ice?
- b. What is a serious problem for fish in a frozen pond?
- c. What is the best source of oxygen?

### HOW DO FISH LIVE IN A FROZEN POND?<sup>3</sup>

Ordinary ice, we know, is lighter than water, and therefore it floats. So what we call a frozen pond is a pond of which the surface is frozen. Skaters are perfectly aware of this. They want to know

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted from *The World Book Encyclopedia* by permission of the Quarrie Corporation.

<sup>2</sup> Reprinted from *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 1939 edition, by permission of F. E. Compton & Company.

<sup>3</sup> Reprinted from *The Book of Knowledge*. By permission of the publisher, The Grolier Society, Inc., New York.



how thick the ice is, for they know there is liquid underneath it. So when we speak about fish living in a frozen pond, we mean fish living in liquid water that has a layer of frozen water above it.

The really serious part of this for the fish is not, as we might think, the coldness of the water they are in, but the question how that water is to be supplied with enough air for the fish to live. When a pond is not frozen, oxygen from the air above it is passing into the surface of the water as fast as it is being used up by the fish and other living creatures in the water.

When a pond is frozen, this process is very nearly stopped. There may be gaps in the ice here and there — air holes, such as air-breathing creatures will make in the frozen North — but perhaps there may be none of these. A little oxygen may get through at the edge of the ice, but the best hope for the fish is that there is a supply of new water coming into the pond below the ice from somewhere else, and bringing enough oxygen dissolved in it to keep the fish alive. If the supply of oxygen is kept up in none of these ways, then, when there is no more of it left, the fish will surely die, as must every living creature that is prevented from breathing, whether it be man, mammal, bird, reptile, fish, or moss.

5. a. Skim the following article to find the mottoes of Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, and Utah. Write them in your workbook.

### STATE MOTTOES <sup>1</sup>

Although the United States' motto "E Pluribus Unum" covers us all, forty-five of the forty-eight states and the District of Columbia have, nevertheless, adopted mottoes of their own. Latin is the predominant language, used by twenty-three, English follows with eighteen, while there is one each in Greek, Italian, French, Spanish, and Indian.

Maryland has the longest motto, closely followed by South Carolina, for each of these states has two distinct and approved mottoes. Massachusetts is both political and valorous in her

<sup>1</sup> From "Alabama Revises Her State Motto," by Fitzhugh L. Minnigerode, in the *New York Times*, May 12, 1940.

choice: "Ensi Petit Placedam Sub Libertate Quietum" (By the Sword She Seeks Settled Repose Under Liberty). Mississippi is ready for a fight and, according to her motto, "Virtute et Armis" (Valor and Arms), she should win it. Oklahoma believes in victory, but would like to achieve it without resort to arms: "Labor Omnia Vincet" (Labor Conquers All Things) would be a fine motto for the entire world.

Mottoes in praise or acceptance of political faiths are the most numerous. Ten states and the District of Columbia have mottoes coming under this general classification. These ten states with their mottoes are as follows: Vermont, "Freedom and Unity"; New Jersey, "Liberty and Prosperity"; Pennsylvania, "Virtue, Liberty and Independence"; Georgia, "Wisdom, Justice, and Moderation"; Louisiana, "Union, Justice and Confidence"; Arkansas, "Regnant Populi" (The People Rule); Illinois, "State Sovereignty — National Union"; Nevada, "All for Our Country." Kentucky gives us the old familiar "United We Stand, Divided We Fall." North Dakota, "Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable." The District of Columbia, "Justitia Omnibus" (Justice for All), which is appropriate for the district harboring the Federal Government.

Several states go in for the poetic strain in their mottoes. Kansas would hitch her wagon to a star with "Ad Astra per Aspera" (To the Stars Through Difficulties). Idaho, evidently satisfied with things as they are, has adopted "Esta Perpetua" (May It Last Forever). Montana has the only Spanish language motto, "Oro y Plata" (Gold and Silver). Minnesota tells us just what she thinks of herself, "Etoile du Nord" (Star of the North). North Carolina disdains camouflage, "Esse Quam Videri" (To Be Rather Than to Seem). It remains to Michigan, however, to fully exploit her charms in, "Si Quaeris Peninsulam Amoenam Circumspice" (If Thou Seekest a Beautiful Peninsula Behold It Here).

Tennessee and Utah are all for business; no foreign languages and high-sounding declarations for these two states. Utah's motto is simply "Industry" and Tennessee's "Agriculture, Commerce."

"Excelsior," meaning higher, motto of New York, is believed to be the only State motto to have a well-known poem written about it. Longfellow declared that the poem entitled "Excelsior," beginning "The shades of night were falling fast," with each verse ending with the cry "Excelsior," was inspired by New York State's motto.

Three states, Indiana, New Hampshire, and Texas, have no mottoes. In the case of Texas there is ample reason why she should have none. Under the terms of that state's admission to the Union she reserved the privilege of dividing herself into five states when she so desired and there is no use in starting a possible rumpus as to which of the five (when the division comes) shall have the original motto.

b. Now go back and skim the selection again to find the answers to these questions. Record the answers in your workbook.

- (1) What language is used in more than half the mottoes?
- (2) Which state has the second longest motto?
- (3) How many states have mottoes in acceptance or praise of political faiths?
- (4) What does the motto of the District of Columbia mean?
- (5) Which state has a motto which inspired a well-known poem?
- (6) How many states have no mottoes?

6. Can you skim this news story to find the facts asked for?
- a. What was the value of the spices imported into our country last year?
  - b. Which spices stood at the top of the list for the amount imported?



SPICY FACTS <sup>1</sup>

The Commerce Department has issued some "spicy" statistics proving that the American public spent \$12,000,000 last year to tickle its palate.

The humble mustard seed, used principally for decorating hot dogs, accounted for more than 17,000,000 pounds of the year's imports.

Nutmegs from the palmy Caribbean Islands totaled 5,176,524 pounds; cinnamon bark from the Netherlands Indies, Ceylon, and other far-off climes, 663,485 pounds; pimento from Jamaica and the Central American Republics, 586,031 pounds; and ginger root from West Africa and the Orient, 994,976 pounds.

Anise seeds from Spain, caraway from the Netherlands, cardamom from British India, and mace from Malaya all did their parts in putting pep into the nation's diet.

Black pepper and curry, sage, thyme, paprika, cloves, juniper, peppermint, and vanilla beans, from the four corners of the earth, came in increasing quantities — because they taste good.

7. Skim this paragraph to list all methods of transportation named: —

MODERN TRAVEL <sup>2</sup>

The modern honeymoon couple who fly to Bermuda these days pass through practically all the modes of transportation of the last two centuries. Leaving the rice and old shoes of well-wishers behind, the couple usually travel in a taxi to the railroad station, board a crack express that whips them to New York or Baltimore at sixty miles an hour, step on a passenger bus that takes them through city traffic like a greyhound to the waiting eagles of the air. There the modern honeymooners settle back for the five-hour flight. Leaving the plane, they are carried to Hamilton aboard a swift power boat and then taken by horse and carriage to their hotel.

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the Associated Press.

<sup>2</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

8. Skim the following article to find the answers to these questions: —

- a.* What two arctic expeditions were combined?
- b.* How many went on the combined expedition?
- c.* What three men planned to fly over the North Pole?
- d.* Who went with Commander Byrd?
- e.* When did they actually start?
- f.* What was the name of Byrd's airplane?
- g.* Was Byrd able to fly over the North Pole on this trip?
- h.* What instrument was broken on the way back?
- i.* How did Amundsen receive Byrd on his return?
- j.* What kind of aircraft did Amundsen use in his flight over the pole?

### THE RACE FOR THE POLE<sup>1</sup>

*By Eric Hodgins and F. Alexander Magoun*

But the seed of the idea that the pole might be conquered through the air had now been sown, and within a year another American took it up. He was Donald B. MacMillan, sometime Professor of Anthropology at Bowdoin College. This sedentary occupation brought him his wages; he got his exercise periodically by joining polar expeditions. In 1908 he had been a member of Admiral Peary's party. Now, the National Geographic Society proposed to send him in search, by airplane, of the undiscovered land which Admiral Peary insisted must be somewhere near the pole, because of the bird migrations and the action of ocean currents. News of the Amundsen expedition speeded these plans.

At the same time a young officer in the Navy, Lieutenant Commander Richard E. Byrd, had very definite ambitions for a polar flight, and had asked the Navy Department for the necessary amphibian planes. MacMillan made the same request, and, since the available planes were limited, the two proposed expeditions were joined together as one.

<sup>1</sup> From *Sky High*, by Hodgins and Magoun. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

MacMillan and Commander Byrd, with eight mechanics and pilots and three amphibian planes, took off from Etah, Greenland, in August, 1925. Within a few hours MacMillan looked down upon many thousands of square miles of ice that he had laboriously



*U. S. Antarctic Service Official Photo from Acme*

UNLOADING THE WINGS OF A PLANE AT BYRD'S SOUTH POLAR  
BASE, 1940; THE FAMOUS SNOW CRUISER ON DECK

crossed by dog sled with all manner of hardships in 1914-1916 and in 1924.

By wind or ice, the amphibian planes came several times close to destruction. Each time, however, they escaped it, and the MacMillan-Byrd expedition made some effective explorations of Grinnell Land and the Fjords of Ellesmere Land. The ships also flew over the great Greenland Ice Cap — 700,000 square miles, an area almost eleven times larger than all New England, sheathed in solid ice a mile thick. The expedition returned, with much good accomplished — and with the satisfaction of having taken a number of wondering Eskimos for an aerial joy ride. Yet MacMillan



decided that planes were failures at Arctic exploration — that only lighter-than-air craft would do.

But Byrd determined to go again; determined to be the first man in history to travel in the air over the very axis of the world. In his determination he was not alone, for Amundsen and Ellsworth were busy with plans. In the dirigible *Norge* — that is, Norway, for Amundsen's homeland — which Colonel Umberto Nobile was building for them in Italy, they too proposed a polar flight. Again, as in 1909, when Bleriot and Latham raced to be first to cross the Channel, the world was treated to the exciting spectacle of seeing two brave and determined men vie with each other for the honor of being first to open still one more path to aircraft.

With Commander Byrd was Pilot Floyd Bennett. They had planned to start from King's Bay, Spitzbergen, on May 15, 1926, but plans went even more speedily than they had hoped, and, despite several crack-ups on attempts to take off, Byrd and Bennett were ready on May 8 to take off for the pole. The motors were warm; Bennett gave the *Josephine Ford* full throttle and the great ship started down the runway. She did gather momentum, but she did not gain altitude. The ship came to the end of the runway, skids still skimming on the ice, bounced over several hummocks of snow, and plunged straight into a snowdrift. Fortunately, however, the landing skids had not been broken, and by midnight the plane had been taxied back to her starting point, where the load was lightened to the last possible pound and a new start was attempted. This time the *Josephine Ford* got off.

Bennett gave his engines all they would take. In response the *Josephine Ford* reached an altitude of 2000 feet and a speed of nearly 100 miles an hour. Swiftly they closed in upon their goal. Then Byrd, on the alert for every detail, saw the most chilling sight that an aviator flying far out of touch with civilization could ever see. The starboard motor had developed a bad oil leak. There were councils of despair, and Bennett urged that they land for repairs. Byrd, thinking of the difficulties of the take-off that morning and of Amundsen's experience, said No. Then the starboard motor

settled matters by itself. As mysteriously as the oil leak had begun, it stopped again. The *Josephine Ford* was a bare hour from the position of the pole. She thundered on.

At 9.04 A.M. Greenwich time, on the morning of May 9, successive sights through the Bumstead sun compass indicated that the *Josephine Ford* had reached the top of the world. They circled several times, snapped hasty photographs, paused long enough for a silent handshake, and turned home again. They reached it safely, but not without another incident that might have cost the lives of both courageous aviators. As the *Josephine Ford* banked sharply, the sextant toppled from the chart table and crashed to the floor. A vital means of checking position and thus charting the course vanished. Yet luck stayed with them. They were able to make their base again by means of the sun compass alone.

During supper that evening at King's Bay, when watches stood at 6 P.M. by Greenwich time, Amundsen and his party heard the roar of engines and looked out to see Byrd, Bennett, and the *Josephine Ford* about to land after their triumphant journey. It must have been a bitter blow to the veteran Norwegian explorer. He had been first to the South Pole in 1911. For thirty-three years he had been trying to reach the North Pole. Whatever his feelings may have been, he kept them hidden, congratulated the party with all warmth and sincerity, and kissed Commander Byrd on both his cheeks.

On May 11, at 9 A.M., the *Norge*, with a crew of seventeen, took off. Amundsen had different plans for her. He would fly from King's Bay, Spitzbergen, across the pole and to Point Barrow, Alaska, on the other side — a distance of 2000 miles. From Point Barrow he would make for Nome. At an altitude of 1400 feet and a speed of 64 miles per hour, the *Norge* hurried through the chilly Arctic air. Head winds bothered her that night and fogs closed in during the early morning of May 12. But later they scattered, and at 3.30 A.M. on May 12 the *Norge* hovered, like the *Josephine Ford* only three days before, astride the spinning earth at a point where every direction is south. Amundsen, Ellsworth, and Nobile descended to an

altitude of only 600 feet, and on stout steel-pointed rods dropped the flags of their countries, while the wireless of the *Norge* broadcast to the world the news that now both forms of aerial navigation had triumphed. Here was the first wireless message to have been sent from the pole. Not for 153 days after Peary had made the first discovery did the City of New York, in 1909, know what had happened. But on the morning of May 12, 1926, the *New York Times* not only carried the story of Amundsen's flight, but printed on its first page a special dispatch from the correspondent it had placed aboard — and the story of Frederick Raam appeared with a date line unlike any other the world had known before. His story began, "North Pole, Wednesday, May 12, 1 A.M."

But the world was still due for worry, none the less. After the wireless had concluded this broadcast, the fogs that surrounded the ship froze on everything and a blanket of silence was suddenly clapped down on the north. For anxious hours the world waited. Unknown to everyone, the *Norge* slid silently westward. At 8.15 on the morning of May 15 she sighted Point Barrow. At the settlement of Teller, not far from Nome, a member of the party jumped in a parachute and anchored the ship with the assistance of all the Eskimos in the place, while the wireless through which the world was to be assured that Amundsen, Ellsworth, and Nobile were safe was properly repaired. Once in Nome the expedition was over, and Amundsen had realized an ambition that had been denied him for three-and-thirty years. As for the gallant *Norge*, they packed her up and sent her to Seattle.

Now go back and read the entire selection to get the complete story.

9. Skim the following article to find these facts: —
  - a. The name of the fruit.
  - b. The number of bunches produced in a year.
  - c. The weight of a bunch.
  - d. At what temperature the food is kept during shipment.
  - e. Its importance as food.



"THE FRUIT OF THE WISE MEN"<sup>1</sup>

*By Floyd L. Darrow*

The great British statesman, Benjamin Disraeli, once said, "The most delicious thing in the world is a banana." The banana is sometimes called the "Fruit of the Wise Men," for legend tells us that the ancient sages of India were fond of it, and were accustomed to refresh themselves by reposing in the shade of the banana tree.

The banana is far older than recorded history. It was one of man's earliest foods, and probably native to southern Asia. Alexander the Great found it growing there in 327 B.C. Following the trade routes blazed by explorers and missionaries, the banana gradually circled the globe. Father Thomas de Berlanga, a Spanish priest who followed Columbus, is credited with bringing it to America in 1516. Today the countries that fringe the Caribbean are the world's great producers of bananas. The best and heaviest fruit comes from Central America, and the lightest from Cuba.

Not until about the middle of the last century were bananas introduced into the United States. Then an occasional cargo was brought by one of the famous clipper ships. A young man from New York, Minor C. Keith, started the first banana plantations in Costa Rica in 1871. The year before, Captain Lorenzo D. Baker, who had taken some gold seekers to South America, returned to Boston with a small cargo of bananas. Out of this venture grew the Boston Fruit Company and the banana industry. However, the growing of bananas did not become extensive until 1899.

In the most recent year for which figures are available, the production of bananas was 77,390,000 bunches. The United States and Canada are the best customers, using more than double the quantity shipped to Great Britain and Europe. A very few bananas come from the Hawaiian Islands.

Of course, the banana grows on a tree. Nothing less could support bunches weighing from 50 to 65 pounds, and sometimes as

<sup>1</sup> By permission of *St. Nicholas Magazine*. D. Appleton-Century Company, publishers.

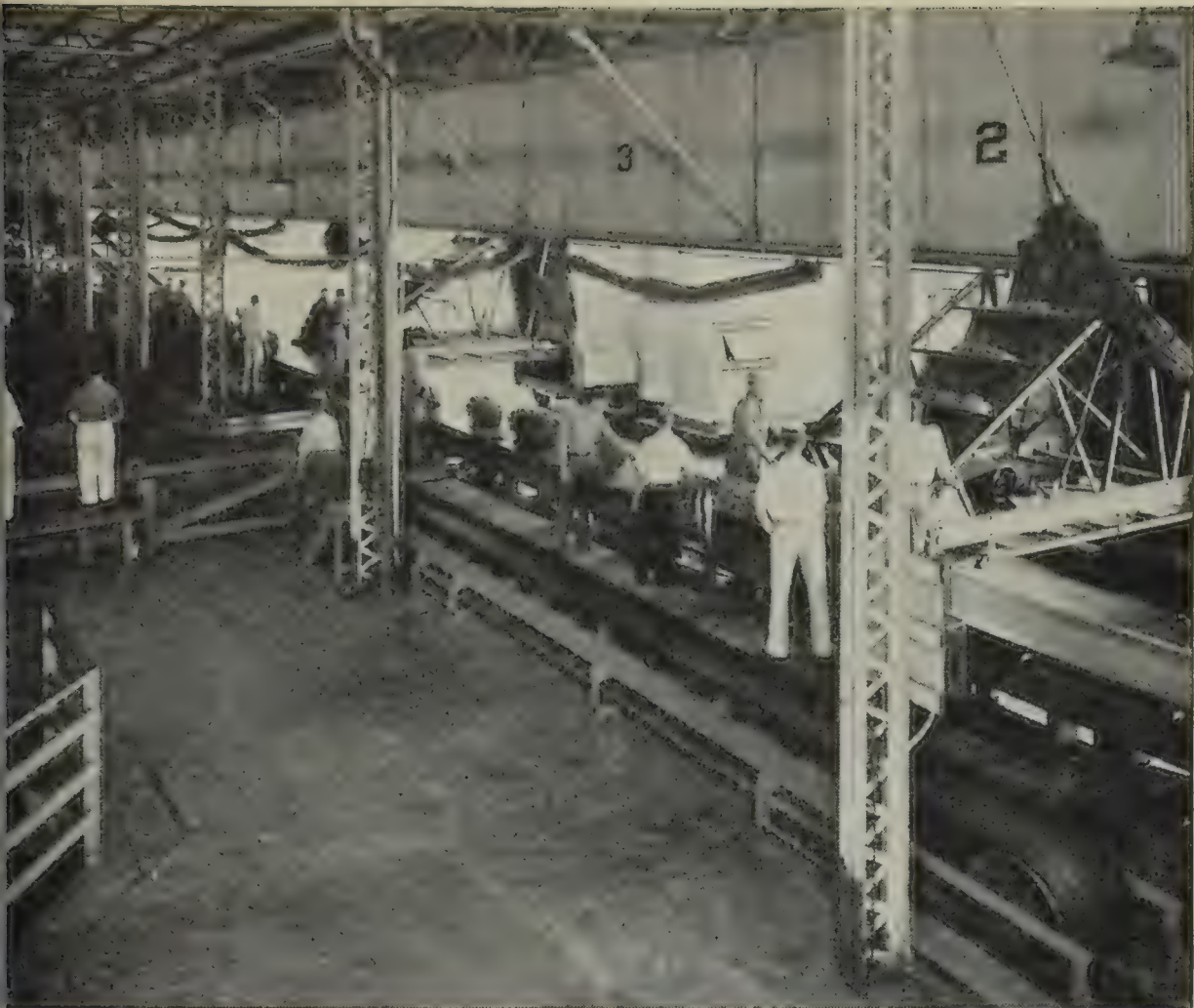
much as 150 pounds, with 300 individual bananas to the bunch. However, this is a rapidly growing tree. Its diameter is usually from nine to sixteen inches at the base, and its height ranges from fifteen to thirty feet. The tree looks like a huge palm. It grows from pieces of the rootstock cut from healthy plants, each weighing from three to four pounds, and having an eye as do the cuttings of the sugar cane. These are planted in rows to a depth of about twelve inches, every planting being some twenty feet, each way, from another. In three or four weeks the first leaf pushes its way through the ground, and nine or ten months later the stem, which bears the fruit, rises from the center of the trunk. In from twelve to fifteen months a bunch of bananas is ready to harvest.

The planting is done in an uncleared area, and immediately following it the larger trees are felled. Through the dense mass of tangled underbrush and fallen logs, the plants grow up. Although one might think this material would be an obstacle to growth, it is not. It holds the moisture, helps to keep down weeds, and proves to be beneficial.

Each tree bears but a single bunch of bananas. It is then cut down. But new plants have already sprung from the original root, making it possible to obtain additional bunches at intervals of a few months, for a period of about ten years. As you know, bananas are harvested green and allowed to ripen on the stem. As the bunch hangs on the tree, the "hands," or rows, of individual bananas curve upward, making the appearance just the opposite of what we see in the market.

While the steamship is on its way to the tropical port from which a cargo of bananas is to be shipped, a radio message announces its coming. Immediately the harvest begins, and when the ship arrives, 75,000 bunches are awaiting it. These are loaded in about twelve hours, and the return voyage starts. The first problem is to reduce the temperature in the hold of the ship to 57° F., and to keep it at that point. Much depends upon maintaining an even, cool temperature. To do this, a liquid carbon-dioxide refrigerating system is used. At the port of delivery, fast trains of refrigerating cars carry





UNLOADING BANANAS, NEW ORLEANS

*United Fruit Company*

the fruit to the interior. Both on shipboard and in the cars a proper amount of fresh air must at all times be supplied.

Thus we see that the growing and marketing of bananas is a problem of applied science. In scores of ways these discoveries and inventions spell the difference between the success of a great industry and the impossibility of having it at all.

The banana is, like sugar, an energy-producing food. Indeed, its ripening consists in changing its starch into sugar. Bananas should never be eaten when they are even partially green. They are at their best when brown spots are beginning to form upon the peel.

As the populations of the earth increase, and the problem of providing an adequate supply of food grows more acute, the banana will become more important. Beyond doubt large areas of waste-



land within the tropics are adapted to the cultivation of this fruit of ancient lineage.

III. Finding items in lists

- 1. Many writers at some time or other have used an assumed name, and many of these pseudonyms have become famous. Here is a partial list of names used by writers. Skim it to find the facts called for by these questions.
  - a. What were the real names of the following writers: —
    - (1) O. Henry
    - (2) Boz
    - (3) Ouida
    - (4) Mark Twain
    - (5) Uncle Remus
    - (6) George Eliot
    - (7) H.H.
  - b. Under what three names did Washington Irving write?
  - c. Give the name under which each of these wrote: —
    - (1) Charlotte Brontë
    - (2) C. L. Dodgson
    - (3) Henry W. Longfellow
    - (4) Charles Lamb
    - (5) Walter Scott

LITERARY PSEUDONYMS <sup>1</sup>

<i>Pen Name</i>	<i>Real Name</i>
Bab . . . . .	Gilbert, W. S.
Bell, Currer . . . . .	Brontë, Charlotte
Bell, Ellis . . . . .	Brontë, Emily
Bickerstaff, Isaac . . . . .	Swift, Rev. Jonathan
Billings, Josh . . . . .	Shaw, Henry W.
Boz . . . . .	Dickens, Charles
Brown, Tom . . . . .	Hughes, Thomas

<sup>1</sup> From *World Almanac* for 1938. Reprinted by permission.

Carroll, Lewis . . . . .	Dodgson, Rev. C. L.
Carter, Nick . . . . .	Coryell, J. Russell
Coffin, Joshua . . . . .	Longfellow, Henry W.
Crayon, Geoffrey . . . . .	Irving, Washington
Dooley, Mr. . . . .	Dunne, Finley P.
Elia . . . . .	Lamb, Charles
Eliot, George . . . . .	Evans, Marian (Mrs. Cross)
H.H. . . . .	Jackson, Helen Hunt
Henry, O. . . . .	Porter, W. Sidney
Knickerbocker, Diedrich .	Irving, Washington
Maclaren, Ian . . . . .	Watson, Rev. John
Mulock, Miss . . . . .	Craik, Dinah M.
Oldstyle, Jonathan . . . .	Irving, Washington
Ouida . . . . .	Ramée, Louise de la
Templeton, Laurence . . .	Scott, Sir Walter
Thanet, Octave . . . . .	French, Alice
Twain, Mark . . . . .	Clemens, Samuel L.
Uncle Remus . . . . .	Harris, Joel C.

2. Find the answers to the following questions in the table on printing and publishing statistics :—

- a.* The subscriptions to newspapers published in what state have the greatest value?
- b.* Answer the same question for periodicals.
- c.* How many dollars' worth of newspapers in all does your state publish?
- d.* What is the value of the pamphlets printed in Massachusetts?
- e.* What state publishes the most books and pamphlets?
- f.* How many states are there for which no book statistics are given?
- g.* How many states print less than a million dollars' worth of newspapers?
- h.* In what state is the value of the periodicals published almost the same as the value of those published in California?

- i. Name the four states with the highest amount of magazine (periodical) publication.
- j. Name seven states that publish more than ten million dollars' worth of newspapers.

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING STATISTICS <sup>1</sup>

(Figures by the United States Bureau of the Census, cover 1935)

State	Subscriptions		Books and Pamphlets
	Newspapers	Periodicals	
United States	\$260,224,000	\$143,440,000	\$135,958,000
Alabama	\$ 1,653,000	\$ 488,000	\$ 7,000
Arizona	505,000	24,000	12,000
Arkansas	929,000	23,000	35,000
California	17,699,000	2,000,000	1,396,000
Colorado	2,760,000	155,000	19,000
Connecticut	3,061,000	3,643,000	464,000
Delaware	262,000	12,000	....
District of Columbia	2,645,000	6,746,000	763,000
Florida	2,258,000	54,000	....
Georgia	3,210,000	140,000	184,000
Idaho	380,000	7,000	....
Illinois	25,419,000	12,445,000	20,153,000
Indiana	5,467,000	1,784,000	1,130,000
Iowa	5,088,000	719,000	176,000
Kansas	2,096,000	1,381,000	31,000
Kentucky	2,245,000	181,000	65,000
Louisiana	2,061,000	124,000	23,000
Maine	1,148,000	475,000	21,000
Maryland	3,161,000	447,000	760,000
Massachusetts	15,656,000	4,338,000	15,876,000
Michigan	10,938,000	712,000	830,000
Minnesota	4,470,000	1,255,000	3,768,000
Mississippi	459,000	24,000	....
Missouri	8,096,000	2,380,000	1,995,000
Montana	753,000	26,000	....
Nebraska	2,605,000	276,000	229,000
Nevada	140,000	....	....
New Hampshire	366,000	26,000	....

<sup>1</sup> From *World Almanac* for 1938. Reprinted by permission.



PRINTING AND PUBLISHING STATISTICS (*Continued*)

State	Subscriptions		• Books and Pamphlets
	Newspapers	Periodicals	
United States	\$260,224,000	\$143,446,000	\$135,958,000
New Jersey	4,955,000	471,000	1,984,000
New Mexico	207,000	1,000	....
New York	58,966,000	63,164,000	68,461,000
North Carolina	2,390,000	133,000	52,000
North Dakota	515,000	13,000	....
Ohio	14,714,000	19,987,000	5,578,000
Oklahoma	2,350,000	268,000	148,000
Oregon	2,190,000	243,000	29,000
Pennsylvania	21,636,000	14,978,000	8,782,000
Rhode Island	1,349,000	40,000	16,000
South Carolina	1,084,000	42,000	....
South Dakota	578,000	9,000	....
Tennessee	3,202,000	2,095,000	943,000
Texas	5,986,000	845,000	604,000
Utah	752,000	175,000	87,000
Vermont	326,000	....	39,000
Virginia	2,078,000	366,000	709,000
Washington	3,882,000	145,000	112,000
West Virginia	1,662,000	21,000	2,000
Wisconsin	5,716,000	580,000	475,000
Wyoming	156,000	5,000	....

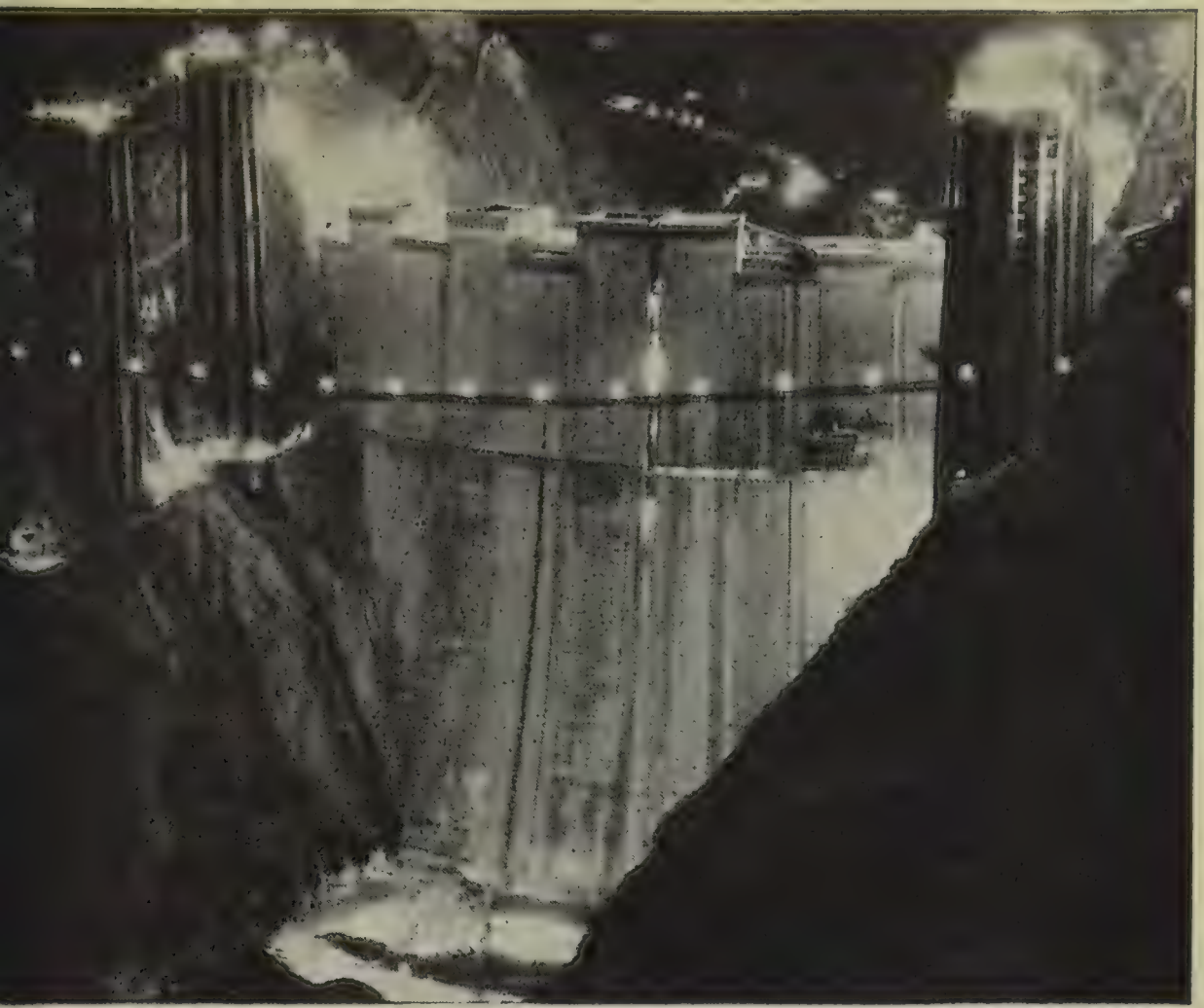
3.
  - a. In what order are the dams listed on page 96 — according to location, height, purpose, or cost?
  - b. What is the purpose of Boulder Dam?
  - c. Name four dams costing more than \$50,000,000.
  - d. How many dams are there in Washington? In California?
  - e. Which is the oldest dam?
  - f. Which dams were completed in 1935?
  - g. Name the dams in the Colorado River.
  - h. Which is the same height as Cobble Mountain Dam?
  - i. Give six facts about the Shoshone Dam.
  - j. Are foreign dams listed here?

GREAT AMERICAN DAMS <sup>1</sup>

<i>Dam</i>	<i>River</i>	<i>State</i>	<i>Purpose</i>	<i>Year Completed</i>	<i>Ht. (ft.)</i>	<i>Cost</i>
Boulder	Colorado	Ariz.-Nev.	FC, Irr., P	1935	727	\$ 70,600,000
Grand Coulee	Columbia	Wash.	FC, Irr., P	....	550	114,000,000
Hetch Hetchy	Tuolumne	Cal.	WS, P	....	427	10,000,000
Kennett	Sacramento	Cal.	FC, Irr., P	....	420	60,000,000
Owyhee	Owyhee	Oregon	Irr.	1932	417	6,000,000
Diablo	Skagit	Wash.	P	1931	389	....
San Gabriel #1	San Gabriel	Cal.	FC	....	381	15,746,000
Pacoima	Pacoima	Cal.	FC	1929	373	2,514,000
Pardee	Mokelumne	Cal.	WS, P	1929	358	6,240,000
Arrowrock	Boise	Idaho	Irr.	1915	353	4,927,000
Salt Springs	Mokelumne	Cal.	P	1931	345	6,930,000
Parker	Colorado	Ariz.-Cal.	WS, P	....	340	....
Exchequer	Merced	Cal.	Irr., P	1926	330	5,116,073
Shoshone	Shoshone	Wyo.	Irr., P	1910	328	1,439,135
Morris	San Gabriel	Cal.	WS	1934	325	5,770,000
Ariel	Lewis	Wash.	P	1931	313	....
Kensico	Bronx	N. Y.	WS	1916	307	6,735,000
Elephant Butte	Rio Grande	N. M.	Irr.	1916	305	4,149,180
Horse Mesa	Salt	Ariz.	P	1927	305	2,873,000
New Croton	Croton	N. Y.	WS	1927	297	7,631,185
San Gabriel #2	San Gabriel	Cal.	FC	1935	290	3,007,586
Don Pedro	Tuolumne	Cal.	Irr.	1923	288	3,097,419
Roosevelt	Salt	Ariz.	Irr., P	1911	284	3,890,187
Cushman	Skokomish	Wash.	P	1926	280	....
Morena	Cottonwood Cr.	Cal.	WS	1930	279	1,250,000
Lake Spaulding	South Yuba	Cal.	P	1919	275	2,353,776
Bartlett	Verde	Ariz.	Irr.	....	270	....
Dix River	Dix	Ky.	P	1925	270	7,000,000
El Capitan	San Diego	Cal.	WS	1935	270	3,124,908
Morris	Clinch	Tenn.	Nav., FCP	1936	265	13,800,000
Marshall Ford	Colorado	Texas	FC, Irr., P	....	265	25,500,000
Cobble Mountain	Little	Mass.	WS, P	1932	263	6,000,000
Shannon	Baker	Wash.	P	1926	263	8,000,000
Seminole	N. Platte	Wyo.	FC, Irr., P	....	261	3,938,000
Lake Pleasant	Agua Fria	Ariz.	Irr., P	1927	256	....
Oriant	San Joaquin	Cal.	Irr.	....	252	15,000,000
Olive Bridge	Esopus Creek	N. Y.	WS	1912	252	....
Coolidge	Gila	Ariz.	Irr., P	1928	249	4,500,000
Copco #1	Klamath	Cal.	P	1922	247	1,544,000
Long Lake	Spokane	Wash.	P	1915	247	....
Big Tujunga #1	Big Tujunga Cr.	Cal.	FC	1932	244	1,117,025
Fort Peck	Missouri	Mont.	FC, P	....	242	86,000,000
Big Santa Anita	Big S. Anita Cr.	Cal.	FC	1927	235	1,208,000
Tygart River	Tygart	W. Va.	FC	....	232	15,700,000
Alcova	N. Platte	Wyo.	Irr.	....	232	3,330,000
Cheesman	S. Platte	Colo.	WS	1904	232	1,000,000
Calderwood	Little Tenn.	Tenn.	P	1930	230	....
Cheoah	Little Tenn.	N. C.	P	1918	230	....
Mormon Flat	Salt	Ariz.	P	1925	229	1,559,000
Bouquet Canyon	Bouquet Cr.	Cal.	P	1934	225	3,007,586

NOTE: FC — Flood Control; P — Power; Irr. — Irrigation; WS — Water Supply; Nav. — Navigation

<sup>1</sup> From *World Almanac* for 1938. Reprinted by permission.



*Department of the Interior*

BOULDER DAM UNDER CONSTRUCTION, NIGHT VIEW

4. Turn to the list of books beginning on page 42 and find this information: —
  - a. The title of a book by Kipling.
  - b. The author of *Adrift on an Ice-Pan*.
  - c. The number of short books in the section "About Real People."
  - d. The exact wording of the heading for the list of sea stories.
  - e. The title of the animal story about a wolf dog.
5. Skim the following schedule of radio programs to find these items: —
  - a. The title, time, and station of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta.



- b. The number of symphony concerts during the week.
- c. The time and station for Eve Curie's address.
- d. The length of time of the broadcast of the opera *Rigoletto*.
- e. The number of plays during the week.

### RADIO PROGRAM <sup>1</sup>

#### Leading Events of the Week

(Time is P.M., Eastern Standard, Unless Otherwise Indicated)

#### *Sunday*

- 12.00 M. - 1.00 — Music Hall of the Air: Symphony Concert — WJZ
- 12.30 - 1.00 — Dr. Eduard Beneš, Former Czechoslovakian President, Discussing the European Outlook, at University of Chicago — WEAf
- 1.00 - 2.00 — Gilbert and Sullivan Operetta: *Patience* — WJZ
- 1.30 - 2.00 — From Yugoslavia: Prince Paul, Regent; Belgrade Symphony in World's Fair Salute — WEAf, WOR, WABC, WMCA, WHN
- 2.00 - 3.00 — Ezio Pinza, Basso; Symphony Orchestra; Ethel Merman, Jimmy Durante, and Others — WJZ
- 3.00 - 5.00 — Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra Concert — WABC
- 6.00 - 6.45 — New Friends of Music Symphony, Carnegie Hall — WJZ
- 6.00 - 6.30 — Play: *Single Party Going East*, Ginger Rogers — WABC
- 6.30 - 7.00 — Play: *Empty Coffin*, with Boris Karloff — WABC
- 7.00 - 7.15 — "Conservatism," Secretary of Interior Ickes — WJZ
- 7.30 - 8.00 — Screen Guild: Play, *Bridge of Mercy* — Paul Muni, Josephine Hutchinson, Lionel Atwill, and George Irving — WABC
- 8.00 - 9.00 — Edgar Bergen, Ventriloquist; Virginia Bruce — WEAf
- 8.00 - 9.00 — Forum: "War Referendum," Senators Arthur Capper and Elbert Thomas; Representative Louis Ludlow — WOR
- 8.00 - 9.00 — Cleveland Symphony Orchestra Concert — WJZ
- 8.00 - 9.00 — This is New York: Walter Huston, John Barrymore — WABC
- 9.00 - 9.30 — Play: *Flight from Glory*, Florence Rice — WJZ
- 9.00 - 10.00 — Symphony Orchestra, Robert Virovai, Violin — WABC

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *New York Times*.

- 10.00 - 11.00 — Variety: Walter Connolly, Basil Rathbone — WEA  
 10.45 - 11.00 — “Are We Drifting Blindly into War?” Representative Hamilton Fish — WABC

### *Monday*

- 7.30 - 8.00 — National Children's Week: Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, President Stanford University; Walt Disney, and Others — WEA  
 8.30 - 9.00 — Symphony Orchestra; Margaret Speaks, Soprano — WEA  
 9.00 - 10.00 — Play: *One Way Passage*, with Norma Shearer — WABC  
 9.30 - 10.00 — Symphony Orchestra, Philip James, Conductor — WOR  
 11.15 - 12.00 — Finals, Golden Gloves Boxing Tournament, at Madison Square Garden — WEA, WOR, WMCA

### *Tuesday*

- 3.30 - 4.30 — Cincinnati Symphony Children's Concert — WABC  
 6.30 - 7.00 — “Congress, Showmanship and Statesmanship,” Senator Robert F. Taft and Representative T. V. Smith — WABC

### *Wednesday*

- 3.00 - 4.00 — Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra Concert — WABC  
 5.00 - 5.15 — “Impressions of America,” Eve Curie, Daughter of the Discoverers of Radium — WJZ  
 10.00 - 1.30 — Concert Orchestra; Hildegard, Songs — WABC

### *Thursday*

- 9.30 - 10.30 — Town Meeting: “Would a Federation of Democracies Save World Peace?” Clarence K. Streit, Author; Dorothy Detzer, of Women's League for Peace and Freedom; George E. Sokolsky, Writer — WJZ  
 9.30 - 10.00 — Dr. Thomas Parran, U. S. Surgeon General, at Drug, Chemical, and Allied Trades Dinner, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel — WABC

### *Friday*

- 8.00 - 8.15 — “Issues Facing the Legislature,” Lieutenant Governor Charles Poletti — WMCA  
 9.15 - 9.30 — “Paid Directors,” Richard C. Patterson, Assistant Secretary of Commerce — WOR  
 10.00 - 11.00 — Philharmonic Orchestra of Elizabeth, N. J. — WOR

Saturday

1.55 - 5.15 — Metropolitan Opera: Verdi's *Rigoletto* — WEAF  
10.00 - 11.30 — NBC Symphony, Bruno Walter, Conductor — WJZ

TEST OF READING RATE AND COMPREHENSION

**Directions.** When the teacher gives the signal, look at page 101. Most of that page contains some questions printed upside down. Pay no attention to these, but look at the *bottom* of the page where there are four or five lines right side up. The teacher will read these lines orally and you will read them silently. When the end of the last line is reached, the teacher will stop reading and you will turn to the following page and continue to read. From time to time the teacher will say "Mark." Put a circle around the word you are reading when that signal is given, and *keep right on reading*. When you finish reading, turn back to page 101, turn the page around, and answer the questions which are based on the exercise. Do not read any part of the material more than once. Read as fast as you can read *understandingly*, but no faster, as *you cannot answer the questions unless you know what you have read*. If you have any questions, ask them now.

Wait for the signal to turn to the next page.

When you finish reading, your teacher will tell you how to find your scores. Record them in your workbook as follows: —

- Rate in words per second . . . . .
- Comprehension: number of questions correct . . . . .



1. The imaginary trip to the sun was made by means of an airplane traveling (1) 100 miles an hour; (2) 150 miles an hour; (3) 200 miles an hour; (4) 250 miles an hour.
  2. Traveling at the speed of this airplane, we would reach the sun in (1) 10 years; (2) 30 years; (3) 70 years; (4) 100 years.
  3. On the way to the sun we travel in (1) blinding sunlight; (2) fairly good light; (3) twilight; (4) total darkness.
  4. Several meteors we see after we have started our journey to the sun cause some pretty displays because (1) they get trapped in the Earth's atmosphere; (2) they are made of brilliant materials; (3) they are small comets; (4) they reflect the sun's rays.
  5. Near the sun there is (1) complete silence; (2) a subdued noise of snapping flames; (3) a deafening roar; (4) a pleasant humming sound.
  6. The surface of the sun is (1) smooth; (2) hard and shiny; (3) very mountainous; (4) in a great state of upheaval.
  7. Sunspots are (1) solid spots on the surface of the sun; (2) great hollows in the sun's surface; (3) small dark spots near the center of the sun; (4) places where the sun's surface is not glowing.
  8. On our return home from the sun we nearly land by mistake on the planet (1) Venus; (2) Mars; (3) Mercury; (4) Jupiter.
  9. The sun is how many times as large as the moon? (1) 25; (2) 100; (3) 400; (4) 750.
  10. The corona is (1) a series of lines across the sun; (2) a crown of light around the sun; (3) the eclipse of the sun; (4) the light reflected from the Earth to the Moon.
- Directions.** — Select the word or phrase which best completes the sentence and place its number opposite the number of the question in your workbook.

## A TRIP TO THE SUN<sup>1</sup>

Now that we have gained some idea of the vast distance separating the Earth from the Sun, let us take an imaginary trip to the Sun by means of an airplane traveling at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. A fond farewell should be said to all our friends and relatives, as we need never expect to see them again.

<sup>1</sup> From *The Young Folk's Book of the Heavens*, by Mary Proctor. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company.



### THE TAKEOFF

*American Airlines, Inc.*

If the airplane keeps up the rate of speed of one hundred fifty miles an hour from start to finish, it will be over seventy years before we finally arrive at our destination, not to mention that the intense heat of the Sun as we draw near to it will scorch the airplane and its cargo of passengers into cinders.

However, we are to take the trip in the airplane named Imagination, and the time required for the journey may be as brief as we like, for in a moment we can span the vast distance on the Wings of Thought. Thus, as we have fitted our airplane with these wings, the journey is to be made safely as well as swiftly.

Let me sit in front at the lookout window, so that I can tell you exactly what is ahead of us. First of all we must have our torchlights ready, as after plunging through the blanket of air surround-

ing our planet we shall find it darker than the blackest night. And talking of blankets, we should need, if we were going by any other conveyance than Imagination, a very plentiful supply, as it is bitterly cold in the Ocean of Space.

All our preparations are now ready and the order is given to start. Up we go, higher and higher, leaving the little old World behind us, until it looks like a silvery ball floating among the clouds which form part of its atmosphere.

We soon find we are being

Pelted with star-dust, stoned with meteor balls,

but they leave us unharmed, as Imagination laughs at such trifles. We are able to see some very pretty displays when a meteor goes too near the Earth, and gets trapped in the atmosphere. It is tearing along at such a terrific rate — about twenty-five miles a second — that it cannot stop, and we see a brilliant flare-up as it dashes into aerial particles. Pouf! In a moment it is consumed, and vanishes in a trail of light.

We dash by Venus, but miss Mercury, as it is too far away on the other side of the Sun, and finally as we draw nearer and nearer to the Sun we are almost deafened by the uproar on its surface, compared with which the roar of the hurricane, the crash of the thunderbolt, multiplied a millionfold, would seem but a whisper. We have to pilot our craft carefully amid gigantic flames thousands of miles high, reaching upward from the ocean of glowing vapors surrounding the Sun. No wonder the display has been described as like “a prairie on fire.”

Drawing still nearer to the Sun, and winding in and out amid the flames, though by rights we should have been shriveled up by them long ago, we find the cause of the deafening uproar. We are looking down on vast upheavals in an ocean of glowing vapor as deep as the Atlantic is broad. Mighty streams of liquid masses are tossed to and fro, flung upward to a height of thousands of miles, and they fall back in a drenching spray of molten metals, amid clouds of zinc steam, iron steam, and all the many kinds



of steam produced by the intensely heated liquid metals on the Sun.

A bewildering sight reveals itself to our dazzled eyes, which are fortunately covered with just the right kind of asbestos goggles necessary for such an expedition. We have come to the edge of one of the great hollows resembling whirlpools which form in the fiery ocean astronomers call the photosphere. The hollows, which are usually referred to as sunspots, are vast enough in many cases to engulf a score of globes as large, or rather as small, as our planet Earth.

While we are looking into one particular sunspot, some filmy clouds begin to form a bridge across it, finally tumbling pellmell into the cavity. Some of the liquid metals pour out over the sides like the petals of a giant sunflower, only brilliantly white in hue, while others resemble fringing ferns drooping over the edge of the pool. It is a beautiful sight, but we are suddenly compelled to make a hasty retreat as some mischievous imps within the whirlpool begin to bombard our tiny craft. We have much ado in escaping destruction, and had it not been for the strength of Imagination we certainly should have dropped in the center of the fiery whirlpool. As it is, the Wings of Thought bear us safely away, though we nearly land on Venus by mistake. This is so much like planet Earth in size and appearance that they are called the twin planets.

Fortunately a keen-eyed passenger knew that our pilot must be mistaken, as Venus does not whirl round nearly as nimbly as her sister Earth. So we veer off in the right direction, landing on planet Earth just in time to witness another wonderful sight.

A total eclipse of the Sun was due in the Eastern portion of the United States the next day, according to the calculations of the astronomers. They knew that the Moon was going to pass exactly in front of the Sun and cut off his light, so that for a few minutes a part of the Earth would be almost as dark as night. Now it may seem odd that the Moon, which is such a little body, and four hundred times smaller than the Sun, should be able to extinguish its light. But it comes four hundred times nearer. Sometimes it is

exactly between the Sun and the Earth, and if at that time we are so fortunate as to be directly within the track of the shadow which it casts we are enabled to see a most wonderful sight.

The Sun is surrounded by the corona, a marvelous crown of pearly light, which is usually hidden by the glare of sunlight. Now when the Moon cuts off that glare by coming between us and the Sun, we have what is called a total eclipse of the Sun. This can only last for a few precious minutes. As the Moon hides more and more of the Sun's light, the sky gradually darkens, and birds can be heard twittering in their nests because they think that it is evening.

Just before the last crescent of sunlight vanishes, the dark shadow cast by the Moon sweeps over the Earth like a mighty wave. Next instant out flashes the corona in all its splendor, encircling the Moon, which hangs like a dark globe in mid-air. Imagine the two outlined against the dark background of the sky, and you may gain some idea of the impression made in days of old upon the watchers of the sky as they witnessed the sudden disappearance of their Sun god. No wonder they were filled with alarm!

## CHAPTER IV

# *To Enlarge Our Vocabulary*

It has been said that a foreigner in our country can manage to get along with one hundred words — if he has to. Of course, it means he has to struggle to make himself understood, and he will make mistakes. We, who know several thousand English words, realize that he is missing a great deal. We know — and have names for — the Scottie, the Airedale, the bulldog, the fox terrier, the spaniel, but to the foreigner each is just “dog.” The sedan, the truck, the roadster, are simply “auto.” He says he lives in a “house.” You know several words that mean house, which describe it better. What are the words?

Even if we have had several years’ experience with the English language, does that mean that we are rich in words? It may be that our several thousand words, after all, are not enough for our requirements. We need a great many to express our ideas in speech or in writing, but we need still more to read. If we are to follow someone else’s ideas, we must understand his vocabulary.

Before we begin our work in this unit, let us test our vocabularies.

### PRETEST

Turn to page 12 of the workbook, where you will find blanks numbered to correspond with the items in the test.

For each item, write in the appropriate blank the number of the word or phrase whose meaning is nearest that of the underscored word in the sentence.

1. The alteration in her manner was surprising.  
(1) warmth (2) calmness (3) alertness (4) change (5) hesitancy
2. His benign face was familiar to everyone.



- (1) handsome (2) kindly (3) humorous (4) cruel (5) unhappy  
3. They will calculate their gain.  
(1) estimate (2) report (3) explain (4) enjoy (5) forecast  
4. The decoy attracted the curious animal.  
(1) food (2) movement (3) lure (4) noise (5) bird  
5. A very eccentric old man.  
(1) angry (2) rugged (3) simple (4) grizzled (5) peculiar  
6. The boy's facility was remarkable.  
(1) quickness (2) dexterity (3) strength (4) daring (5) fortitude  
7. The gaiety of the party pleased her.  
(1) charm (2) glamour (3) merriment (4) splendor (5) formality  
8. He spoke to a hostile crowd.  
(1) enthusiastic (2) unfriendly (3) noisy (4) unruly (5) dangerous  
9. The boys will jeer their classmate.  
(1) encourage (2) help (3) oppose (4) mock (5) applaud  
10. The invariable custom of the people.  
(1) historic (2) old-fashioned (3) foolish (4) amusing (5) always uniform  
11. The girl's manner was listless.  
(1) inattentive (2) coy (3) sad (4) shy (5) defiant  
12. His massive figure filled the passageway.  
(1) tall (2) ponderous (3) bent (4) aged (5) impressive  
13. Such negligence is inexcusable.  
(1) cruelty (2) carelessness (3) waste (4) disobedience (5) impudence  
14. The child's oppressor pursued him.  
(1) persecutor (2) master (3) companion (4) guardian (5) employer  
15. They adopted a passive attitude.  
(1) fearful (2) defeated (3) unresisting (4) sullen (5) watchful  
16. The leader made a radical change in his plan.  
(1) surprising (2) slight (3) hurried (4) foolish (5) thorough  
17. The captain heard the report with a scowl.  
(1) sneer (2) sly smile (3) sad expression (4) deep frown (5) amused air  
18. Let us terminate the argument.  
(1) end (2) forget (3) continue (4) postpone (5) forbid  
19. The verdict was received calmly.  
(1) reply (2) speech (3) decision (4) jury (5) rumor

20. That is a very weird story.

(1) interesting (2) sad (3) uncanny (4) truthful (5) exciting

I. Now let us try a simple exercise. Write down in your work-book all the words you can think of that mean red — that is, words for different shades of red. When the class cannot recall any more, try making a combined list on the board. How many more are there than on your list? Add them to your own, and check or underscore any that you really did not know. (Some, of course, you already knew but could not recall.) Ask to have these new words explained, and then write down opposite each its meaning. Perhaps the teacher of art will send in to your class some examples of these shades of red, to make the meaning clearer.

If you gained one or two new words from this exercise, be sure to make them yours. Notice carefully their spelling, their pronunciation, and their meaning. Then, before the sun sets, be sure to use these words! Go out of your way to use them. You will be surprised at how easily you can find excuses to use these new words.

**A Suggestion.** A good way to keep a record of new words you want to add to your vocabulary is to make your own "dictionary." Set aside several pages in your notebook, heading it "My Dictionary" or using some other title, and reserving a half-page for each letter of the alphabet. Then, as you discover a new word, enter it under the proper letter, writing its meaning and, if necessary, its pronunciation. You will enjoy seeing this dictionary grow, and you will find it truly usable. Every day should see one or more new words recorded in it. Remember to keep on building up this "dictionary" *after* you have finished this chapter.

II. Here are lists of words for you to work on just as you did with *red*. Each of you may write down as many words of the same meaning as you can think of. Then, as the members of the class discuss their synonyms, you can learn still other words to add to your list and gain two or three for your notebook list. There are fifty words all together, but you had

better study only a few each day. Would you like to choose which ones you will discuss?

<i>Verbs</i>		<i>Adjectives</i>		<i>Nouns</i>
laugh	get	financial	wise	journey
look	give	afraid	glad	edge
burn	sing	awkward	kind	part
see	cut	brave	polite	poverty
break	destroy	cruel		fame
hinder	defeat	idle		disease
tip	dip	ignorant		fear
scold	do	young		occupation
say	embarrass	generous		smell
strike	quarrel	old		
talk	raise	rich		
throw	walk	silent		
foretell				

After this exercise has been worked out and discussed, it may profitably be used as the material for a vocabulary match. You choose sides and name synonyms, much as in a spell-down. Would you like to try this?

III. Here is a somewhat different kind of exercise. Think of the meaning of each word and then name a word meaning the *opposite*. For example: *busy*, *idle*.

clear	generous	care
sell	beautiful	prevent
confine	different	show
foreign	eat	democrat
graceful	believe	statement

Did you learn any new words from this exercise? If you did, be sure to write them down in your "dictionary."

IV. Study through this paragraph to find more vivid and accurate words to replace those in parentheses. Write the new words in your workbook. Then practice reading this selection



supplying your words. Read to the class. As other pupils read their versions, you can note any especially good words they use.

### AFTER BUTTERFLIES

As almost all of the biology students are doing, I was out catching insects yesterday. As I was (walking) down the street, a butterfly (flew) in front of me and lighted on a weed near the sidewalk. I went over and (caught) the butterfly very easily. When I had (walked) on down the street a little way, I (saw) about three or four butterflies in a field and I (started) after them. By the time I (reached) the place) where they had been, they (were) already across the street. I (saw) one of the butterflies getting ready to light on some weeds. I (went) across the street and finally, with much difficulty, (got through) the weeds to a place where I could reach the butterfly. Just as I (started) to (get) the butterfly, something (rubbed) my legs. It seemed to catch hold and pull my stockings. I (looked) down but could not (see) anything as the weeds were high. I (chased) it a while and then it flew over the top of a house. I felt very much discouraged when I could not catch the butterfly and more so when I (looked at) my feet and legs. My legs (felt uncomfortable) and burrs (covered) my hose. It took quite a while to (get) all the burrs off my clothes. The result of the evening's work was that I (had) one butterfly, I had completely ruined my stockings, and now it was too late to try to catch any more.

- V. Getting acquainted with new words by means of the dictionary is a sure way, but because of its being a slow process we cannot always take time for it. Fortunately, there is another good way to come into a knowledge of words. Very often when we know all the words but one in a sentence, we can nearly correctly guess the meaning of the strange word, because of the way the sentence is phrased. The rest of the statement suggests the right meaning to us. Did you ever — in a pinch — listen especially carefully to your teacher's question to see if you could find a hint of the answer? This

same method can help you puzzle out the meaning of new words. It is easy, therefore, to see why pupils who read a great deal have larger vocabularies than their nonreading friends.

Let us try this method. Here is a paragraph with eleven words in italics. See if you can find the proper meaning for each, chosen from the lists following the selection. "Try on" the different meanings as you try on hats or shoes before buying. Look at each carefully and try to choose the most suitable meaning.

When you have finished, you may check by your teacher's list. Did you guess most of the right meanings?

These are good words to add to your personal "dictionary" or vocabulary list.

### A DEER STORY<sup>1</sup>

One of the rare stories of the deer-hunting season just *terminated* in Vermont is that of a hunter who had to *grapple* with a 14-point buck weighing 186 pounds, to escape serious *injury*.

Frank Moluiowski, 22 years old, used his last cartridge to *lacerate* a deer. The *enraged* animal rushed toward the hunter. He grabbed the animal by the *antlers*, but it knocked him down. Struggling to his feet in time to prevent being *trampled*, Moluiowski was quickly pinned to a tree when the horns of the buck went through his clothing.

Fighting for his life, the hunter *smote* the deer over the head with the butt of the gun, *dazing* it *sufficiently* so that he was able to twist the animal's neck around the tree far enough so that he could *extricate* his knife and kill it.

This was the first deer Moluiowski had ever killed. Although he was not injured seriously, his clothes were badly torn.

*terminated*: been advertised, ended, determined, begun

*grapple*: dodge, struggle, run, race

*enraged*: ugly, fierce, angry, large

<sup>1</sup> Adapted from "Wrestles with Buck," by permission of the *New York Times*.

*antlers*: horns, feet, ears, tail

*trampled*: put to sleep, trodden on, gored, deserted

*smote*: touched, tapped, shoved, struck

*dazing*: stunning, confusing, surprising, arousing

*sufficiently*: easily, quickly, slightly, enough

*extricate*: reach, get out with difficulty, look for, find

VI. Now that you have explored this method of finding the meaning of words new to you, it will be well to try again. This time no meanings are suggested. You will have to think of the trial meanings yourself — just as all of us have to do when we read. Then try out your meanings till you think you have the right one for each new word. Write down your final decision. When you have finished the selection, turn to the dictionary and see how many right meanings you found. If a dictionary isn't at hand for you to use, your teacher may write the list of correct meanings on the blackboard for you to check by quickly. Then add these new words to your "dictionary."

## STAMP COLLECTION IS "GOLD MINE" GIRL OF 13 FINDS IN PARK CONTEST<sup>1</sup>

JUDGES GIVE HER FIRST HINT HER EXHIBIT, A PRESENT FROM  
HER FATHER, IS WORTH THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS TO PHI-  
LATELISTS

When the Park Department's first annual contest for *juvenile* stamp collectors ended yesterday afternoon at Heckscher Playground in Central Park, a 13-year-old girl clasped under one arm a box containing a gold medal and under the other, held even more tightly, a brown album of about a hundred pages filled with stamps. She had just won the medal, a special prize, and in so doing had *virtually* tumbled over a pot of gold.

For, unknown to her and her father, Alice Strevar of 77-04

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *New York Times*.



Seventy-eighth Street, Glendale, Queens, had entered in the contest a stamp collection valued by the judges — all expert *philatelists* — at “several thousand dollars” and purchased for less than \$100.



A COLLECTOR'S PAGE OF FOREIGN STAMPS

Sylvester Strevar, a publisher and an *amateur* stamp collector, said he bought the stamps, with some others he has at home, at an *auction* on March 14, 1931, conducted by Frank Marquis at 30 Ann Street.

"I just collect them as a hobby," he said, "and I began a collection for Alice when she was a year old."

"Do you know that her set is worth several thousand dollars?"

"No," the publisher answered in an *offhand* manner. "They couldn't be. I bought the whole thing for about \$100 — what I have and what Alice has."

It developed that Mr. Strevar had more of the valuable stamps at home, just how many he did not know. He and his daughter hurried off to see.

The part of the Strevar collection that excited the interest of the judges was a group of stamps and seals that belonged to the late Paul Coveleski, first postmaster of the Canal Zone. They *estimated* that one page of her album alone was worth \$400 or \$500.

The judges, Edwin Elkins, chairman of the National Federation of Stamp Clubs, and William Montgomery and Harry Weston, also of the federation, agreed that Alice's exhibit was so superior to those of seventeen other youngsters who had won in *previous* borough championship contests that it deserved a special medal. They did not consider it for a regular prize.

The other contestants, less *fortunate* than Alice, had the results of many letters written to Uncle Gus in Auckland and Aunt Kate in Rangoon, asking for answers just so they would have the canceled stamps. Hours of painstaking work in arranging the pasters were put in by the youngsters, whose ages range from 11 to 17, and there were stamps from many little-known spots.

Among the most *unique* on display was a group of letters from Niuafooa Island in the South Seas bearing British stamps worth 9 cents on each *missive*. These letters, stamped "Tin Can Mail," were entered as part of the collection of Ann Jane Trudel, 12, of 16 Lincoln Place, Fort Wadsworth, S. I.

The judges explained that no boats stop for mail at the tiny dot in the Pacific, but that some British vessels anchor a short distance off the beach and throw over a tin can attached to a line. Then a native swims out — through shark-infested waters — and puts the mail into the can.

The gold medal for the best exhibit in the show went to Paul Garibaldi, 14, of 345 West Twenty-eighth Street. Robert Mandelkern, 13, of 1579 East Fourth Street, Brooklyn, was runner-up and won a silver medal. Bronze medals were awarded to the following borough champions:

Manhattan — John Van Bylevelt, 12, of 102 West Eightieth Street

Brooklyn — Joseph Vivona, 9, of 82 Aberdeen Street

Queens — Paul De Matteo, 17, of 78-56 Seventy-eighth Street, Glendale

Bronx — Joan Sullivan, 9, of 591 Eagle Avenue

Richmond — Ann Jane Trudel, 12, of 16 Lincoln Place, Fort Wadsworth

Three other bronze medals were given for collections of special merit. They were won by John Phillips, 12, of 230 West Eighty-sixth Street; Ardent Gravesen, 11, of 157 West Eighty-fourth Street, and Katherine Dobson, 10, of 70-07 Sixty-sixth Street, Glendale, Queens.

VII. The next step in this process of learning meanings of words as you read is to discover for yourself the words you need to investigate. As you read carefully the following selection, will you write down each word whose meaning you do not already know. Work out its meaning and record the meaning before you read further. When you have finished the article, check your meanings by the dictionary or your teacher's list as before. Add your words with correct meanings to your vocabulary list.

## COSTUMES IN HUNGARY <sup>1</sup>

One of the villages where the Hungarian national costume is seen at its best is Mezökövesd, the center of the Matyo district, more than 40 miles from Budapest.

If you visit Mezökövesd on Sunday afternoon, the inhabitants, who are called Matyos, will be in church. During the service,

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.



ascend a little wooden staircase leading to a gallery and look down on a sight not easily forgotten. Everyone is dressed in brilliant colors — pinks, blues, reds, yellows, and greens. The bright colors do not clash, but mingle with each other like flowers in a garden. The brilliance of the scene might rival a coronation, yet it is like this every Sunday throughout the year.



*From Ewing Galloway, N. Y.*

#### HUNGARIAN DANCE IN NATIVE COSTUME

After the church service, the people parade round the open space outside. The women wear several very wide, bell-shaped skirts. Many skirts are a sign of great wealth, and the richest women wear thirty of these pleated garments. The pleats are put in with warm dough, which, when removed, leaves them permanent.

Over the skirt is an apron, almost entirely covered with embroidery. Then there is a closely fitting corsage of silk or velvet in

bright colors, with short puffed sleeves. The married women wear heavily fringed silk shawls round their waists. Instead of the "parka" or headdress, the elder women wear peaked bonnets, also covered with embroidery, but in more somber colors.

The mature women tone down their color schemes to pale violet, green, and dark red. Dignified black is the costume of the older generation, but even this is embroidered with black. The clothes worn by the little children are miniature reproductions of their elders' clothes.

VIII. Open your history book to the part related to today's lesson or problem and read for ten minutes. Look for words of whose meaning you are not sure. Work out, by this same trial method, the probable meaning of each word and record it. Finally, check your meanings, as before. Do you find it easier to discover meanings now than at first? Add the new words to your vocabulary list.

IX. Now turn to another kind of textbook — science or home economics or music — and follow the same procedure. Read for ten minutes. Remember to add any new words to your "dictionary."

X. Bring to class a newspaper or magazine. Find an article or a story to read for new words. Read for ten minutes. Again add your discoveries to your "dictionary." Be sure to keep this personal dictionary in alphabetical order, like Webster's.

XI. Turn back to one or more of the selections in Chapter I and read to discover unfamiliar words.

## TEST

I. Summarize in three good sentences what you have learned from this study of words.

II. Give ten words and their meanings that you have learned from this study.

III. State two ways of learning the meaning of unfamiliar words.

IV. Read the following selection and give the meaning of the italicized words.

## THE SUEZ CANAL

The idea of a canal across the Isthmus of Suez was entertained as early as the eighth century A.D. by Haroun-al-Raschid, and plans for canals along which trade might flow between the Nile Valley and the Red Sea go back to legendary *antiquity*. It seems from an *inscription* at Karnak that a canal actually existed in the fourteenth century B.C. and that de Lesseps made use of parts of an old waterway, never completed, which had been started 2500 years before his time. He obtained a *concession* from the *Khedive* of Egypt in 1857 and a year later formed a company with a capital of £8,000,000. Still another year *elapsed* before he began his work.

The delays he *encountered* were due largely to the *opposition* of the British Government. The British, since their conquest of India in the eighteenth century, had enjoyed almost a *monopoly* of the Eastern trade *via* the Cape, and they foresaw that this would be seriously damaged when the shorter route was *available*. On the other hand, if the canal were built it would be necessary for Britain to gain control of it, which would mean *antagonizing* France, whom she was anxious at that moment not to offend. British opposition was overcome only when it was argued in the House of Commons that if there had been a Suez Canal the Indian Mutiny would have been *quelled* by *reinforcements* from England.

In 1869, when the waterway was officially opened, a British merchantman made the first commercial passage. The new route was a triumphant success from the start. In a very short time the British Government was convinced that the canal had opened a new era, with *incalculable* consequences for the British Empire. Therefore the British took it over, partly by force and partly by the practical *diplomacy* of Disraeli, who bought for the government 44 per cent of the shares of the company from the Khedive for £4,000,000 (now valued at £46,000,000).



## TEST

Now let us test our vocabulary again.

Turn to page 20 of the workbook, where you will find blanks numbered to correspond with the items in the test.

For each item, write in the appropriate blank the number of the word or phrase whose meaning is nearest that of the underscored word in the sentence.

1. The crowd heard the speech with amazement.  
(1) enthusiasm (2) sorrow (3) amusement (4) astonishment  
(5) great fear
2. His bland manner was reassuring.  
(1) sincere (2) genial (3) courageous (4) merry (5) brisk
3. The noise made it hard to concentrate.  
(1) center attention (2) think rapidly (3) relax (4) enjoy oneself  
(5) converse
4. A very efficient secretary.  
(1) rapid (2) accurate (3) attractive (4) competent (5) well-educated
5. His fidelity to his employer is well-known.  
(1) indebtedness (2) loyalty (3) faithlessness (4) truthfulness  
(5) critical attitude
6. The deluge took the travelers by surprise.  
(1) windstorm (2) hurricane (3) volcanic eruption (4) attack  
(5) downpour
7. An imaginary grievance.  
(1) injustice (2) fault (3) honor (4) beautiful scene (5) illness
8. His recent enemy spoke to him with humility.  
(1) scorn (2) deceit (3) contempt (4) deference (5) fear
9. The king was in a jovial mood.  
(1) hateful (2) angry (3) energetic (4) restless (5) jolly
10. The attack was irresistible.  
(1) swift (2) savage (3) overpowering (4) very fierce (5) slow
11. His acquaintances considered him a lunatic.  
(1) clown (2) sage (3) insane person (4) idiot (5) wild youth
12. That is a mercenary attitude.  
(1) admirable (2) money-minded (3) unselfish (4) stingy (5) humane

13. A notorious sea captain.  
(1) very famous (2) well but unfavorably known (3) brave and daring (4) cruel (5) wise
14. Do not obstruct his movements.  
(1) hinder (2) observe (3) assist (4) report (5) criticize
15. The pastoral scene in the valley.  
(1) homelike (2) religious (3) fearful (4) distant (5) rustic
16. The boy is ravenous.  
(1) very large (2) swarthy (3) dangerously angry (4) happy (5) very hungry
17. The man began to scrawl a note.  
(1) destroy (2) read slowly (3) write hastily (4) dictate loudly (5) unfold
18. The ruler treated his enemies with toleration.  
(1) forbearance (2) contempt (3) great kindness (4) cruelty (5) indifference
19. The vulture stood near the wounded animal.  
(1) fierce animal (2) bird of prey (3) hunter (4) savage (5) large eagle
20. The prisoner began to writhe in pain.  
(1) groan (2) shudder (3) faint (4) twist (5) howl

## CHAPTER V

# *To Find Help in the Dictionary*

THE dictionary is the fashion book of words. Just as we look through a book or magazine of spring styles to find what is correct to wear, so we look to the dictionary to put us right as to what is being "worn" in the English language. Fortunately, styles in words do not change so rapidly as fashions in dress, but we probably know less about the hundreds of thousands of words than about the essentials of clothing.

When questions arise in regard to our reading, the dictionary has the answers for us. When we wonder "What does that word mean?" or "How is that word pronounced?" all we have to do to be sure is to look in the stylebook of words. The dictionary has been ready and waiting to tell us. It is not, however, a simple little book. It is fairly complicated and has its own rules, so that we have to learn how to find our way around through its pages. You have explored the dictionary long before this, but you may not feel you know *all* about it and its ways of giving information.

Let us see how we stand on this matter, by testing ourselves.

### A. TEST OF SPEED AND ACCURACY IN THE USE OF THE DICTIONARY — FORM A

This is a test to show how quickly you can find words in the dictionary. When the signal is given, find in the dictionary the first word in the list and write in your workbook the dictionary word which comes just before it on the page. For example, if *frigate* is one of the words given in the test and if *frieze* is the dictionary word that appears just before *frigate*, write *frieze* on the blank following *frigate*. Then take the second word, and so on through the list. Work as fast as you can. You will be given exactly *ten minutes*. The list of words is on page 124.



A  
**Compendious Dictionary**

OF THE

*English Language.*

In which FIVE THOUSAND Words are added  
to the number found in the BEST ENGLISH COMPENDS ;

The ORTHOGRAPHY is, in some instances, corrected ;

The PRONUNCIATION marked by an Accent or other suitable Direction ;

And the DEFINITIONS of many Words amended and improved.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

MERCHANT, the STUDENT and the TRAVELLER,

I.—TABLES of the MONEYS of most of the  
commercial Nations in the world, with the val-  
ue expressed in Sterling and Cents.

II.—TABLES of WEIGHTS and MEA-  
SURES, ancient and modern, with the propor-  
tion between the several weights used in the  
principal cities of Europe.

III.—The DIVISIONS of TIME among the  
Jews, Greeks and Romans, with a Table exhib-  
iting the Roman manner of dating.

IV.—An official List of the POST-OFFICES  
in the UNITED STATES, with the States and  
Counties in which they are respectively situa-  
ted, and the distance of each from the seat of  
Government.

V.—The NUMBER of INHABITANTS in  
the United States, with the amount of EX-  
PORTS.

IV.—New and interesting CHRONOLOGI-  
CAL TABLES of remarkable Events and Dis-  
coveries.

---

By NOAH WEBSTER, Esq.

---

From Sidney's Press.

FOR HUDSON & GOODWIN, BOOK-SELLERS, HARTFORD, AND INCREASE COOKE & CO.

BOOK-SELLERS, NEW-HAVEN.

1806.

TITLE PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION OF NOAH WEBSTER'S  
DICTIONARY

*This was the first dictionary compiled in the United States.*

A  
COMPENDIOUS  
DICTIONARY  
Of the English Language.

A B D

**A** or **An** *a.* one, denoting a single person or thing  
**Back'**, *ad.* back, backward, behind  
**Abacot**, *n.* a kind of old double crown  
**Abacus**, *n.* an old kind of desk or table, the highest member of a column  
**Abaddon**, *n.* a name given to the devil or satan  
**Abast'**, *ad.* towards the stern from a ship's head  
**Abasance**, *n.* a bow of respect, or humility, *ob.*  
**Abasinate**, *v. t.* to transfer to another person  
**Abandon**, *v. t.* to forsake wholly, desert, quit  
**Abandoned**, *pa.* forsaken, deserted, wicked  
**Abandoning**, *pa.* forsaking wholly, renouncing  
**Abandonment**, *n.* entire desertion, renunciation  
**Abase**, *v. t.* to bring low, humble, cast down  
**Abasement**, *pa.* brought low, humbled, disgraced  
**Abasement**, *n.* the act of humbling, a low estate  
**Abash'**, *v. t.* to put to the blush, confound, perplex  
**Abashed**, *pa.* put out of countenance, confused  
**Abashment**, *n.* astonishment, confusion, shame  
**Abate**, *v.* to decrease, lessen, pull down, fail as a writ; remit as a tax (Con.)  
**Abatable**, *a.* that may be abated, defeated, remit-  
**Abated**, *pa.* lessened, lowered, taken off [ted  
**Abatement**, *n.* a sum abated, an allowance, decrease, a remitting as of a tax, failure as of a writ, the removing of a nuisance  
**Abator**, *n.* one who abates, or enters on an estate before the heir  
**Abattle**, *n.* rubbish, branches of trees sharpened  
**Abb**, *n.* the yarn of a weaver's shoot, a wool  
**Abba**, *n.* father, a scriptural word for father  
**Abbacy**, *n.* the rights and possessions of an abbot  
**Abbeys**, *n.* the government of a nunnery [of monks  
**Abhey**, or **Abby**, *n.* the residence of an abbot or  
**Abbot**, *n.* the head of a society of monks  
**Abbréviate**, *v. a.* to shorten, abridge, cut off  
**Abbreviation**, *n.* the act or art of shortening  
**Abbréviateur**, *n.* one who shortens or abridges  
**Abbréviation**, *n.* abridgement, a letter for a word  
**Abdest**, *n.* a Mahometan purification by washing  
**Abdicate**, *v. t.* to abandon an office or power,

A B L

without a formal resignation [office  
**Abdication**, *n.* the deserting of a public trust or  
**Abditive**, *a.* hiding, that has the power of hiding  
**Abdomen**, *n.* the lower or big part of the belly  
**Abdominal**, *a.* belonging to the lower belly  
**Abdominals**, *n.* a class of fish with ventral fins behind the pectoral  
**Abdominous**, *a.* paunchbelled, unwieldy, large  
**Abduce**, *v. t.* to separate, draw away, pull back  
**Abducent**, *a.* drawing or pulling back or away  
**Abduction**, *n.* the act of drawing back or away  
**Abductor**, *n.* a muscle, any muscle that contracts  
**Abecedarian**, *n.* one who teaches or is learning  
**Abèle**, *n.* the white poplar [the alphabet  
**Abed'**, *ad.* in bed, on the bed  
**Ab'erdavin**, *n.* the siskia, an elegant song bird  
**Aber'rance**, *n.* a wandering from, a deviation  
**Aber'rant** or **Aber'ring**, *a.* going wrong or astray  
**Aberration**, *n.* the act of wandering, a deviation  
**Abet'**, *v. t.* to encourage, help, support, set on  
**Abetment**, *n.* encouragement, aid, help, support  
**Abettor**, *n.* one who aids or encourages another  
**Abey'ance**, [ey as ay] *n.* a state of expectancy, as in case of an estate not vested  
**Abhor'**, *v. t.* to detest, hate, loathe, dislike much  
**Abhorred**, *pa.* detested, hated very much  
**Abhor'rence**, *n.* detestation, aversion, great hatred  
**Abhor'rent**, *a.* inconsistent with, detesting, odious  
**Abhorrer**, *n.* one who abhors, a hater, a detester  
**Ab'ib**, *n.* the first month of the Jewish year  
**Abide**, *v.* abode, *pres.* abiding *pa.* to stay in a place, dwell, bear, support  
**Abiding**, *pa.* continuing; *n.* continuance, stay  
**Abject**, *a.* mean, worthless, sunk very low, vile  
**Abjection**, *n.* the state of being abject  
**Abjectness**, *n.* a meanness, a low state  
**Abjectly**, *ad.* meanly, wretchedly, basely  
**Ability**, *n.* power, capacity, skill, means [a will  
**Abintestate**, *a.* inheriting to one who died without  
**Abjuration**, *n.* the act of abjuring, a forswearing  
**Abjure**, *v. t.* to reject upon oath, to quit religion  
**Ablaction**, *n.* a weaning a child, a kind of grafting  
**Ablaqueate**, *v. t.* to lay bare the roots of trees

B

THE FIRST PAGE OF THE FIRST WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY

*This dictionary had 5000 more words than any previously published in the English language.*

khedive	zither	illiterate	realm
martinet	negotiate	usurp	effulgence
alias	taxidermy	opaque	writhe
phenomenon	fossil	virus	logarithm
devious	schooner	horizontal	ballista

- B. Make a list of seven kinds of information given about words in the dictionary.
- C. Turn to the sample dictionary pages following page 125. Copy:
1. The first guide word — *Webster's Students Dictionary*
  2. The first word in the key line — *Macmillan's Modern Dictionary*
  3. The derivation of *cherub* — *Winston Dictionary*
  4. The pronunciation of *Orpheus* — *Thorndike-Century Junior Dictionary*
  5. The definition of *chattel* — *Modern Dictionary*
  6. The meaning of these abbreviations: n., colloq., L., p.p., Obs.
- D. Mark the accents and the vowels in these words: macaroni, extreme, bandanna, series, vocabulary.
- E. Pronounce these words as marked: —
- Beelzebub — bē-ēl'zē-bŭb  
 eccentricity — ěk-sĕn-trĭs'ĭ-tĭ  
 gneiss — nĭs  
 Jimenez — hĕ-mā'nās  
 guardian — gār'dĭ-ăn  
 gondola — gŏn'dō-lā  
 Ehrenbreitstein — ā-rĕn-brĭt'stĭn

After the class has checked through the answers to these questions, you will be interested in seeing how well others did and how well you stood in comparison. Was your paper perfect? What kinds of practice do you most need in using the dictionary?

On the pages following are some sample pages from different kinds of dictionaries — all good, reliable publications. (Dictionaries are like other things: some are better than others. The kinds that are very cheap or that are given away free with subscriptions and small purchases *may* not be entirely reliable. Why bother to look up words at all if we can't be sure that the information we find is up-to-date and correct? So when you buy a dictionary, be sure you are getting a good one.) We will study these sample pages to discover certain useful things about dictionaries.



## I. HOW TO FIND WORDS IN THE DICTIONARY

1. As we are going to begin our study of the dictionary by finding words in it, let us notice carefully the words in large print at the very top of the page. These are called guide words, because they indicate the first word and the last word on that page. See how this is true. Find the guide words on the first three sample dictionary pages and write them down. Beside the first one write the first word defined on that page. Beside the second guide word write the last word defined on that page. Now explain in your own words what you understand guide words to be.

You will note that there is something different about the guide words on the fifth sample dictionary page. What is it? On what page do you suppose you would find the definition for the word *Chile*? From this illustration you will understand that, while the guide words in most dictionaries refer to the first and last words on a single page, those in some dictionaries indicate the first word on the left-hand page and the last word on the right-hand page.

2. Next, let us use these guide words in our own dictionaries. Since guide words tell us at a glance the range of words on a page, they should help us run rapidly through the book to find the page we want. In your workbook you will find a list of words to be looked up in your dictionary and the guide words for each to be recorded. Compare your list of guide words with those of others in your class.
3. Now, using these guide words, look up this same list of words and after each word write the number of the page where you found it. How long did it take you to find them?
4. In your workbook you will find lists of words for further practice in using the dictionary. Time yourself for each group of ten. Can you shorten the time it takes?
5. If you need still more practice, several members of the class may suggest words to make up other lists.

**flat'ter-y** (flăt'ēr-ĭ), *n.*; *pl.* -TERIES (-ĭz). [OF. *flatterie*.] A flattering; also, false, insincere, or excessive praise; fawning compliment. — **Syn.** See COMPLIMENT.

**flat'tish** (flăt'ĭsh), *adj.* Somewhat flat.

**flat'u-lent** (flăt'ŭ-lĕnt), *adj.* [F., fr. L. *flatus* a blowing, *flatus ventris* windiness.] 1. Marked by or affected with flatus. 2. Ostentatious in manner or utterance; pompous. — **flat'u-lence** (-lĕns) or **flat'u-len-cy** (-lĕn-sĭ), *n.* — **flat'u-lent-ly**, *adv.*

**fla'tus** (flă'tŭs), *n.* [L., fr. *flare* to blow.] Gas generated in the stomach or bowels.

**flat'worm'** (flăt'wŭrm'), *n.* A worm with flat ribbon-shaped body, some living in fresh, some in salt water, but most living as parasites in or on animals, as the liver fluke and tapeworm.

**flaunt** (flōnt; flănt), *v. i. & t.* [of Scand. origin.] To wave, flutter, or move showily; to display. — **Syn.** See BRANDISH. — *n.* A flaunting or something flaunted; display. — **flaunt'ing-ly**, *adv.*

**flau'tist** (flô'tĭst), *n.* [It. *flautista*.] A flutist.

**fla'vor** or **fla'vour** (flă'vĕr), *n.* [OF. *fleur*, *flaur* (two syllables), odor.] 1. Odor; fragrance. 2. That quality of a thing which affects the taste; relish; savor. 3. A substance which flavors. 4. The dominating or characteristic quality of anything. — **Syn.** See TASTE. — *v. t.* To give flavor or relish to. — **fla'vor-less** or **fla'vour-less** (30), *adj.*

**fla'vor-ing** or **fla'vour-ing**, *n.* Anything, such as an essence or extract, used to flavor food.

**flaw** (flô), *n.* 1. A crack; an imperfect part. 2. A defect; imperfection. — **Syn.** See BLEMISH. — *v. t. & i.* To crack; make a flaw in. — **flaw'less** (30), *adj.*

**flaw**, *n.* [of Scand. origin.] A sudden brief burst of wind; a squall. — **Syn.** See WIND.

**flax** (flăks), *n.* [AS. *fleax*.] A slender erect annual plant with blue flowers and small dry pod, cultivated for its fiber and seed (**flax'seed'** [flăk(s)'sĕd'], which yields linseed oil); also, its fiber prepared for spinning, to be made into linen.

**flax'en** (flăk's'n), *adj.* Made of or like flax; esp., of a light yellowish color.

**flay** (flă), *v. t.* [AS. *flĕan*.] 1. To strip off the skin or surface of. 2. a To pillage; plunder. b To scold severely; censure. — **flay'er**, *n.*

**flea** (flĕ), *n.* [AS. *flĕa*, *flĕah*.] Any of certain hard-bodied wingless bloodsucking insects with extraordinary powers of leaping.

**flea'bane'** (-băn'), *n.* Any of various herbs of the aster, or thistle, family, with hemispherical heads of yellow disk flowers and many white to purple rays.

**fleck** (flĕk), *n.* [ON. *flekk*.] 1. A spot; speck. 2. A flake; as, *flecks* of snow. — *v. t.* To spot; dapple.

**flec'tion** or **flex'ion** (flĕk'shŭn), *n.* [L. *flexio*.] 1. A flexing, or bending. 2. A part bent; a fold.

**fled** (flĕd), *past tense & past part.* of FLEE.

**fledge** (flĕj), *v. i.* [AS. *flyege*.] To develop the feathers necessary for flying. — *v. t.* 1. To care for (a bird) until its feathers are developed. 2. To furnish with feathers; as, to *fledge* an arrow.

**flee** (flĕr), *v. i. & t.* [ME. To laugh scornfully (at);

**fleet** (flĕt), *v. i.* [AS. *flĕot* swiftly; hasten; as, time in motion; fast. 2. Quick. — **Syn.** See FAST. — **fleet**

**fleet** (flĕt), *n.* [AS. *flĕc* swim.] 1. A number command; also, a count as of vessels or aircraft, operated under one man;

**Flem'ing** (flĕm'ĭng), *n.* A Flem'ish (flĕm'ĭsh), *adj.*

Flemings, or Flemish. language of northern Bel

**flesh** (flĕsh), *n.* [AS. *flĕs* the muscular parts, of often distinguished from

*fowl*. 3. The human body the soul. 4. a Mankind group; animal life. 5. baser aspects. 6. Kind own *flesh*. 7. The pulp

of a vegetable, fruit, etc. the body, esp. as to color person's skin. — *v. t.*

meat in order to encourage a To arouse to fighting of combat; as, to *flesh* &

To thrust into flesh, as 4. To remove flesh from

**flesh'ly** (flĕsh'li), *adj.* Of the body; as, *fleshly* ill.

**flesh'pot'** (-pŏt'), *n.* A place, hence, *pl.*, plenty; luxury

**flesh'y** (-ĭ), *adj.*; **FLESH'** relating to, or like, *flĕ* Bot. Pulp. — **flesh'i-ness**

**fleur'-de-lis'** (flŭr'dĕ-lĕ'; (flŭr'dĕ-lĕz'). [F., flow

1. The iris. 2. A convolvulike flower (see *Illustr.*), suggested by the iris.

**flew** (flō), *past tense* of FLY

**flex** (flĕks), *v. t. & i.* [L. *fl* *flectere* to bend.] To bend the arm.

**flex'i-ble** (flĕk'sĭ-b'l), *adj.* [FLEX.] 1. Capable of bending; not stiff. 2. Ready

suasion, or the like; tractable, adapted, modified, or many (-bĭl'ĭ-tĭ), *n.* — **flex'i-ble**

**Syn.** Flexible, pliable, pliant That is *flexible* which is easily to change of shape; that is pliant or (esp.) worked; *pliant* suggests susceptibility to external influence by soaking. **Supple** suggests

limber is chiefly used in *lithe* often connotes grace and

**flex'ion** (flĕk'shŭn). *Var.*



**soap'box'**, *n.*, **soap box**, box for packing soap; box used as a platform for a speaker, *esp.* a political haranguer: *adj.* of, relating to, or using a soapbox, *esp.* as a platform; hence **soap'box'er**. **soap bubble**, filmy globe of soapsuds; something attractive but lacking in substance, permanent value, or the like; hence **soap'bub'bly**, *adj.* **soap dish**, receptacle for a cake of soap. **soap'er**, *n.* **soap'er-y**, *n.*; *pl.* -ies, soap factory. **soap flake**, flake or shaving of soap (*usu. pl.*). **soap'i-ly**, *adv.* **soap'i-ness**, *n.* **soap'less**, *adj.* **soap'mak'er**, *n.* one who manufactures soap; hence **soap'mak'ing**. **soap powder**, soap reduced to a powdered or granular state. **soap'stone'**, *n.* soft talclike mineral having a soapy feel. **soap'suds'**, *n. pl.* froth of soapy water; hence **soap'sud'dy**, **soap'suds'y**, *adj.* **soap'y** (*comp. -i-er; superl. -i-est*), *adj.* like soap; covered with soap; smooth-spoken. **salt-water soap**, strongly alkaline soap which lathers freely in sea water. **soft soap**, jellylike soap; flattery. [A.-S. *sāpe*.]

**soar** (sōr) (**soared**, **soar'ing**), *v. i.* fly upward, as a bird; mount, as in thought, fancy, expectation, or the like, as his hopes *soared*; rise, as by one's own efforts, moral strength, or the like, as he always seems to *soar* above the crowd; ascend above ordinary levels or reasonable expectations, as prices *soared*; (of an airship) fly without use of power and without loss of altitude: *n.* act of soaring; upward, effortless flight (also *fig.*). **soar'er**, *n.* **soar'ing**, *adj.* & *n.* -ly, *adv.* [O.F. < L. *ex + aura*, air.]

**sob** (sōb) (**sobbed**, **sob'bing**), *v. i.* weep convulsively; cry with a heaving motion of the chest and a catching of the breath; make a sound like a sob, as wind, waves, etc.; *v. t.* (with a reflexive) affect in a specified way by sobbing, as to *sob* oneself to sleep; utter with sobs; often with *out*, as she *sobbed out* the whole pitiful story: *n.* short, convulsive sigh or crying; cry of grief; sound of or like sobbing. **sob'ber**, *n.* **sob'bing**, *adj.* & *n.* -ly, *adv.* **sob'by**, *adj.* (*colloq.*) tending to sob or to cause sobs. **sob'ful**, *adj.* -ly, *adv.* [A.-S. *sōfian*.]

**S.O.B.**, Senate Office Building.

**so-be'it** (sō-bē'it), *n.* & *interj.* amen: *conj.* provided (that).

**so'ber** (sō'bēr) (*comp. -er; superl. -est*), *adj.* having one's faculties unimpaired by intoxicants; not drunk; controlled or temperate in the use of intoxicating liquor, *esp.* habitually; hence, temperate or moderate in general, as a *sober*, industrious worker; guided by reason, as in his more *sober* judgment he decided otherwise; sensible or dispassionate; free from violence; hence, restrained or subdued; sedate or dignified; solemn, grave, or serious; subdued in color; somber or dull: *v. t.* & *i.* (-bered, -ber-ing)

make or become sober. **so'ber-er**, *n.* **so'ber-ing**, *adj.* & *n.* -ly, *adv.* **so'ber-ly**, *adv.* -ness, *n.* **so'ber-head'ed**, *adj.* guided by sense and reason; acting with deliberation and without passion or prejudice; sober-minded. **so'ber-head'ed-ly**, *adv.* **so'ber-head'ed-ness**, *n.* **so'ber-mind'ed**, *adj.* sensible and controlled in thought and action; serious and dispassionate. **so'ber-mind'ed-ly**, *adv.* **so'ber-mind'ed-ness**, *n.* **so'ber-sides'**, *n.* serious or sober-minded person; hence **so'ber-sid'ed**, *adj.* **so-bri'e-ty** (sō-brī'ē-tī), *n.* quality of being habitually sober; temperance; abstinence; moderation; seriousness. [O.F. *sobre* < L. *sōbrius*.]

**So-bies'ki** (sō-byēs'kē), John, John III, king of Poland from 1674 to 1696 (1624-1696).

**So-bran'je** (sō-brān'yē), *n.* national assembly of Bulgaria consisting of a single house elected for four years by the votes of the adult male population; also **So-bran'ye**.

**so-bri'e-ty** (sō-brī'ē-tī), *n.* *see* under **sober**. †**so'bri'quet'** (sō'brē'kā'; E. sō'bri-kā), *n.* [F.] fanciful or assumed name; nickname; also †**sou'bri'quet'** (sōō'-).

**soc.**, **Soc.**, society:

**so'-called'** (sō'kōld'), *adj.* *see* under **so**.

**soc'cer** (sōk'ēr), *n.* English Association football, as distinguished from *Rugby* football and *American Association* football: the ball is spherical instead of ellipsoidal and may not be carried or touched by the hands or arms, the whole game resembling field hockey more than football. [Corrupt. < association.]

**so'cia-ble** (sō'shā-b'l), *adj.* inclined to enjoy society or companionship; friendly and communicative; companionable; also, being in a mood for companionship; giving opportunity for friendly intercourse, as a *sociable* tea: *n.* tricycle for two; carriage with seats facing; sofa or couch with curved back; (U.S.) social meeting (*colloq.*). -ness, *n.* **so'cia-bly**, *adv.* **so'cia-bil'i-ty**, *n.*; *pl.* -ties, quality or state of being sociable; companionableness. [F. < L. *sōci-us*, companion.]

**so'cial** (sō'shāl), *adj.* disposed to associate in societies, communities, or other organized groups with others of one's kind, as man, the bees, and the ants are all *social* beings in varying degree; gregarious and coöperative; relating to such organized groups, as the *social* life of the wasps; relating to human society, as *social* problems and *social* betterment; also, sociable; fond of or demanding the society of one's kind; relating to fashionable society, as trained in *social* graces; (of a meeting or group, etc.) giving opportunity for friendliness; sociability, or the like, as a *social* gathering followed the business meeting; according with or acting in accordance with the best interests of human society or of the individual in rela-

būrn, cūp, cir'cūs, für [G.]; coin; hour; chin; get; jet; ring; bañk; boñ [F.]; shut; thin, than; hw = wh (why); yet; maze; zh = z in sei'zure, s in vi'sion, g in mi-rage'.

From *Macmillan's Modern Dictionary* by Bruce Overton, reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company. Slightly reduced.



**1 cheese** (chēz), *n.* [*< A.S. cīese, cheese*], 1, a proteid food, chiefly casein, made from pressed curds of milk; 2, a substance of similar consistency.

**2 cheese** (chēz), *n.* [*perh. < Pers. chiz, thing*], *Slang*, just the right thing: with *the*.

**3 cheese** (chēz), *v.t.* [*source uncertain*], *Slang*, to stop: cheese it, quit; run off.

**cheese-cake** (chēz'kāk'), *n.* [*cheese + cake*], a kind of cake or one-crust pie filled with sweet, soft, cheese curds, seasoning, etc.

**cheese-cloth** (chēz'klōth'), *n.* [*cheese + cloth*], 1, a thin, loosely woven cloth like that in which cheese is wrapped after pressing; 2, a similar cloth more firmly woven: used for draperies, etc.

**cheese fly** (chēz'flī), *n.* [*cheese + fly*], a small black insect (*Piophilus casei*) which lays its eggs in the cracks of cheese, producing a maggot known as the *cheese hopper*.

**cheese-mon-ger** (chēz'mōng'gēr), *n.* [*cheese + monger*], a dealer in cheese.

**cheese-par-ing** (chēz'pār'ing), *adj.* [*cheese + pare*], stingy; miserly:—*n.* 1, a thin paring of cheese rind; hence, 2, a worthless trifle; 3, figuratively, miserliness; meanness of disposition or practice: *pl.* worthless bits of odds and ends.

**chee-tah** (chē'tā), *n.* [*< Hind. chitā < Sans. chitra, speckled*], a leopardlike animal (*Acinonyx jubatus*) found in Persia, India, and parts of Africa, and often trained to hunt deer. Also, **che'tah**.

**chef** (shēf), *n.* [*Fr. = chief*], 1, *Obs.*, a chief or director; hence, 2, a chief or head male cook, especially a French cook; 3, an ancient kind of reliquary consisting of a head or bust, usually of metal, intended to hold the head of a saint or martyr.

**\*chef-d'œu-vre** (shā'düvr'), *n.* [*pl. chefs-d'œuvre (shā'düvr')*], [*Fr. = masterpiece*], a masterpiece; one's greatest achievement.

**che-la** (kē'lā), *n.* [*pl. -læ (-lē)*], [*< Gk. khēlē, a claw*], *Zool.*, a strong, pincerlike, grasping organ at the end of certain limbs in lobsters, crabs, etc.

**che-late** (kē'lāt), *adj.* *Zool.*, provided with pincerlike claws, as the lobster.

**Che-lo-ni-a** (kē'lō'nī-ā), *n.* [*< Gk. khelōnē, a tortoise*], *Zool.*, the order of reptiles including the turtles.—*adj.* and *n.* **che-lo-ni-an**.

**chem.** 1, chemical; as, *Amer. Chem. Soc.*; 2, chemist; 3, chemistry.

**chem-i-cal** (kēm'ī-kāl), *adj.* [*< obs. chemic < Fr. chimique < L.L. alchimicus, alchemic*]; *soo chemistry*], 1, of or relating to the phenomena, laws, etc., of chemistry; 2, produced by, or used in, operations of chemistry: **chemical equivalent**, the quantity, by weight, of a substance which in chemical reactions will combine with or replace a unit quantity, by weight, of hydrogen: **chemical formula**, a formula indicating the chemical composition of a substance; a group of symbols used to denote the composition of a molecule of a compound, showing the number of atoms of each element:—*n.* a substance produced by, or used in, a chemical process.—*adv.* **chem'i-cal-ly**.

**che-mise** (shē'mēz'), *n.* [*Fr. < L.L. camisia, a shirt*], a woman's sleeveless undergarment.

**chem-i-sette** (shēm'ī-zēt'), *n.* [*Fr. dim. of chemise*], 1, a light undergarment, or bodice, without sleeves, worn by women, to cover the neck and shoulders; 2, a sleeveless guimpe or underwaist worn with a low-necked waist.

**chem-ism** (kēm'īzm), *n.* [*< Fr. chimisme*]; see **chemistry**], that form of energy by which atoms are held together in the molecule.

**chem-ist** (kēm'īst), *n.* [*< Fr. chimiste < L.L. chymista, alchemist*], 1, one skilled in the knowledge of chemicals or chemistry; 2, an apothecary. Also, *Archaic*, **chim'ist**; **chym'ist**.

**chem-is-try** (kēm'īs-trī), *n.* [*< Fr. chimie < O.F. alquimie < L.L. alchimia < Arab. al, the + kīmīā < Gk. khēmīa < khumciā, a pouring*], 1, the science which treats of the nature and composition of different kinds of matter, and the laws which govern their relations; 2, application of this knowledge to some particular subject; 3, a treatise on this science: **analytical chemistry**, the study of the methods, and the practice, of analyzing chemical compounds: **applied chemistry**, the application of chemical processes to various branches of industry: **electrochemistry**, the application of electricity to chemical processes: **inorganic chemistry**, the chemistry of substances which do not contain carbon: **metallurgical chemistry**, the chemistry of metals and their ores: **organic chemistry**, the chemistry of carbon compounds: **pharmaceutical chemistry**, the chemistry of drugs and medicines: **physical chemistry**, the application of the laws of physics to chemistry: **physiological chemistry**, the study of the chemistry of animal bodies: **synthetic chemistry**, chemistry dealing with the artificial upbuilding of

chemical compounds: **theoretical chemistry**, the study of the laws of chemical action.

**che-nille** (shē-nēl'), *n.* [*Fr. = caterpillar*], a tufted cord of soft, fluffy cotton, silk, or worsted, used in trimmings and also woven into rugs, curtains, etc.

**cheque** (chēk'), *n.* [*see < check*], an order or draft on a bank: the usual spelling in Great Britain.

**cheq-uer** (chēk'ēr), *n.* [*see < checker*], 1, one of the twenty-four pieces used in playing the game of checkers; 2, one of the squares of a pattern marked in squares: *pl.* the game of checkers:—*v.t.* 1, to mark in checks; 2, to change frequently, as from prosperity to adversity, etc. See **< check'er**, *Pf.d. S.*

**cher-ish** (chēr'ish), *v.t.* [*< Fr. chérir*], to hold dear with tenderness; protect; 2, to nurse in one's heart; cling to, as an idea or hope.—*n.* **cher'ish-er**.

*Syn.* nurse, nourish, nurture, foster, support, cultivate.—*Ant.* cast off; neglect, disown, abandon.

**Cher-o-kee** (chēr'ō-kē'), *n.* [*< nat. name = upland field*], one of the Iroquoian tribe of American Indians, originally inhabiting what is now northern Georgia and North Carolina, and now living chiefly in Oklahoma: perhaps the most advanced in culture of all American Indians.—*adj.* pertaining to this tribe of Indians or to their language or customs.

**che-root** (shē-rōōt'), *n.* [*< Tamil shurutu, a roll*], a cigar, originally made in southern India and later in the Philippine Islands, having both ends cut off square.

**cher-ry** (chēr'ī), *n.* [*pl. cherries (-iz)*], [*< O.N.F. cherise, cherry*], 1, any of several trees or shrubs (genus *Prunus*) of the rose family, bearing small, smooth, fleshy fruit of a black, bright red, or yellow color, inclosing a smooth, roundish stone; 2, a fruit of one of these trees; 3, the wood of such a tree; 4, a bright red color like that of certain cherries.—*adj.* 1, of the color of the ripe fruit of this tree; *cerise*; 2, made of the wood of this tree.

**cher-ry bird** a crested American bird (*Ampelis cedrorum*): also called *cedar bird*.

**cher-so-nese** (chēr'sō-nēz', -nēs), *n.* [*< Gk. khersos, dry + nēsos, island*], *Rare*, a peninsula: appearing with certain proper names.

**chert** (chūrt), *n.* [*source uncertain*], *Mineral.*, an impure form of flint usually found in limestones.

**cher-ub** (chēr'ūb), *n.* [*pl. cherubs (-ūbz)*; *cherubim (-ū-bīm; -ōō-bīm)*], [*< Heb. k'rūb, cherub; pl. k'rūbīm*], 1, the representation of a winged child, or the winged head of a child; hence, 2, a beautiful, innocent child; 3, *Bib.*, a heavenly being described in Ezekiel 1:5-11; 4, a conventional representation of one of these beings, especially in connection with the mercy seat of the Jewish Ark and Temple; 5, one of an order of angels, usually ranked just below the seraphim.

**che-ru-bic** (chē-rōō'bīk), *adj.* of, resembling, or pertaining to cherubs; angelic; sweet and innocent. Also, **che-ru'bi-cal**.—*a dv.* **che-ru'bi-cal-ly**.

**cher-vo-netz**

(chūr-vō'nēts), *n.* [*pl. chervontsi (-vōnt-sī)*], [*Russ. = gold coin*], the monetary unit of Soviet Russia, normally worth ten gold rubles, or \$5.14; also, a gold coin worth one chervonetz.

**1 chess** (chēs), *n.* [*source uncertain*], a certain pernicious weed of the United States resembling oats.

**2 chess** (chēs), *n.* [*< O.F. échecs, pl. of eschec < Pers. shāh, king*], a certain game played by two persons or sides, with sixteen variously shaped pieces, or men, to each side, on a checkered board divided into 64 squares.

**chess-board** (chēs'bōrd'), *n.* [*chess + board*], a checkered board or table divided into 64 squares of alternating colors, on which the game of chess is played.

**chess-man** (chēs'mān), *n.* [*pl. -men (-mēn)*], [*chess + man*], any one of the 32 pieces used in playing the game of chess.



CHESSEBOARD

The chessmen arranged as at beginning of game: left to right, top and bottom rows—queen's rook (or castle), queen's knight, queen's bishop, queen, king, king's bishop, king's knight, king's rook (or castle). Other two rows, pawns.

gold; jewel; yellow; sing; child; thin; then; hw, when; zh, azure; ü, Ger. für or Fr. lune; ö, Ger. schön or Fr. feu; ñ, Fr. enfant or nom; kh, Ger. ach or mich, or Sc. loch. See pages xviii-xix.

Reprinted from *The Winston Dictionary, Encyclopedic Edition*, by permission of John C. Winston Company, publishers. Reduced to about four-fifths the size of the original page.

**origin** (or/i-jin), beginning; starting-point; that from which anything comes; as, the origin of the quarrel, the origin of a disease. *n.* 5.

**original** (ō-rij/i-nal), 1. first; earliest; belonging to the beginning. The hat has been marked down from its original price. 2. not copied; not translated. 3. new; fresh; novel. It is hard to plan original games for a party. 4. inventive; able to do, make, or think something new. 5. that from which anything is copied. The original of this picture is in Rome. 6. the language in which a book was first written. Our minister can read the New Testament in the original. 7. an unusual person. Old Mr. Odd is an original who talks only on Monday. *adj.*, *n.* 3.

**originality** (ō-rij-i-nal/i-ti), 1. being original. 2. freshness; novelty. 3. ability to do, make, or think up something new. *n.*, *pl.* *originalities.* 10.

**originally** (ō-rij/i-nal-i), 1. by origin, as, a plant originally African. 2. at first; in the first place; as, a house originally small. 3. in an original manner. We want this room decorated originally. *adv.*

**originate** (ō-rij/i-nāt), 1. cause to be; invent. 2. come into being; begin; arise. *v.t.*, *v.i.* 8.

**origination** (ō-rij-i-nā/shon), originating; origin. *n.*

**originator** (ō-rij/i-nā-tor), one that originates; inventor. *n.* 14.

**Orinoco** (ō-ri-nō/kō), a large river in South America, flowing through Venezuela and Colombia into the Atlantic Ocean. *n.* 14.

**oriole** (ō'ri-ōl), 1. any of several American birds having yellow or orange and black coloring. 2. any of several European birds having yellow or black coloring. *n.* 10.



**Orion** (ō-rī'on), a group of stars. *n.* 10.

**orison** (or/i-zon or or/i-son), prayer. *n.* (*old use*). 14.

**Orkney** (ōrk/ni), a group of islands north of Scotland. *n.* 14.

**Orléans** (ôr-lā-än), a city in north central France. *n.* 6.

**ornament** (ôr/nā-mēt), 1. something pretty; something to add beauty. Lace, jewels, vases, and statues are ornaments. 2. person or act that adds beauty, grace, or honor. Charming Miss Fair would be an ornament to any society. 3. add beauty to; make more pleasing or attractive; decorate. *n.*, *v.t.* 3.

**ornamental** (ôr-nā-men'tal), 1. of or having to do with ornament. 2. for ornament; used as an ornament. 3. decorative. *adj.* 8.

**ornamentation** (ôr/nā-men-tā'shon), 1. ornamenting. 2. being ornamented. 3. decorations; ornaments. The Quaker chapel has no ornamentation. *n.* 19.

**ornate** (ôr-nāt' or ôr'nāt), much adorned; much ornamented. *adj.* 12.

**orotund** (ō'rō-tund), 1. strong, full, rich, and clear in voice or speech. 2. pompous. *adj.*

**orphan** (ôr'fan), 1. a child whose parents are dead. 2. of or for such children, as, an orphan asylum. 3. without a father or mother or both. 4. kill a parent of. *n.*, *adj.*, *v.t.* 4.

**orphanage** (ôr'fan-āj), home for orphans. *n.* 20.

**Orpheus** (ôr'fūs or ôr'fē-us), a musician who played his lyre so sweetly that animals and even trees and rocks followed him. *n.* 13.

**orthodox** (ôr'thō-doks), 1. generally accepted, especially in religion. 2. having orthodox views or opinions, especially in religion. 3. approved by convention; usual; customary; as, the orthodox Christmas dinner of turkey and plum-pudding. *adj.* 9.

**orthodoxy** (ôr'thō-dok-si), holding of correct or generally accepted beliefs; orthodox practice, especially in religion; being orthodox. *n.*, *pl.* *orthodoxies.* 15.

**orthography** (ôr-thog'ra-fi), 1. correct spelling; spelling considered as right or wrong. 2. the art of spelling; the study of spelling. *n.* 15.

**Osaka** (ō-sä'kä), the largest city in Japan. *n.*

at, câme, fär, äll, äsk, câre, alone; end, bē, hēr, towel; it, line; on, mōre, tō, ôff, actōr; oil, out; up, ūse, pūt, natūre; ch, chip; g, go; th, thin; ʒH, then; y, you. See full key on p. 601.

From *The Thorndike-Century Junior Dictionary*, by E. L. Thorndike, published by Scott, Foresman and Company. Reprinted by permission of the author.



**Chat**'ta-noo'ga, 1 chat'a-nū'gā; 2 chāt'a-nōū'gā, *n.* A city (pop. 119,798), S. E. Tennessee; battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, Nov. 23-25, 1863.

**chat**'tel, 1 chat'el; 2 chāt'ēl, *n.* *Law.* An article of personal property; a movable. [chattel.]

**chat**'ter, 1 chat'ar; 2 chāt'er. *I. vt. & vi.* 1. To click (the teeth) rapidly together, as in shivering. 2. To talk fast and trivially. 3. To make rapid and indistinct sounds, as a monkey. *II. n.* 1. Idle prattle. 2. Jabbering, as of a monkey. 3. A rattling of the teeth. [Imitative.]—**chat**'ter-box", *n.* A voluble talker.

**Chat**'ter-ton, 1 chat'ar-ton; 2 chāt'er-ton, *Thomas* (1752-1770). An English romantic poet; suicide.

**chat**'ty, 1 chat'ty; 2 chāt'y, *a.* Given to chat; loquacious.—**chat**'ti-ness, *n.* [water-jar.]

**chat**'ty, *n.* [-TIES, *pl.*] An East-Indian porous **Chau**'cer, 1 chō'sar; 2 chā'cer, *Geoffrey* (1340?-1400). "Father of English Poetry," *Canterbury Tales*.

**chau**'feur, 1 shō'far; 2 chō'fer, *n.* [F.] One who drives or operates an automobile.—**chau**'feuse', 1 shō'fūz'; 2 chō'fūs', *n.* A woman who drives a motor-car.

**Chau**-tau'qua, 1 sho-tō'kwā; 2 chā-tā'kwa, *n.* A lake in Chautauqua county, N. Y.; a summer resort, headquarters of an educational association (Chautauqua Circle).

**Ch. C., Ch. Ch.,** *abbr.* Christ Church.—**Ch. Clk.,** *abbr.* Chief Clerk.

**cheap**, 1 chīp; 2 chēp, *a.* Bearing or bringing a low price; hence, poor; mean. [ccāp, trade (in phrase *good cheap*).]—**cheap**'en, *vt. & vi.* 1. To make or become cheap. 2. To beat down the price of.—**cheap**'en-er, *n.*—**cheap**'ly, *adv.*—**cheap**'ness, *n.*

**cheat**, 1 chīt; 2 chēt, *vt. & vi.* To deceive or defraud. [Abbr. of *ESCHEAT*, *v.*]—**cheat**'er, *n.*

**cheat**, *n.* 1. A fraud; imposture. 2. A swindler. 3. A weed; chess.

**check**', 1 chek; 2 chēk, *v. I. t.* 1. To restrain by force or suddenly; stop; curb. 2. To mark with a check or checks; hence to test by comparison. 3. To attach a check to, or obtain one for. 4. To put in check. 5. To rebuke. *II. i.* To pause.—**check**'rein", *n.* A rein from the bits to the saddle of a harness to keep a horse's head up. **bear**'lug-rein"t.

**check**, *n.* 1. A checking or being checked. 2. That which checks, as a check-rein. 3. A written order for money, drawn upon a bank or banker. 4. A numbered tag, or the like, to identify the owner of an article. 5. A mark for verification, as in an account. 6. A square in a checkered surface; any checkered pattern. 7. In chess, an attack or menace to the king. [échec, < Per. *shāh*, king.]

**check**'er, 1 chēk'ar; 2 chēk'er, *vt.* To mark with squares or crossed lines; diversify.

**check**'er, *n.* 1. A piece in the game of checkers. 2. A square in a checker-surface. 3. *pl.* A game played on a checker-board; draughts. [eschekier, chess-board, ult. < Per. *shāh*, king.] **chech**'uert.—**check**'er-board", *n.* A board divided into 64 squares.

**check**'er-ber'ry, 1 chēk'ar-ber'ty; 2 chēk'er-bēr'y, *n.* [-RIES, *pl.*] The wintergreen or its red berry.

**check**'mate", 1 chēk'māt'; 2 chēk'māt'. *I. vt. Chess.* To put (a king) in a check from which no escape is possible; defeat by a skillful maneuver. *II. n.* The act or position of checkmating. [shāh, king, + *māt*, dead.]

**cheek**, 1 chīk; 2 chēk, *n.* 1. Either side of the face below the eye; an analogous part. 2. [Slang.] Assurance; impudence. [cedce.] **cheek**'y, 1 chīk'y; 2 chēk'y, *a.* [Slang.] Impudent; brazen.

**cheep**, 1 chīp; 2 chēp. *I. vt.* To chirp or squeak faintly; peep. *II. n.* A weak chirp or squeak. [Imitative.]—**cheep**'er, *n.*

**cheer**, 1 chīr; 2 chēr, *v. I. t.* 1. To make cheerful. 2. To applaud with cheers. *II. i.* 1. To be or become cheerful. 2. To utter cheers.

**cheer**, *n.* 1. A shout of applause or encouragement. 2. Cheerfulness. 3. Provisions for a feast. 4. Expression; look. [cara (< Gr. *kara*), head.]—**cheer**'er, *n.*—**cheer**'ful, *a.* In good spirits; joyous; lively; willing.—**cheer**'ful-ly, *adv.*—**cheer**'ful-ness, *n.*—**cheer**'less, *a.* Destitute of cheer; gloomy.—**ly**, *adv.*—**ness**, *n.*

**cheer**'y, 1 chīr'y; 2 chēr'y, *a.* 1. Abounding in or showing cheerfulness. 2. Fitted to cheer; cheering.—**cheer**'-ly, *adv.*—**cheer**'-ness, *n.*

**cheese**, 1 chīz; 2 chēs, *n.* The pressed curd of milk. [caseus, cheese.]—**cheese**'-cake", *n.* A pie containing curd or cheese.—**c.** cloth, *n.* A thin fabric, as for wrapping a cheese after pressing.—**cheese**'mon"ger, *n.* A dealer in cheese.—**c.** paring, *a.* Miserly; parsimonious.—**chees**'y, *a.* Containing or resembling cheese.

**chef**, 1 shēf; 2 chēf, *n.* A male head cook. [F.]

**chef**'d'œu'vre, 1 shē'dū'vr; 2 chē'dū'vr, *n.* [CHEFS'-d'œu'vre, *pl.*] A masterpiece. [F.]

**Che**'foo', 1 chī'fū; 2 chē'fō, *n.* Commercial city and treaty port (pop. 119,305), Shantung province, China. **Che**'fu't; **Chū**'fu't.

**Chel**'sea, 1 chel'sa; 2 chēl'se, *n.* A borough (pop. 59,026) of S. W. London, England.

**chem.**, *abbr.* Chemical, chemist, chemistry.

**chem**'i-cal, 1 kem'i-kal; 2 cēm'i-cal. *I. a.* 1. Of or pertaining to chemistry. 2. Obtained by or used in chemistry. **chem**'ic [Poet.]. *II. n.* A substance obtained by or used in a chemical process.—**chem**'i-cal-ly, *adv.*

**che**-mise', 1 shī-miz'; 2 che-mis', *n.* A woman's undergarment. [F., < LL. *camisia*, shirt.]

**chem**'ist, 1 kem'ist; 2 cēm'ist, *n.* 1. One versed in chemistry. 2. A dealer in chemicals. [Abbr. of *ALCHEMIST*.]

**chem**'is-try, 1 kem'is-trī; 2 cēm'is-try, *n.* 1. The science that treats of matter considered as composed of atoms and of their relations and affinities. 2. A treatise on this science.

**che**-nille', 1 shī-nīl'; 2 che-nīl', *n.* A soft fluffy cord of cotton, wool, etc., often made into fringes, curtains, etc. [F., caterpillar, < *canicula*, dim. of *cantis*, dog.]

**Che**'ops, 1 kī'ops; 2 cē'ōps, *n.* Egyptian king (4th dynasty), supposed builder of first pyramid near Cairo.

**cheque**, 1 chek; 2 chēk, *n.* Same as **CHECK**, 3.

**cheq**'uer, etc. Same as **CHECKER**, etc.

**Cher**'bourg', 1 shār'būr'; 2 chēr'būr', *n.* Fortified seaport (pop. 38,054), N. France.

**cher**'ish', 1 cher'ish; 2 chēr'ish, *vt.* 1. To care for kindly; foster; nurture. 2. To entertain fondly, as a hope or an idea. [cher, dear.]

**che**-root', 1 shī-rūt'; 2 che-rōōt', *n.* A cigar-like roll of inferior tobacco cut at both ends. [cheroute, < Hind. *shurutu*, roll.] **she**-root't.

**cher**'ry, 1 cher'y; 2 chēr'y. *I. a.* 1. Like a cherry; red. 2. Made of cherry-wood. *II. n.* [CHER'RIES, *pl.*] A small roundish or heart-shaped red or reddish, yellow, or black fruit growing on a long pedicel, with a small round stone; also, the tree that bears it, or its wood.

**1:** artistic, art; fat, fāre; fast; get, prēy; hit, police; obey, gō; not, ōr; full, rāle; but, būrn;  
**2:** art, ape, fāt, fare, fāst, whāt, pl; mē, gēt, prēy, fērn; hit, lee; ī = ē; ī = ē; gō, nōt, ōr, wōn.

Reprinted from *The Modern Dictionary*, by permission of Funk and Wagnalls Company.



## II. WHAT THE DICTIONARY TELLS US

A more important matter for us to consider is the wealth of information the dictionary offers us about words. Turn to the word *flavor* on the sample page, page 126. Below are given the kinds of information about this word. Compare this list with the items given on the dictionary page. Study both carefully.

Spelling — flavor or flavour

Pronunciation — flā'vēr

Part of speech — n. (noun); also v.t. (verb, transitive)

Derivation, or history of the word — Old French, *fleur*, *flaur*, odor

Definition — Noun: (1) odor, fragrance; (2) that quality of anything which affects the taste; relish; savor; (3) a substance which flavors; (4) predominant or characterizing quality of anything. Verb: to give flavor to.

Synonyms (words of similar meaning) — See *taste*. This means that synonyms for *flavor* can be found by turning to the word *taste* in the dictionary.

1. After you have studied these items well, look up the following words on the sample pages or in your own dictionary, and in the same way record the information given about each: *flexible*, *soar*, *chemist*, *cherish*, *originally*.

You will discover that *chemist* and *cherish* are on the sample pages from two of the dictionaries. Note the difference in the information given. Even good dictionaries such as these do not contain precisely the same information. Usage is not illustrated on the sample dictionary pages shown. Consult a larger dictionary for usage.

2. After you have completed these, write from memory the kinds of information given about words in a dictionary.

3. In order to understand all that a dictionary tells us about words it is necessary to know the meaning of the abbreviations used. At the first of the dictionary there is a long list of abbreviations with their meanings. Look for them in your dictionary.

Here are the ones most commonly used, and their meanings. Study this list carefully, till you know each by heart. Test yourself by

writing the meanings in your workbook. Some of the more difficult are explained below.

a. — adjective	G. — German
adv. — adverb	Gr. — Greek
Amer. — American	L. — Latin
AS. — Anglo-Saxon	n. — noun
Brit. — British	* Obs. — obsolete (old-fashioned)
cap. — capital	pl. — plural
cf. — compare	p.p. — past participle
* colloq. — colloquial (used in conversation)	prep. — preposition
D. — Dutch	sing. — singular
* deriv. — derived (descended from)	* syn. — synonym (a word having about the same meaning)
Eng. — English	* var. — variant (a different form of a word)
F. — French	* v.i. — verb intransitive
fem. — feminine	* v.t. — verb transitive
fr. — from	

4. Look up in the main part of the dictionary the meaning of the seven terms starred. Study your list carefully. Then for a few minutes turn over the pages of the dictionary to see how many of these abbreviations you can find in use. Check them on your list as you find them.

### III. HOW TO PRONOUNCE WORDS

In order to feel really acquainted with a word we should know how to pronounce it as well as how to use it. Let us try to master a simple method of pronouncing.

There are only two things that determine the pronunciation of words: accent and the sound of vowels (and occasionally a consonant). We will begin with practice in accenting the right syllable.

So that we can make our voice do what we want it to in stressing certain syllables, let us first get in mind the different "accent

patterns." You will be surprised how simple a matter it is. Here is the first step.

A. Practice in placing accent accurately.

1. Emphasize different words, as indicated: —

*I* can sing.

I *can* sing.

I can *sing*.

As above: —

Do you like my hat?

All boys like fun.

2. Accent as indicated: —

1 — 2 — 3 — 4 — 5

1 — 2 — 3 — 4 — 5

1 — 2 — 3 — 4 — 5

1 — 2 — 3 — 4 — 5

1 — 2 — 3 — 4 — 5

3. Practice accenting each syllable in turn: —

*Cas*-san-dra

Cas-*san*-dra

Cas-san-*dra*

Like example: —

ob-ject

Cly-tem-nes-tra

Men-e-la-us

per-fume

Ep-ic-te-tus

4. Accent these words as marked. Practice the 1 — 2 — 3 patterns with each. (From Webster's *New International Dictionary*.)

ad-dress'

hos'pitable

in'fluence

the'ater

De-troit'

ev'idently

de-fect' or de'fect

a-dult' or ad'ult

de-tour' or de'tour

gon'do-la

mis'chievous

guar'di-an

5. Practice the pronunciation (especially the accent) of the words at the top of page 134.



pianist — pi-an'ist or pi'an-ist  
detail — de-tail' or de'tail  
dirigible — dir'i-gi-ble  
admirable — ad'mir-a-ble  
romance — ro-mance' or ro'mance  
inquiry — in-quir'y or in'quiry  
encore — ang'core or ang-core'  
research — re-search' or re'search  
exquisite — ex'qui-site  
inevitable — in-ev'i-ta-ble

6. Read these sentences aloud to practice the words just studied.

- (1) Lincoln made a very famous address.
- (2) There were many defects in Greek character.
- (3) After the girl had sung, the audience requested an encore.
- (4) Mr. Jones is the girl's guardian.
- (5) The family was very hospitable.
- (6) He made inquiry about the accident.
- (7) The boy is very mischievous.
- (8) Helen is a wonderful pianist.
- (9) William Harvey did much research work.
- (10) Romance is an excellent background for a story.
- (11) We went to the theater last night to see *Moonlight Sonata*.
- (12) Have you ever ridden in a gondola?
- (13) She is a very admirable girl.
- (14) The Goodyear Company has a very large dirigible.
- (15) We were forced to make a detour.
- (16) Mrs. Bragg gave the opening address.
- (17) He has an admirable personality.
- (18) The adult admission is seventy-five cents.
- (19) She explained in great detail.
- (20) The huge mirror had but one defect.
- (21) The detour made us lose much time.
- (22) The dirigible left the airport early this morning.

- (23) The musician received several encores.
- (24) The designs were exquisite.
- (25) The Venetian gondolas are attractive and different.
- (26) The guardian of the child was very kind to her.
- (27) The small family was very hospitable to us.
- (28) The cause of the disaster was inevitable.
- (29) The inquiry led to amazing results.
- (30) The children were very mischievous.

B. The second consideration in pronouncing correctly is giving the right sound to the different letters, particularly to the vowels. If you learn the long and short sounds of the vowels, they will help you with most new pronunciations.

1. Note that the *long* sound of a vowel (ā, ē, ī, ō, ū) is the same as its name. Try this principle out on these words: māy, mē, mīne, mōw, mūsic, pāle, pēl, pīle, pōle, ūse. Now mark the long vowel sounds in the eight words that have them: go, ride, cure, dent, hate, man, child, take, here, sue.
2. Next learn the short vowel sounds from this list: ān, ěnd, ĩn, ōn, ůnder. Practice these till you are sure of them. Pronounce these sounds: ē, ě, ō, ǒ, ī, ĩ, ā, ǎ, ū, ů. Mark the vowels in these words: cup, rake, can, ill, ice, hen, more, send, he, him, cube, hot, lane, me, must.
3. Pronounce these words, carefully observing the vowel markings: —

creek — krēk  
 gratis — grā'tīs  
 program — prō'grām  
 apricot — ā'při-cǒt  
               — āp'rĩ-cǒt  
 Italian — ĩ-tāl'yǎn  
 status — stā'tūs  
 genuine — jěn'ũ-ĭn

zoology — zō-ǒl'ō-jǎ  
 gape — gāp  
 pretty — prīt'tǎ  
 arab — ār'āb  
 clique — klēk  
 quay — kē  
 data — dā'tā or dǎ'tā  
 grievous — grēv'ūs

4. Can you pronounce these words too? If you don't have a dictionary to use, you may follow the markings given here.

If you do have a dictionary, look up the words in this list and copy the vowel markings and accents into your workbook.

tomato — tō-mā'tō	culinary — kū'li-nēr-ŷ
— tō-mă'tō	aviator — ā'vī-ā-tēr
humane — hū-mān'	experiment — ěks-pěr'ĩ-měnt
height — hīt	apparatus — āp-ā-rā'tūs
genealogy — jěn-ē-ăl'ō-jĩ	— āp-ā-răt'ūs
— jē-nē-ăl'ō-jĩ	rinse — rĩns
nape — nāp	thresh — thrěsh
sleek — slēk	
xylophone — zĩ'lō-fōn	
— zĩl'ō-fōn	

5. Here are some words that use other sounds than those we have been studying. You will need to match the markings with the key line at the bottom of the dictionary page — either yours or the sample. Notice that the key line appears at the bottom of all the pages in the dictionary and is always the same (every two pages).

If you can, it would be well for you to look up the pronunciation of these words for yourself and mark them in your workbook. Then practice pronouncing them. If you have no dictionary at hand, you may use this list already marked.

cantaloupe — cǎn'tā-lōp	almond — ä'münd
— cǎn'tā-lōöp	marquis — mār'kē'
roof — rōōf	suite — swēt
bouquet — bōō-kā' or bō-kā'	bouillon — bōō-yōn'
roily — roil'ŷ	soufflé — sōō-flā'
faucet — fō'sět	mayonnaise — mā-ō-nāz
hearth — hārth	Los Angeles — lōs āng'gěl-ěs
penalize — pē'nǎl-iz	vaccine — vǎk'sēn
gesture — jes'tūr	meringue — mē-rāng'
forehead — fōr'ěd	dessert — dĩ-zǎrt'
often — ōf'ěn	orange — ōr'ěnj
salmon — sām'ŭn	coffee — kōf'ĩ



Leicester — lēs'tēr

Chicago — shĭ-kô'gō

Spokane — spō-kăn'

prelude — prĕl'ūd

New Ôrleans — nū ôr'lē-ănz

## 6. Read these sentences, pronouncing the words correctly.

(1) Please set up the apparatus so I can cook the apricots.

(2) The aviator was Co-pilot Meeks.

(3) A bouquet of wild flowers would be very nice.

(4) A cantaloupe is one kind of melon.

(5) It is not a brook or a stream but it is a creek.

(6) Cooking is a culinary art.

(7) The historical data can be got from the library.

(8) Did you try an experiment for biology?

(9) Do you know your family genealogy?

(10) It is a genuine 18-carat gold ring.

(11) The cat is sleeping on the hearth.

(12) Mr. Bonelli is an Italian.

(13) A cat carries kittens by the nape of the neck.

(14) Always rinse dishes after washing.

(15) The house has a tile roof.

(16) The cat's back is very sleek.

(17) Mr. Connor plays the xylophone.

(18) Zoology is the study of animals.

7. Now try your skill on these more unusual words. Prove to yourself that you can pronounce *any* word.

Barranquilla — bār-răn-kē'yă

Acroceraunia — ăk-rō-sē-ŕă'nĭ-ă

Abruzzi — ä-brōōt'sē

Abydos — â-bī'dōs

Antofagasta — ân-tō-fă-gäs'tă

Apalachicola — ăp-â-lăch-ĭ-kō'lă

Angoulême — ân-gōō-lâm'

Algeciras — ăl-jě-sē'răs

Anacreon — â-năk'rē-ŏn

Atahualpa — hä-tă-wăl'pä

Brahmaputra — brä-mā-pōō'trā

Rajputana — räj-pōō-tä'nā

Zwingli — tsvīng'li

Wojciechowski — woi-tyě-chōf'skī

Aduwa — ä'dōō-wä

Woltmershausen — vōlt'mērs-hou-zen

Antananarivo — än-tā-nā-nā-rē'vō

Aix-la-Chapelle — äks-lä-shā-pěl'

Reykjavik — rä'kyā-vēk

Boccaccio — bōk-kāt'chō

8. Turn to the list of proper nouns at the back of the dictionary. Copy off on slips of paper a few of the hardest names to pronounce (copy all the markings) and give them to a classmate to study and pronounce correctly. If you copy these on the blackboard, the class can more easily check the accuracy of the pronunciation.

#### A. TEST OF SPEED AND ACCURACY IN THE USE OF THE DICTIONARY — FORM B

This is a test to show how quickly you can find words in the dictionary. When the signal is given, find in the dictionary the first word in the list and write the dictionary word which comes just before it on the page. For example, if *frigate* is one of the words given in the test and if *frieze* is the dictionary word that appears just before *frigate*, write *frieze* on the blank following *frigate*. Then take the second word, and so on through the list. Work as fast as you can. You will be given exactly *ten minutes*.

kimono	zest	imminent	refract
miscreant	nuptial	utility	elixir
angular	tetanus	osseous	wince
phosphorus	fathom	vogue	limerick
dragoon	sheath	helium	bastion

- B. Make a list of seven kinds of information given about words in the dictionary.
- C. Turn to the sample dictionary page on page 128. Copy the following found on that page: —

1. The first guide word
2. The first word in the key line
3. The derivation of cherub
4. A synonym for cherish
5. An example of three words in alphabetical order
6. The meaning of these abbreviations: v., Colloq., Obs., F., pl.

D. Mark the accents and the vowels in these words: sophomore, develop, notify.

E. Pronounce these words as marked: synchronize (sĩng'krō-nĩz), typhus (tĩ'fũs), Ukrainian (ũ-krān'ĩ-ǎn), typography (tĩ-pǒg'rá-fĩ), Holbein (hōl'bĩn).



## PART II · CLOSE READING

### CHAPTER VI

## *To Discover the Main Idea*

A GOOD writer is careful to present only one main idea in his story or poem or article. Keeping this idea clearly before him, he builds it up step by step, with a number of details to help make it plain to the reader. Since the writer takes pains to present one main idea, we should try to find and grasp that idea before doing much with the details, no matter how tempting they may be in themselves.

Finding the main idea of a story or poem or some other composition is really a grown-up task. But it can be done! It will help us to know that the writer often tells us exactly what he has in mind — and tells us briefly and to the point.

Usually he tells us in one, two, or three places. These places — very easy to find, too — are the beginning, the end, and the title. As you read the following selections, try to find a hint or a statement of the main idea in each of these places. You may find it in one, or you may find it in all three! Why should an author ever tell us in more than one place?

This kind of reading is not for speed. You may take as much time as you need, but of course you should not waste time.

Here are the selections — little stories, some poems, and a longer article — to be read in search of the main point.

### I. WELLINGTON OBEYS<sup>1</sup>

A certain English farmer, tiring of numerous hunting parties riding over his fields, and perceiving another party about to enter his ground, sent a hired boy to turn them back.

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

The leader of the huntsmen, a man of noble and dignified bearing, called out to the boy to open the gate, but the lad refused.

"Boy, do you know who I am?" the man demanded sharply. "I am the Duke of Wellington, and when I command, I am accustomed to being obeyed. I order you to open the gate!"

Apparently unimpressed, the boy lifted his cap, and in a calm manner replied, "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey the orders of my master, who tells me not to suffer anyone to pass."

The Duke was silent for a moment, then lifted his hat and replied, "I honor the man or boy who is faithful to his duty, and who can neither be bribed nor frightened into doing wrong."

Reaching into his pocket, he withdrew a bright new sovereign and handed it to the boy. Then, reining his horse about, he said to his party, "Let us begone."

The conqueror of Napoleon had himself been conquered, by the voice of authority.

1. What is the main idea?
2. Where do you find the main idea expressed or suggested?

## II. FAITHFUL TO THE TASK <sup>1</sup>

Thoroughness was one of the most outstanding traits in the character of Queen Victoria, manifesting itself in a painstaking, unflagging attention to every task, great or small.

To the wise and noble Duchess of Kent, mother of the Queen, goes the credit for the early development of this most desirable virtue. When the Duchess learned that her little daughter would in all likelihood some day become Queen of England, she determined that the child should receive not only the education and training required for this great office, but a rigid and exacting teaching in moral tenets as well.

Princess Victoria, however, could not always see why she should study and work harder than other little girls, and sometimes rebelled.

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

"What good is this? What good is that?" she would petulantly inquire.

In these tasks, and even in her play, her mother determined that every activity must be brought to a completion before it was abandoned.

Once when playing at haymaking, Victoria flung down her little rake and was running off to seek some other amusements, when her mother made her come back and finish the haycock she had begun before she was allowed to go away.

1. What is the main idea?
2. Where did you find it?

### III. THE RIGHT THOUGHT<sup>1</sup>

Joseph Jefferson was once asked, "How many times have you played Rip Van Winkle?"

Mr. Jefferson consulted a notebook which he carried and read off the exact number of times, which ran into the thousands.

"Don't you get tired of playing it?" was the next question.

"I did at first," replied the great actor. "After I had been playing Rip for a year or two I became thoroughly fed up with it. I thought I owed it to myself to freshen my interest and prove my versatility by learning another play. But the audience wanted Rip, and I went back to it. And then I made an important discovery. I discovered that every night's audience is different from every other, and that if I quit thinking about myself and thought only about the people I was trying to entertain, each performance was a new and exciting adventure."

1. State the main idea.
2. Where is it expressed?

### IV. MEXICAN GARDENER<sup>2</sup>

Such a lot of lovely things about the garden — keeping things,  
The little sleeping, creeping things, Pedro knows!

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*



In a leaf, adventure hides; in a blossom, love abides;  
On a bird wing, freedom rides where Pedro goes!  
Pedro looks and looks and looks — says the dappled lanes  
and brooks  
Are the classrooms and the books that he knows;  
But with the eyes so warm and kind, little wonder he can find  
Song or story close behind whatever grows —  
And such a lot of lovely things, little world-forgotten things,  
Clinging, singing, winging things, Pedro knows!

— KATHRINE HYMAS WILLIAMS

1. What is the main idea?
2. Where is it expressed?

## V. TRIBUTARIES OF THE MISSISSIPPI COULDN'T FLOOD ALL AT ONCE<sup>1</sup>

Ever since the disastrous Ohio-Mississippi River floods of 1937 people have been asking what would happen if the upper Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Ohio rivers all had floods at once. The answer, supplied by a study of the United States Weather Bureau, is that it couldn't happen.

The combination, which would make an epic flood of all time if it occurred, is practically an impossibility, say weather experts. The reason is that each of the three great tributaries of the Mississippi only go into flood from major storms that come from different directions.

Floods on the Ohio, explains the Weather Bureau, occur when warm moist air from the Gulf moves up the Mississippi Valley and hovers over the Ohio. At this time, weather records show, the Missouri and upper Mississippi basins are receiving little rainfall. The Mississippi's feeder rivers may each break flood records during a single season, but all three cannot do it simultaneously.

1. What is the main idea?
2. Where did you find it?

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from *Science News Letter*.



*Dept. of the Interior*

THE COAST GUARD DOES RESCUE WORK ON A FLOODED INLAND RIVER

## VI. DEBTOR <sup>1</sup>

He was a stickler about paying debts  
 And kept account of every cent he owed;  
 But often he was puzzled where to place  
 Such items as a friend, a beckoning road,  
 The silver gift of rain, new lily spears,  
 A sparrow's rapture, some child's confidence.  
 He failed to enter any one of these  
 Because he balanced dollars, but no sense.  
 At last, resigned, he wrote just — "Bankruptcy!  
 I owe so much more than the world owes me."

— DOROTHY MARIE DAVIS

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

1. What is the main idea?
2. Where did you find it?

## VII. GUEST IN AN ARBOR <sup>1</sup>

A soot-black spider dangles,  
 Descending on a thread;  
 His home of many angles  
 Is tethered overhead.

And he is out exploring,  
 Approaching close to where  
 The book I should be poring  
 Lies open on a chair.

Wind flutters in the pages;  
 He scuttles out of view;  
 And now my pen engages  
 To dangle him for you.

— KEITH THOMAS

1. State the main idea.
2. Where is the idea expressed?

## VIII. THE SHELL <sup>2</sup>

This is the whitest thing I know.  
 A sea shell polished by the slow  
 Sweep of waves upon the sand;  
 Here within the curve of hand  
 I hold the mystery of the sea  
 And wind and wave come back to me  
 In whorled thunder to my ear.  
 But this clear curve of white is more  
 Than tide or spread of ocean floor;  
 Motionless color I can keep.

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*



Imprisoned now forever here  
A part of sea lies fast asleep.

— JOHN RITCHEY

1. What is the main idea of the poem?
2. Where did you discover it?

## IX. GYPSIES <sup>1</sup>

There are gypsies camping in the park!  
I see them moving all about  
Their tent. Who'll send them out?  
They must have slipped in after dark.

That's what I thought, from where I stood.  
But when the gypsies turned their backs,  
I found I recognized their slacks!  
Why, it's Mary, and Ruth, and Tridene Wood!  
It isn't gypsies, after all!

At three o'clock, I think I'll take  
Some lemonade and angel cake,  
And go to pay a call!

— HELEN HIXON

1. What is the main idea?
2. Where is the idea given?

## X. MAIL TIME <sup>2</sup>

Nobody in the village could have been  
Brisker than Captain Stevens, holding sway  
Over his booty when the mail came in.  
Beaming behind his wicket every day  
At five o'clock, the job of sorting done,  
He'd hand our letters out with quite an air  
Of seeming to have saved a special one  
For every single person waiting there.

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid*

His guardianship was not alone concerned  
With colored stamps and post cards. Such as he  
Are full of older wisdom, having learned  
Something more useful than geography —  
How Athens, Cairo, Singapore, and Rome  
May all be closer than you'd guess to home!

— LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

1. What is the main idea?
2. Where did you find it?

### XI. CITY CAT<sup>1</sup>

At night when we throw the window wide  
In the heated city room,  
The old cat quivers and leaps to the sill,  
Green eyes lamped in the gloom;

He switches his tail and drops his ears  
And utters a crooning cry  
To the wind he smells from the outside night  
He will long for till he shall die;

His stiff paws move on the window-ledge,  
Yearning and clenching slow.  
He thinks, "Perhaps, on some night like this,  
They may even let me go."

— MARGARET WIDDEMER

1. State the main idea of this poem.
2. Where is it given?
3. Describe the cat as you imagine it.

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission of the author and *The American Girl*, a magazine for all girls, published by Girl Scouts, Inc.

XII. ANIMAL DANGERS <sup>1</sup>

*By Thora Stowell and Thornton Burgess*

Life is a rather dangerous adventure from first to last for animals in the wild. Besides dangers from flesh-eating beasts, from fights with their own kind at mating-time or with rivals, from the predatory instincts of man, we see also that they suffer heavily from the great forces of Nature — earthquake, fire and flood, whirlwinds, rain, snow, drouths, terrific hailstorms, and so on, each of which may cause great loss of life, especially among the smaller animals.

For instance, it is said that after a very bad hurricane in the West Indies it was found that every bird on one of the islands had been killed. The whole island that had hummed with life before the storm was now pervaded with a ghastly silence. Animals are not as subject to accident as are birds. The latter sometimes suffer extensively during migration, many being lost in storms, from dashing against lighthouses and from striking high-tension wires. Those wintering in the northern part of the United States not infrequently are starved to death in great numbers when their natural food supply is covered with ice. Often spring migrants are caught by unseasonable storms and killed. Within the last few years water fowl have been killed by thousands by the dumping of waste oil from ships along the coast. This clogs the feathers of the birds so that they cannot fly, and they starve to death.

Animals, being on the ground and not subject to the migrating habit, suffer less from the above dangers, but in districts subject to earthquakes and in flood areas there is always a great loss of animal life after one of these catastrophes of Nature. The annual spring floods take a considerable toll of life along the riverbanks. It is no unusual thing to see several species of small animals, sometimes natural enemies, huddled together on driftwood, all enmity lost in a common danger. Deep snows in winter sometimes cause starvation among the deer, it being impossible for them to get about

<sup>1</sup> From *The Book of Animal Life* by Stowell and Burgess. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company.





FLYING SOUTH *Painting by Olzewski. Rudolf Lesch Fine Arts*

in quest of food. Thousands of elk have starved to death because of their inability to find food in the lowlands after they were driven down from the mountains by the snow. In the olden days they used to find ample forage on the plains, but now man either grazes these lands or cuts the hay for the use of his own stock, or has the range fenced off, and these magnificent animals would be completely exterminated were it not for feeding by the government in certain places. Domestic animals suffer intensely from heat when long exposed to the direct rays of the sun. Forest fires, which every year are such a scourge throughout America, cause great loss of life among the animals. Common fear will cause the bear and the deer to run side by side. Some of the shyest animals will at that time come to man, seeking his aid.

Animals, like man, are subject to accidents which cripple them and sometimes cause them to lose their lives, and during periods of weakness and convalescence their friends often show kindness and

sympathy, and help them to carry on till they are able to fend for themselves again.

Many fur-bearing animals go through life minus a forepaw or a hind leg, bitten or twisted off in a trap. The wound has healed but the animal has had to face life with the handicap of only three legs. This is far, far too common and is a severe indictment of the cruel steel trap.

Domestic sheep are silly things, and are apt to get caught by their horns, like the ram caught in a bush in the story of Abraham. They follow their leader blindly, sometimes even over a cliff; if they fall while running fast they often seem unable to rise again, and they easily lose their way. Wild sheep are much more clever and cunning, and it is extremely rare for them to be found dead from a fall, for they are as sure-footed as the mountain goat, and excellent mountain-climbers.

Flies carry disease, and in many places grazing animals are tormented by flies and mosquitoes. You may often see cows standing deep in water on a hot day; this is not only to keep cool, but also to get out of reach of flies.

Ticks are very dangerous to cattle, sheep, and dogs, and to wild animals. In England sheep ticks rarely give fever, but in Africa sheep and dogs have to be constantly dipped in strong disinfectant to get rid of these pests or they get a violent form of tick fever and die. Cattle, sheep, birds, reptiles, and man himself are all affected by the bite, and the ticks are extremely difficult to kill by methods which man has learned to use successfully against flies and mosquitoes.

In spite of all the dangers of natural accidents, of disease, animal enemies, drouth and famine, and man's cruel hunting, animals do survive and thrive, and the ways by which they have learned to live and have escaped extinction are wonderful indeed.

1. What is the main idea of the selection?
2. Where do you find it expressed?

## CHAPTER VII

# *To Retrace the Author's Pattern*

IF there were a large pile of bricks near a vacant lot, those bricks might be made into a garage, or a church, or an apartment house, or a school, or a store, or some other kind of building. The kind would depend on the plan of the builder. The way he planned and arranged the bricks would make all the difference.

A writer too has a plan. He arranges his ideas in a certain way to make a certain point or to get a particular effect. His plan, then, is very important. If the reader is to appreciate what the author is saying, it is necessary to understand the plan, or pattern. This is sometimes hard to do.

We have just learned how to find the main idea of a selection. Now if we find the main idea *of each paragraph or section*, we shall discover the pattern of the whole, as we bring these ideas together.

We shall begin by fitting patterns on to a few selections. As you read these first selections, follow carefully the outline given above each. Match the outline and the selection, part to part. Read each two or three times until you can see the author's pattern in the poem or the article.

### PRETEST

Show the author's plan for this poem by writing in your workbook a subtitle for each stanza.

### THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland Lass!  
Reaping and singing by herself;  
Stop here, or gently pass!



Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain;  
O listen! for the Vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travelers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands:  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings? —  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago:  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending; —  
I listened, motionless and still;  
And, as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

- I. Probably you found the pretest you have just taken rather difficult particularly if you have not had practice in reading to discover the author's pattern. The exercises in this chapter are

planned to give you the practice you need in this important skill. For the following poem, the titles of the stanzas have already been written. Note how each one states briefly what the stanza is about.

1. Thanks for the beauty of the smaller parts of nature.
2. Thanks for the beauty of larger parts of nature.
3. Thanks for our homes.
4. Thanks for lifetime, health, friends.

### WE THANK THEE

For flowers that bloom about our feet,  
For tender grass, so fresh and sweet,  
For song of bird and hum of bee,  
For all things fair we hear or see —  
    Father in Heaven, we thank thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky,  
For pleasant shade of branches high,  
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,  
For beauty of the blooming trees —  
    Father in Heaven, we thank thee!

For mother-love and father-care,  
For brothers strong and sisters fair,  
For love at home and here each day,  
For guidance, lest we go astray,  
    Father in Heaven, we thank thee!

For this new morning with its light,  
For rest and shelter of the night,  
For health and food, for love and friends,  
For ev'rything His goodness sends,  
    Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON

II. Read this selection, following the outline that precedes it. Reread until you can see the plan or "pattern" that the writer had in mind, without looking at the outline.

1. Description of the jumping spider
2. His actions
3. His skill in tumbling
4. His preparations for a jump
5. The purpose of the thread
6. His search for prey
  - a. Unsuccessful
  - b. Successful

### A HUNTER OF THE GRASS TOPS<sup>1</sup>

*Anonymous*

At forty minutes past two in the afternoon I am lying in the shade.

Near my feet, on a spire of grass, is one of those small, dark-colored jumping spiders. He is one fourth of an inch in length. Hop! He is a lively little fellow. Without an effort, and with the directness of a stone from a catapult, he springs nine times his own length, two and a quarter inches, horizontally, to the next spire. Before he goes again I have a good look at his build and marks. His small abdomen is fox-colored, with six or eight dark-brown spots. The head and chest part, which is very large and strong in proportion to the abdomen, is glossy black, beautifully patterned with old gold, while the mouth parts and legs are dappled gray. The legs, designed for leaping, are short and powerful.

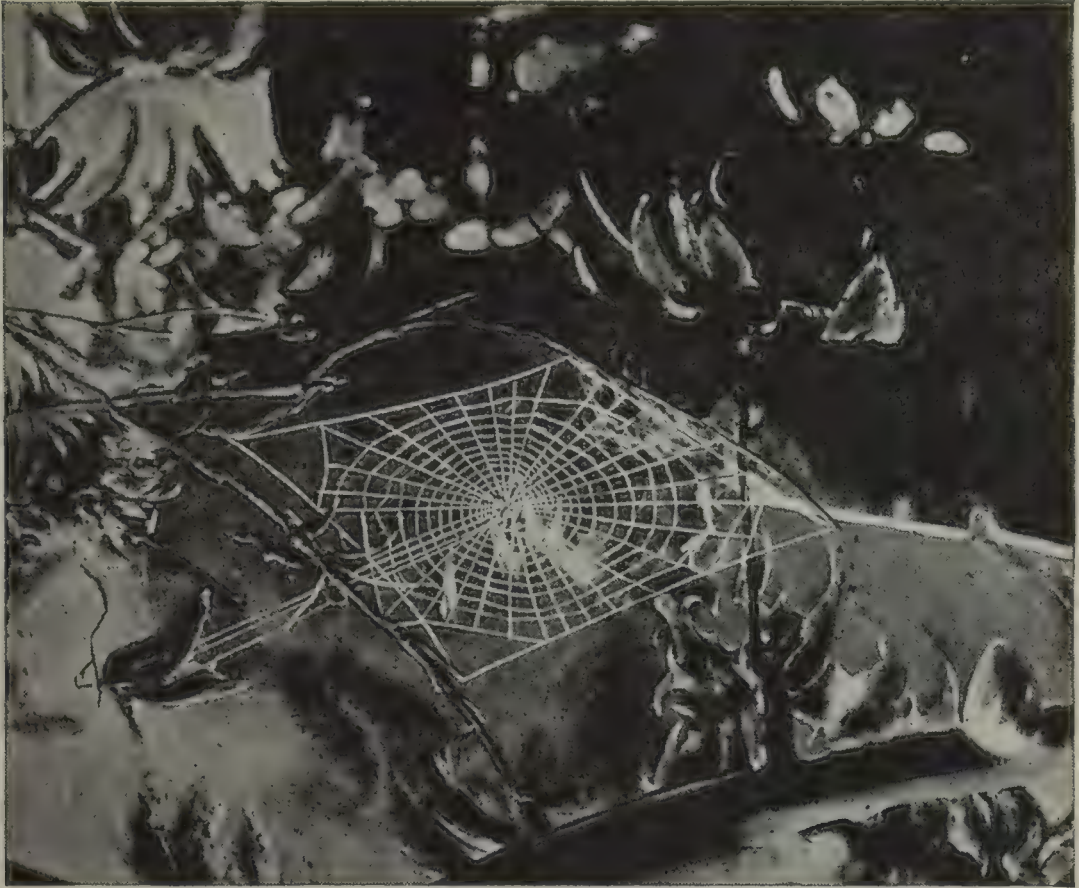
He walks a few steps up the grass blade, and, with another of his sudden springs, shoots, or snaps like a snapping seed, to another spire. I now notice a new fact of spider life: for an instant, as a breath of air stirs, a thread of light spans the last-crossed chasm, straight from the spider to his previous resting place. It is plain

<sup>1</sup> From *Essays and Essay-Writing* by William M. Tanner. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company.



that he traces the course of his wanderings by a web, a sort of clue to the grassy labyrinth; though for what purpose I cannot understand.

Now he displays his skill as a tumbler, for in leaping from one grass stem to another he turns a somersault, and alights head downwards. That certainly puts to shame your ordinary floor-



*American Museum of Natural History, N. Y. C.*

#### SPIDER WEBS

tumbling gymnasts. Then he travels onward for a minute or two, with little rest, making about two inches at a leap. Once he shows another feat of mid-air gymnastics. He sees, six inches lower and nearly beneath him, the horizontally spreading leaf of a little herb, towards which he leaps. But he alights on the underside of the leaf. Apparently this is impossible, yet I happen to perceive how it is accomplished. He aims to clear the leaf's edge by ever so little; then, at the moment of passing, strikes out all the sharp-hooked

feet of one side, catches the leaf, thus arresting his fall, and swings himself to the underside. Imagine the attempt of the best human gymnast to perform the same feat, with proportionally one-tenth the downward leap which the spider makes, and you realize something of the strength and skill of this little being.

Several times I observe the gleaming thread carefully attached before each jump. It serves no manifest purpose, such as that of fly catching or of a bridge. Before leaping, the little fellow prettily raises his hands, or forelegs, evidently in the act of taking aim. He springs for a definite mark, and is remarkably sure of his aim — a fact which, it may incidentally be pointed out, proves that for distances of several inches the vision of hunting spiders is perfectly distinct and clear.

Alas! At the very instant I brag about him to my friends he misses entirely, and falls — no, he does not fall to the ground but swings on that little, well-fastened web back to the stalk from which he jumped. I see now the purpose of that fine thread, the clue to the maze, of which he always carries one end. It is a kind of fire escape, to be used in case he does not make the target aimed for. And the failure to reach footing this time is rather the fault of the slender, yielding grass stalk whence he sprung.

It is now five minutes before three o'clock. In the last fifteen minutes he has traveled five feet from the place where I first saw him. He has rested briefly here and there, looking about for prey, and twice has made an unsuccessful attempt to strike down a very small individual of the fly kind which had alighted on a near grass leaf. Each time the winged atom has flown at the instant of the hunter's springing. These flying mites, of a delicate green tint, hundreds of which would weigh scarcely a single grain, have upon their heads tufts of finest hairs, which in the sunlight appear like queerly fashioned halos. The sunbeams easily pass through these little insects, while a breath blows them with resistless force. There are thousands of them flying in and above the grass; and all these thousands, like scholastic angels, could dance upon a pin point. At rest on the herbage they are nearly invisible to my coarse eyes.



The hunter has now given up the plan of flushing his game. As he sits upon the stub of a very young tree, untimely cut off by last year's scythes, he looks not unlike a lion in waiting for his prey; or, let us say, like Satan casting his baleful eyes about him. Smaller than that hero as he is described in *Paradise Lost*, indeed; but on this island all things flow, and the stream, flowing backward, turns great to small, and small to great.

A beetle, one sixteenth of an inch long perhaps, comes lumbering up the stalk of a dwarfish herb. As he gains the roof of a leaf, he comes into Satan's den. The latter turns about, to eye him; but beetles seem not to his taste, and he resumes his former position. An "angel," alighting on a grass blade about eight inches from the spider, attracts my eye; I wonder if hunger has sufficiently sharpened Satan's. Yes, he is off, and, making nearly the whole distance in three leaps, is within an inch and a half of the angel; he raises his hands for the leap, and — but the angel, discerning its enemy's motions perhaps, now takes flight. The spider comes back to the stub. Another minute, and he suddenly springs downward, alighting on the underside of a procumbent grass leaf, and immediately returns, successful; for in his massive jaws, feebly struggling, is an angel. His victim clasped to his breast in malign embrace, he settles to his orgies. For a time the unfortunate's antennae feebly wave. In six minutes I can see no trace, not even the shell of the body, of the angel. Then for seven minutes afterward the satisfied monster does not stir. The beetle, or a twin brother, upward bound for the summit of the stub, crawls by without disturbing his huge content.

III. As you read the next story, follow this simple outline: —

1. Squanto's discovery
2. Massasoit's decision
3. The Indians' visit to the Pilgrims
4. The peace compact
5. What Squanto taught the Pilgrims
6. The first harvest
7. The first Thanksgiving



THE STORY OF SQUANTO<sup>1</sup>

It was a day in winter, and the wind blew strong as Squanto, an Indian scout, knelt beside the log stockade of the Pilgrims, down at the foot of the hill, gazing in at them through the cracks. What he saw caused him astonishment. There were only half the number that had come to Plymouth some time before in the ship *Mayflower*, and that half, men and women, sat huddled now about a single fire in the big room of the fort. Their pinched, white faces told a pitiful story to the Indian. They were starving! At once Squanto thought of his own lodge that was hung with dried venison and fish and stored with grains and dried berries in preparation for this long, hard winter. These Pilgrims had none of such things.

Squanto rose to his feet and as "softly as a red leaf drifts, blown by the wind," he hurried back through the wintry woods of Plymouth to his people with the news that the Pilgrims, in spite of their courage and hard work, were about to lose their fight with hunger. The palefaces were conquered — unless — And what Squanto now thought made him travel very swiftly.

He did not stop until he reached camp, and then, around the council fire of the chief, Massasoit, there gathered immediately the chief members of his tribe to talk about the settlement at Plymouth. When they had said all they wished, Massasoit rose and led the way to a mound of earth just outside the limits of the camp. There were many of these mounds. Some of them held battle-axes and tomahawks, and bows and arrows; others held tools that the Indians had stolen from the Pilgrims and did not know how to use. They were Indian treasure mounds. Massasoit opened one of these mounds and lifted out some heavy baskets filled with kernels of grain — yellow and red and black. He fingered the yellow grains in his hands as if they were gold coins; indeed, they were more precious to him than money, for each one held a power that would help a hungry man keep alive a little longer. They were kernels of Indian

<sup>1</sup> Adapted from "The First Fight" in *Boy Heroes of America*, by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey. Chicago: A. Flanagan Company, 1938.

corn. Massasoit lifted out a basket of corn and returned with it to his lodge. He had decided to help his paleface neighbors.

Some days later the Pilgrims were startled by an unexpected sight. Two copper-skinned, half-naked Indian runners, straight as arrows, appeared in their midst. They were Squanto and his friend Samoset. They said that the great chief of their tribe, Massasoit himself, was coming with a company of warriors to visit the white men. Even as the runners spoke, the Pilgrims saw Massasoit and his men coming up the hill back of Plymouth, their faces painted with wide streaks of black and white or black and red, and foxes' tails hung in their long, snakelike hair. Each Indian carried a bow and arrows and a battle-ax. They stopped on the brow of the hill for an exchange of hostages.

The Pilgrims understood why they were waiting, for the giving and taking of hostages was an old custom of the nations. Quickly they got ready a man to go to meet the Indians. He wore polished armor, had a sword, and carried knives and copper chains as gifts. His name was Winslow and his going showed great courage, for Massasoit had picked warriors with him. When Winslow stood before the Indians, however, they stacked their weapons and followed him down the hill into Plymouth.

The Pilgrims seated the Indians on cushions and feasted them from the scanty food they had left. When the feast was over, the first treaty made between the white men and the red was signed. The Indians who could speak English learned the words by heart and taught them to the others. It was an excellent peace compact. By it the Indians and Pilgrims agreed to do each other no hurt. The races would be allies, and Massasoit would send word about this treaty to all the Indian tribes thereabout. After the treaty was signed Massasoit arose and, with his warriors following him, went back across the hill to his camp.

But Squanto lingered. He opened his cloak of deerskin and drew out a basket of strange yellow and red and black seeds, and showed them to the wondering Pilgrims. He told them that these seeds, if planted correctly, would save them from starvation.

Now Squanto, who was a successful farmer, saw that the Pilgrims did not understand how to make crops grow in the New World. So "he showed them how to plant the corn in hills at a time in the spring when the new leaves on the trees were the size of a field mouse's ear. He told them that a fish buried in the earth of each hill would make the seed of corn in that hill grow. He said that pumpkin and corn would grow together in the same field, and that while they were waiting for the harvest to grow, they could eat fish from the waters near by. They could get salmon by going out on the waters in an Indian canoe, which was very light. They could get eels by treading them out of the mud with their bare feet. Such food made splendid fare if rightly cooked." So Squanto gave his knowledge to the English settlers, and in return they gave him beads, a jackknife, shoes, and a hat.

How happy the Pilgrims were when the first green shoots of their planting pushed their way up through the earth! Then the spring turned into summer, and there were rich fields of grain and green gardens around their log homes. When autumn came, everybody went to the fields to help gather the harvest, even the governor. Every morning a drum would beat, calling the laborers to the fields.

There were now corn and corn meal in the bin, and plenty of wild geese, turkeys, waterfowl, deer, and partridges in the country. The Pilgrims were very grateful for these blessings. They decided to spread a feast for everybody, in thanksgiving, to show their gratitude. So the housewives baked puddings and pies and roasts! Long tables set with pewter plates were stretched out, and along their sides, rush-bottomed chairs were placed for the guests. Everybody helped, even the children, for had they not all known what it meant to be cold and hungry and sad? And were they not all happy now? They gathered nuts and piled up baskets with apples for the feast.

And then, almost at the very hour set for the banquet, the great Indian chief, Massasoit, and his warriors appeared. They had heard of the Thanksgiving celebration and had come to take part in it! They set up their camp out of doors, and Massasoit sent his men out into the forest to hunt more game, so that there would be food



enough, and the Pilgrims put up more tables under the trees. By and by these were spread with baked clams, broiled fish, roasted turkey, and corn, vegetables, and fruit.

They then seated themselves, red men and white, for the first American Thanksgiving feast.

IV. Using the very first sentence as your guide, divide this article into its natural parts:

Introduction — which paragraphs?

Minerals — which paragraphs?

Rocks — which paragraphs?

Fossils — which paragraphs?

Conclusion — which?

### WATCH FOR FOSSILS IN THE ROCKS YOU FIND<sup>1</sup>

1. Rocks, minerals, and fossils are the indicators used in the larger science of geology. From the nature of the rocks, you can learn what happened at the time of their formation: from the minerals in the rocks you can find out where the raw materials came from; and from the fossils, an expert can tell how old the rocks are.

2. Collecting of rocks, minerals, and fossils is a fascinating hobby, one which can be continued for years, even in an area of a few square miles around your home, without running out of materials.

3. Minerals are the crystalline materials rocks are made of. They usually have a very definite shape, a characteristic color, and a specific hardness. Size of the crystals means nothing. A cube of yellow iron pyrite may be a perfect crystal when it is hardly large enough to see, while another may be two inches across a side.

4. When mineral specimens are collected, they should be attached to a note telling exactly where they came from, wrapped to prevent scratching of the crystalline surfaces, and stored in any convenient box, unless a corner of a bookcase or something similar can be used to house the collection. Do not pick out the small crystals so com-

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from *Science News Letter*.

monly found in "nests" in rock. These groups of crystals are more interesting if collected with the rock holding them.

5. Rocks are groups of minerals containing many crystals of several kinds, or many fragments of crystals. Sandstone, for example, is composed of quartz grains cemented together, often with iron rust. Rocks are usually collected in "hand size" specimens, roughly three by four by one inches, and may be chipped down to this size with an old hammer. Don't use a good carpenter's hammer for this work, or it won't be good very long. Rocks, like minerals, should be labeled, telling exactly where they came from. If the classification is uncertain, that can be made later.

6. There are three general kinds of rock: igneous rocks, that melted in the depths of the earth and hardened in their present positions, like granite; sedimentary rocks made when sands and muds hardened, like sandstone; and metamorphic rocks, made when either igneous or sedimentary rock have been buried and heated and later exposed. The flaky mica schists of the East are a good example.

7. Fossils are evidences of ancient life, and may be bones, or shells, or plant remains. These should be handled with care, for many of them are delicate. The "bugs" found in many parts of the country are fossil trilobites, small crablike creatures that lived in seas millions of years ago.

8. When collecting fossils, take out the rock all around them, and label the fossil carefully, telling again exactly where it came from. If large fossil bones are found, tell your state museum about them, as large fossil bones are best dug out by experts, and may be easily ruined by unskilled digging.

9. Collecting minerals, rocks, and fossils is one of the cheapest and most interesting of hobbies, costing, in general, only the effort put into it. Every once in a while, some amateur geologist, working at his hobby, finds out things that greatly increase the world's knowledge of the earth's past history. Maybe you'll do it some day!

V. Make a simple outline to show the main divisions of thought. There should be seven points in your outline. Check your outline



*From Ewing Galloway, N. Y.*

FOSSIL REMAINS OF A GIANT PLESIOSAURUS FOUND BY A  
TEXAS RANCHER



for accuracy. If you made any mistakes, destroy your first attempt and try again.

## HOW TO EAT FRUIT<sup>1</sup>

*By Mary F. Clark and Margery Closey Quigley*

No fruit should be bitten into, whole, at the table.

Dry fruits, such as apples, are peeled and quartered and then eaten with the fingers.

Juicy fruits are eaten as are peaches — peeled and quartered and then eaten with the fork, or fingers, whichever you can manage most safely.

Strawberries one sometimes eats with a spoon from a bowl of cream, as in the days of the Mother Goose rhyme. At another time, the strawberries with green hulls attached are piled around a mound of powdered sugar, into which you dip the berries one at a time, holding them by the hull.

Fruit pits of all sorts and sizes, from grape seeds on up to peach stones, should be taken from the mouth with the first finger and thumb. They should be laid on the plate well over toward the edge, if the fruit has been served on a plate. "Unostentatiously" is the motto.

Cooked fruits are eaten with a spoon. If there are seeds or pits in this cooked fruit, they are removed from the mouth with the thumb and first finger.

You see bananas eaten in so many ways that you wonder what, in the last analysis, is correct. The jungle method, of stripping off the skin and throwing the skin away, — any time, any place, — then consuming what remains in about the same fashion as a comedian eats a sausage, is common, but not acceptable or neat.

Instead, strip the skin down part way, break off a small piece of the banana itself in the right hand, and eat it in the way you might eat a roll.

<sup>1</sup> From *Etiquette, Jr.*, by Mary E. Clark and Margery Closey Quigley. Copyright, 1926, by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.

Eat sliced bananas with a spoon, one-half slice at a time. A baked banana is eaten with a fork, as if it were a vegetable.

Remember that the juice of fruit ruins a good linen napkin, not only for the immediate present, but for months to come, so do not wipe your hands upon the napkin unless driven to it by dire necessity. The hostess will provide a finger bowl as a rule.

*Under no circumstances lick your fingers!*

VI. State the main topic of each paragraph. In other words, what is each paragraph about?

### A POPULAR NEW GAME

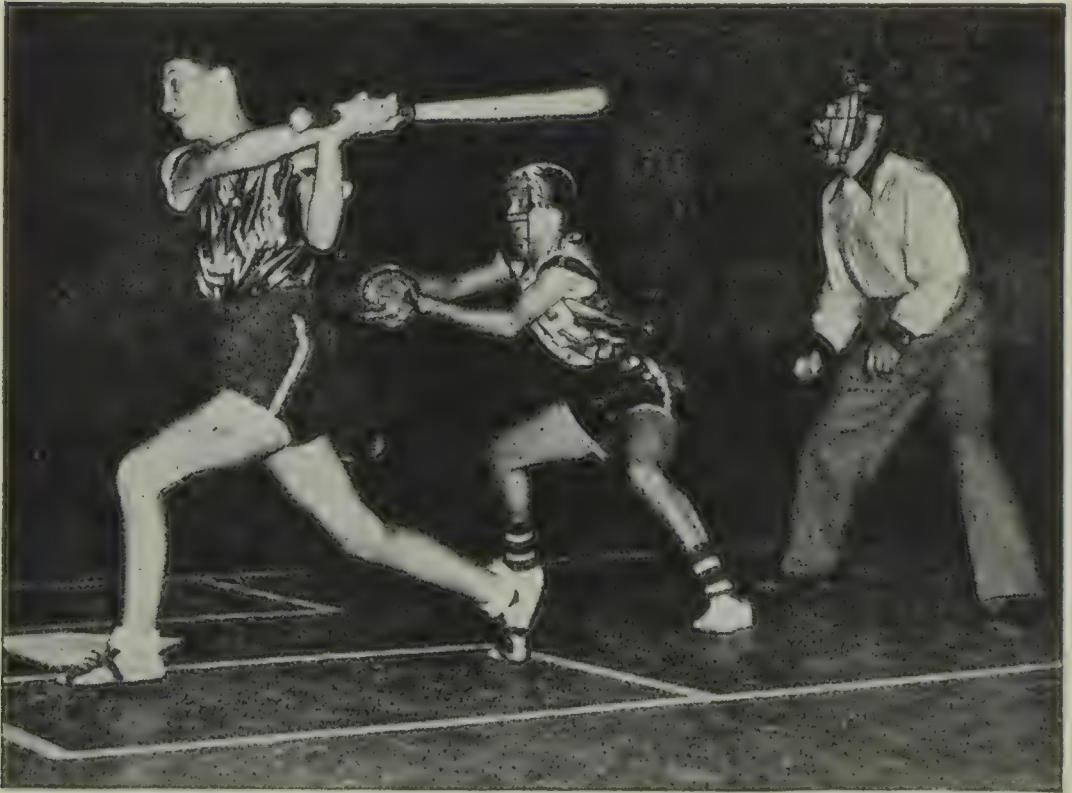
A sports writer who recently made a transcontinental tour says that softball has swept the states. Entire families are playing in local teams in towns of all sizes, to the delight of friends and neighbors who sit on the side lines and "root." It is estimated that last year about eleven million men, women, boys, and girls played in softball league games in more than four hundred and thirty cities throughout the country.

Notwithstanding its popularity, softball is comparatively new. The first official rules for this game, which closely resembles indoor baseball, were formulated in 1919. This makes it much younger than most of our other well-known sports.

The game has had various names. It was first known officially as playground ball. Some of its other names have been mush ball, kitten ball, diamond ball, and indoor-outdoor ball. Its present name seems more appropriate than any of the others and probably it will stick.

Softball has several important advantages. It requires a rather small amount of space; for example, two teams can play at once on a baseball diamond. It does not call for very much equipment; in fact, it can be played with a bat and a softball alone, although it is a good idea to have gloves for the catcher and first baseman, and special shoes are sometimes worn. A softball game, which has seven innings, can be played in about forty-five minutes. Thus, it is

possible to play an entire game during the lunch hour, which fact makes it fine for industrial towns. It is a good evening sport, for it can be played under electric lights.



*Wide World Photos, Inc.*

#### GIRLS' SOFTBALL GAME IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

In view of the many advantages of softball, it is not surprising that more than fifty thousand teams compete each year for a place in the national softball tournament.

VII. State the main idea in each paragraph.

#### RATTLER AND KING SNAKE<sup>1</sup>

*By Archibald Rutledge*

Not long ago, I saw a very strange encounter between a rattler and a king snake, one of the few inveterate enemies the rattler has.

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from *Wild Life of the South* by Archibald Rutledge. Copyright, 1935, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.



A party of us had been deer hunting in October, a bad month for snakes in the pinelands of the South. As we gathered in the road after a drive, one of our number bore over his shoulder a long pine pole, and upon the pole a strange burden. Wrapped tensely in a final and fatal battle were a rattler and a king snake.

These snakes were of about the same proportions; the killer was slightly longer, and the rattler slightly heavier in the body. It was a timber rattler, not a lordly diamondback. When his sinister burden was deposited in the road we separated the snakes with poles, and a difficult feat it was to drag them apart. They were battling to the death.

One man of the group suggested that we have a race, and to this proposal we agreed. We lifted the rattlesnake across a roadside ditch and gave him a quiet chance to crawl away. Indeed, so deliberate were his movements that we were obliged to allow him almost half an hour before we were sure that he had made any kind of getaway. At that time we turned the "thunderbolt" — a local and exceedingly apt description of the king snake — loose on his trail.

I shall never forget with what intelligent alacrity, with what hound-like precision, the king snake followed the trail. We followed also, though we had some difficulty in so doing. About two hundred yards from the road we came upon the combatants. Once more they were locked in grim and gorgeous battle. It appeared to me — and I examined them very closely — that they had precisely the same "hold" on each other as they had had when first found.

This second fight we did not try to stop. And it could have but one end, for the king snake is completely the master of the rattler. However, I doubt if any king snake could handle one of the huge old diamondbacks that it has been my dubious privilege to encounter — regal serpents, not only of dreadful venomous power but also of the greatest physical strength.

VIII. Next comes a newspaper account of the difficulties that face government experts who go out into lonely regions to get new information. List the kinds of difficulties mentioned.

WORRIES OF GOVERNMENT EXPERTS<sup>1</sup>

Vanishing flags and food tablets are some of the minor worries of a big group of government experts who lock up their desks every spring and head for the open spaces. These men — soon to be headed for such places as Death Valley, the Henry Mountain, Alaska, and the swamplands of the South — say there is more work and woe than romance about their jobs.

All winter geologists, biologists, engineers, and other natural scientists work at desks, drawing boards, and microscopes in government office buildings. When spring comes, they grease their boots, oil their instruments, pack their duffelbags, and set out to add important bits to the nation's knowledge of its resources.

To chart the country's store of gold and coal, silver, zinc and phosphate, the rock experts of the Geological Survey are sent into remote regions. Often they have to map the land as they go. Sometimes the trouble starts there. A party was surveying the wild Navajo country of northern New Mexico. They erected a flag for a target and sweated ten miles across the desert to take a sight with surveying instruments. No flag. They plodded back, and the flag was gone. They put up another flag, went off again, and that one disappeared. It happened three or four times. The Indian agent suggested the colored flag would clothe a Navajo nicely. The natural scientists tore the next flag in shreds before they raised it. It stayed tacked to the staff and they made their map.

Pill food is another problem. Potato cartridges are soaked in water. The soggy result is eaten as mashed potatoes. "There's as much power in one of those soup cartridges as in a dynamite stick that size," remarked a geologist.

If a party jumps off from civilization and stays away all summer, it may have seven horses to carry all the food, tents, instruments, and equipment for five men. But a party that can return occasionally to a base camp may take canned goods instead of dried-food

<sup>1</sup> Adapted from "Pigs Eat Labels Off Food Cans." Reprinted by permission of the Associated Press.

cartridges. One such party made camp near a desert ranch, to have water handy. The rancher's pigs got loose and ate all the labels off the cans. "The rest of the summer we never knew, when we opened a can, whether we'd have beans or strawberries," laughed the surveyor.

Hitching across Alaskan snow by dog sled, an expedition will leave caches of food along the route, to feed on during the lonely back track. And men who found their caches robbed have come in very hungry.

The open mountain air is nice, but that in a deserted mine may not be. That's where a geologist may go. When miners abandon a mine, they erect ladders on the long, steeply slanting shaft. But water seeps through and rots the wood. The explorer tests each rung with care as he climbs down into the mine, but once a whole section of ladder collapsed when the man's foot rested on it. He hung by his hands from the rung above, listening to his miner's lamp tinkling down and down the shaft, until an assistant brought a rope. Rotting timbers give off gases, too. "There was so little air in the mine I worked," recalled one, "that you couldn't light a match. It just wouldn't burn. I had to come all the way to the surface for air every twenty minutes. Slow, hard work."

If a canoe upsets or fire steals a tent or two, the explorer can't go to the crossroads store for new supplies. There's no crossroads within reach, and probably no store anyway. A long-remembered sight in gold-rush Fairbanks, Alaska, was the government man who returned from the far-off hills heavily bearded and dressed in a parka made of a waterproofed flour sack and pants one leg of which was a colorful Indian blanket. Fire had damaged his store.

The man who gets into too many of these jams gets the cold glint from his superiors. "We don't take chances for fun," explained W. C. Mendenhall, Director of the Geological Survey. "We have a job to do, and we do it. And so far, we've been very lucky."

IX. Read the next selection to discover the way the proper names are grouped. Then write a subtitle for each division.



ADVENTURES IN THE POSTAL GUIDE<sup>1</sup>

*By Alfred H. Holt*

"Napoleonville" is cited by Anthony Armstrong in *John o' London's Weekly* as one of the queer place names of which America is blissfully unconscious. With all due respect to our glorious country, I submit that we have several louder and funnier ones than that.

If I were not limiting myself to our official post-office guides, I might recommend, for our prize winner, one of these hamlets: Two Egg, Swallow Well, Hog Scald, Greasy Corners, Coy City, or Wham. These six have been vouched for by the Associated Press; all others appear in lists issued by the Post Office Department.

I might, then, choose one of these strange specimens: Fackler, Gackly, Breathedsville, Mouthcard, Edcouch, Elsiecoal, Soddy, Wopowog, Meddybemps, Pahrump, Tumtum. Or some longer ones — Pattagumpus, Homosassa, Sinnamahoning, Antassawamock Neck (probably the longest in the land). Perhaps it would be Breakabeen, which is, or should be, a welcome substitute for "take pot-luck" — "Won't you come in and break a bean with us tonight?"

America is not as rich as England in compounds such as Spital-in-the-Street and Ribby-with-Wren. But we do have Sedro Woolley (out near Walla Walla), Leaksville Spray, King and Queen, Bird in Hand (but, alas, no "Two in the Bush"), Meadows of Dán, Lower Peach Tree, and Ten Sleep. There is North Zulch, West Frostproof (s'help me, a tongue twister!), and North, South Carolina.

Combinations and contrasts pop out of every page of the post-office guide: Amos, Andyville; Heavener, Hellier; No Wood, Nowata; Tea, and Teaticket; Ink, and Inkster; Sinkin, Sank, and Neversink; DeLay, Linger, and Waite (and that gives us the old nickname for a certain railroad); a Rollingstone, and four Mosses; Wewanta, Wewahitchka (like an inarticulate pair of hitchhikers);

<sup>1</sup> From *Adventures in the Postal Guide*, by Alfred H. Holt. Reprinted by permission of *Scholastic*, the American High School Weekly.



*Courtesy of Santa Claus Chamber of Commerce*

#### POSTOFFICE AT SANTA CLAUS, INDIANA

Waggy, Amble, Amawalk, Rockawalking; Whoopflarea, Hoopup, Ohhopee, Yellville.

Others that seem to fit together are: Sopchoppy, West Chop, Choptank; Cutlips, Cutshin, Cuthand; Cuttyhunk, and Short Off; Shickshinny, Shinhopple, Shinnecock; Hackberry, Hacksneck, Great Neck, Gum Neck, and plain Neck; Pana, and Panasoffkee (evidently Pana's singing teacher noticed something wrong).

Here are five Indian names that a sufficiently fantastic imagination can convert into a conversation in Pidgin English: Cooleemee,

Chesuncook, Coahoma, Contoocook, Meeteetsee. My translation is as follows: —

“I am a coolie. Chee Sun, the cook, has gone home.”

“Can’t you cook? I’ll teach you.”

For food, there are Biscuit, Bivalve, Peanut, Soda, Hamm, Crispy, and Bacon, while for clothes we have, among others, Shoo, Vest, Kilts, Ty Ty, Overall, and Blanket. Then there is this concise conversation about an item of apparel: —

“Wysox?” “Whynot?” “Seewhy.”

Nonchalanta forms a pretty contrast with Roaring and Slinger. A ferocious sign north of Milwaukee reads, “Slinger, 5 miles.”

The pioneer spirit influenced the christening of infant towns, not only in the passion for classical names, like Troy and Athens, Syracuse, Palmyra, Sparta, Corinth, and Rome, and hopeful ones, like Benevolence and Sublimity, but also in a frank disgust with the way stations at which the covered wagons perforce stopped en route to the Promised Land. The prize for smallness is awarded to Picayune, Morepoint, and Speck. Others for which their founders seem to have had little or no enthusiasm are: Folly, Looneyville, Badwater, Boggy Depot, Nixburg, Rocky Comfort, Smoky Ordinary, Mud, Tub, Blanks, Rat, and Experiment (for which there used to be two, but one failed). Some names that you wouldn’t even call your best friend are: Battiest, Dingy, Lumpkin, Nohead, Troublesome, Soso, Viper, and Bug.

Passing on from active animosity to indications of being tired of it all, we unearth Fossilville, Dull Center, Sleepy Eye, and Quietus. It is only fair to say, however, that the first was doubtless so named not as a slam but in compliment to an adjacent deposit of relics; while Sleepy Eye is, I believe, simply the translation of an Indian name.

Lest John o’ London suspect that our pioneer ancestors were always filled with great discontent, we would assure him that there are hundreds of sweet and lovely names, with such proud ones as Pleasant Unity, Social Circle, and Solid Comfort topping the list. Let him picture the joyous informality of the founders of Okay



and Goody, the geographical joviality of West Friendship, and that supreme quality of putting first things first that impelled some truly great lover to call his place of abode Horse Heaven.

- X. Read the following selection and write subtitles for the different parts. You may need to write eight subtitles.

## CIRCUS<sup>1</sup>

*By Paul Eipper*

A shrill, trilling whistle at five minutes to seven. It is the "ready" signal for all animal men, stagehands, and stable masters. The admittance, the public life of the circus, is beginning.

Hardly ever does any artist seclude himself, even though he may not be on duty, during the admittance. But most of them are on duty, on "kid-glove service." And here come the three trainers, the lion tamer, my friend of the tigers, and the bear man. They are dressed in scarlet frock coats with numerous glittering Brandenburgs. Thus arrayed, they "direct" for an hour in the auditorium, pointing out their places to the box holders, those who have parquet or gallery seats, tonight in Swedish, next month in Norwegian, next year, perhaps, in Spanish, German, or Russian. They are always polite, always sympathetic. And then, when the performance begins, they all stand in front of the red curtain at the mounting place, wearing white kid gloves, at one and the same time masters and servants, as well as helpers in time of trouble, should anything "happen" to the comrade in the ring.

From time to time one of the scarlet-frocked gentlemen disappears. Then his neighbor knows that he is getting into his costume and making his final preparations in order himself to ride, to do acrobatic stunts, or show wild beasts in the ring, glittering with lights. When, ten minutes later, he has received his tribute of applause, he bows, wipes the sweat from his brow, once more

<sup>1</sup> From *Circus*, by Paul Eipper. Copyright, 1931. By permission of the Viking Press, Inc., New York.

puts on the garb of equality, and "stands guard" in his scarlet coat until the end of the evening's performance.

But we haven't come to that yet. The clock on the adjacent church steeple strikes seven times. Now the bandsmen climb into their façade, the brightly decorated, stationary projecting gallery at the entrance to the circus tent, the "marquee." With its thousand electric-light bulbs this gallery is an optical as well as an acoustic lure. The Czechoslovak conductor raises his baton, and the instruments blare away. The promenade concert from the lofty height continues for an hour, to the joy of the visitors outside the fence, who uninterruptedly besiege the entrance. Already a number of would-be ticket buyers are crowding around the six ticket booths, and now the visitors are trickling in, timidly serious, one by one, four at a time, more and more of them — the audience is entering.

No matter which circus I have visited, whether on the Mediterranean or in England, the director, together with all the officials not on duty, always stood at one side, in the short, broad passage leading from the ticket taker's office or booth, during the admission hour. Here the circus man can unmistakably get the "feel" of the evening's atmosphere. At ten minutes past seven he already knows whether he will have a grateful and interested or an indifferent audience. In just the same way the first business manager always inquires at the ticket booths as to the coinage in which payment is made, and therefrom draws his conclusions. If a quantity of coppers turns up in the cashbox he knows that the townsfolk are hard up, and in the afternoon he sends the Negroes, together with a couple of elephants, through the main streets, thus reinforcing his advertising.

Today we need not have recourse to such an expedient. Shortly before eight o'clock the "Sold Out!" sign is hanging over the ticket booth. The director is radiant. "A great house! If we finish loading up in good time I'll stand treat!" The stage manager notes the promise and whispers it to the lot superintendent.

But the human stream is still flooding into the tent. An artist complainingly hurries up to the ticket taker's booth: "Call it a day,



PUTTING UP THE BIG TOP

*Wide World Photos, Inc.*

fellows! There are extra chairs in all the boxes. I can't even get a mouse in the gallery, they're already packed like sardines up there! You're too good at your job!" At the same time he grabs hold of half-a-dozen farmer boys, and, somehow or other, stuffs them into seats. He speaks a Saxon dialect, whether in the Old World or in the New, but his hands talk an international language, and his face wears a smile that won't come off.

On the day the show is moved our order of performance is turned upside down. The wild beasts go on first, so that at the end of their performance their iron-barred cage will not be in the way. The tigers are already slinking in, just as they did at rehearsal this morning. The band plays the "Triumphal March" from *Aïda*. Rudolf Matthies is still back in the tiger wagon, driving the last few beasts through the passageway. Just as Ulla shoves his broad head into the arena, the Sumatran tiger Romeo crosses his path. Good old Ulla snorts and brushes the other tiger's chest with his whiskers. In a flash the brawler has him by the throat. Ulla shakes himself without uttering a sound, slams him across the face with his left



forepaw, and, conscious of his strength, moves on unperturbed. First the Sumatran tiger totters, then he snarls, leaps on Ulla from behind like a bolt of lightning, clenches his teeth in his neck, and, howling and spitting terribly, the two beasts roll together in the sand. The audience is frightened. Women begin to scream, panic is in the air. But Rudolf Matthies, stooping because of his height, speeds through the low barred runway, and proves that he knows just where to lay on the whip.

The whole excitement, up to the trainer's intervention, has lasted no more than twenty seconds. How stern and domineering the Hamburger's amiable voice now sounds. But it puts an end to all confusion; Romeo leaps to his place, and the performance begins and ends without further accident.

While the cages are being taken out, the entr'acte clowns surge noisily into the ring. In contrast to the "Entree-Clowns" (such as the Bronetts are), these clowns have no solo numbers, they merely fill in the intervals with their jokes, horseplay, and tumblings, and come and go as they are needed.

And then Yakimovich, the bareback rider, shoots into the circus arena, hunched up on his racing steed, and suddenly hangs head downward between saddle and ground. This horseman, hot-blooded Cossack, picks up bright-colored silk handkerchiefs from the ground while his horse gallops around in a circle, his hoofs showering the public with sand.

Now Yakimovich discharges a pistol, suddenly leaps erect on his horse's shoulders, then does a headstand, swings under the madly galloping animal's neck, and finally performs the most daring equestrian feat of all, slowly disappearing under the stallion's belly as he sweeps by at full speed, and, making a turn under its body, coming up on the other side and once more sitting in the saddle.

Another pistol shot, a final shout, and the whirlwind has vanished. With solemn, measured pace the steers now enter the ring, do their turn, and make way for the next number.

A heavily barred case, large enough to hide a horse in, rolls on massive wheels through the mounting place, close to the ring.

Sailors and a man in a captain's uniform remove the front side of the case and — a miracle is revealed!

To what may it be compared? In the huge, shadowy box sits, crouches, lies, a gray, earth-colored colossus, with a moist, tun-shaped body. When the sailor, cracking his whip, approaches, the breathing cylinder raises itself up, a grotesque mammalian head grows out of its broad chest, and extremities flutter at the right and left — stumps of wings or flaps of skin?

Like some fat snake — or maybe a dragon — the monster writhes, contracts, tries to climb the sides of its box, and then, conscious of its helplessness, utters a creaking roar that re-echoes the primal world.

Next, as though in obedience to some compelling command, the erect body droops, something whisks up behind it like a fan, and, like a water bag swollen to its utmost, the colossus moves swayingly over the gangplank into the lighted circle of the ring, heaves itself up on a pedestal, snorts heavily, and with closed nostrils lapses into motionless meditation.

To put it plainly, we are concerned with the performance of the trained sea elephant, a gigantic elephant seal, about twelve feet long, a unique feature of Carl Hagenbeck's "absolute circus." But the above description conveys no idea of the impression that overpowers us with uncanny force. A number of years ago I saw a sphinx owned by a collector, a gray mass of lava, a fabulous beast with all the unique characteristics of the ancient Egyptian animal idols — yet here all this was so savagely, so harshly and crudely, translated, so martially forceful, that I could not help but think of the bloodstained idols of the Maya and Aztec Indians, from which, incidentally, this plastic type seemed derived — a barbaric sphinx.

This is the exact impression produced by the sea elephant from the South Pole. He is doubly impressive in his shapeless massivity when, a few minutes later, six small, coppery, glistening sea lions hurry into the ring and give an astounding exhibition of their mastery of the arts of balance. They juggle with rubber balls and burning torches. One spins like a top on his own axis, at the same time

balancing a high silk hat, cocked on its brim, on the tip of his nose. While this almost inconceivable artistic performance is in process, the sea elephant gazes impassively with two huge black eyes at his little cousin, and merely utters an organ-like sob.

Finally he himself takes the center of the stage, this giant weighing nearly 3500 pounds, lifts his head and chest, and raises the upper part of his body perpendicularly. He does so willingly, for tasty fishes that he swallows by the bucketful are his reward. As a sign of satisfaction he slaps his forefins relishingly against his body.

But suddenly the monster attempts to break away. He violently puffs out his nostrils into wide caverns, and his snout arches itself into a projecting trunk. Like a wave of destruction the beast pants aimlessly through the ring, its maw gapes rattlingly open, and it looks as though any minute the Moloch would give vent to a cloud of flame. But the trainer's word and his toying whip lead the sea elephant back to his place, where he quietly stretches his head upward, and dreams of a primal world are again mirrored in his weary eyes.

It is suppertime. A large crowd has gathered in front of my wagon. The Somalis are standing at the office wagon and are gesticulating so violently that the whites of their eyes shine with a ghostly glitter. There can't be any trouble, for the inspector is among them, laughing and chatting with the English interpreter. During supper I learn the reason of this assembly that takes place every evening. Last week the Somalis had a regular battle with the Hindus — on an issue of business efficiency. It seems that while the menagerie is on exhibition the children of these exotic peoples sell picture postcards. Well, a brisk Somali boy pushed aside the little Hindu girl because he wanted to sell a man his own cards. The child of the Ganges fell into a Swedish mud puddle and ran howling to her mother. She complained to the father, who fell to abusing Mohammed's big brother. Neither the black nor the coffee-colored disputant understood each other, but they talked themselves into an indignant rage, and suddenly two tens of fingers were cramped into two heads of woolly hair. There were wild shouts, and in the twinkling of an



eye all the auxiliary troops arrived on the scene. Spears and knives flashed, a little blood flowed, and finally a much larger quantity of cold water, for the stage manager had the presence of mind to hose the fighters. Since then our good savages have their weapons doled out to them only for the ring performance.

The intermission is over. In the big top the performance proceeds as on any other day. But what has become of our lions, tigers, and bears? The whole wild-beast menagerie has vanished, as though blown away, is simply no longer here. Behind the mounting place I find only a long, empty tent, a little straw on the ground, and a small pile of sawdust.

While number after number is given in front of the red curtain, the whole circus city is crumbling away. This very moment the canvas is being taken from the stable tent, and the court is completely empty. The tents of the Negroes, the monkey cages, the parrot perches, the cranes, and the tiger cubs have been packed away. And over the empty square run the camels, led in pairs by their grooms. To the left, part of the fence has been taken down, and the ships of the desert sway into the open, down the highway to the railroad station, where the wagons are waiting.

Gangway, there! Out of the circus tent wallows the gigantic body of the hippopotamus, climbing up the inclined gangplank to his basin. The keeper raises the tin cover. There is no longer any water in the tank, but instead it is filled with a mountain of clover and hay. The last side wall is bolted. Five minutes ago, the "hippo" was still working in the ring. Now a tractor rattles up, turns, hooks itself on to the front side of the hippopotamus wagon, hisses and spits, and drives away with its heavy load — a flea towing a giant.

Nature has made the ground of the circus enclosure evenly flat. Now, since tanks and caterpillar tractors have been rolling across it, deep furrows and wide ditches have been dug in the soil. The massive hippopotamus wagon sways dangerously, has already reached the paved street leading to the railroad. There a team of horses takes over the wagon to draw it to the freight landing. The

tractor jerks and quivers; it turns round on the spot and rumbles back to further tasks.

These tractors are splendid animated creatures, at one and the same time bundles of nerves and colossi full of strength. When necessary they will climb almost perpendicularly up a hill. They find marshy or sandy ground no hindrance and for all their small size they have an amazing amount of pulling power. No corner is too awkward for them somehow to get into, backward, forward, or sideways. And they can always manage to pant their way out again, dragging a load twelve times their own weight. They are as quick as an ant, as deliberate as a mountain climber, and when their tires are provided with chains they can also wind through ponds and ditches, and drive from one loaded freight car to the next, bridging the gap with their own bodies, crawling right up to the buffers. Then, after wobbling a bit, they are already moving on to the next freight car.

Strange, I am completely forgetting the men who guide the machine. And yet it is not so strange, for the driver is one with his iron horse. He sits wedged in, somewhere or other, amid motor and running gear, sprinkled with oil and covered with dust. There is no distinction between flesh and steel, blood and oil; the whole thing is life, quivering driving life, a centaur of the Machine Age.

More and more of the circus fence is taken down; the stablemen have to lead a hundred and fifty horses to the railroad station. The stallions are still standing side by side on the square where the wild-beast gallery was formerly established. Now they come dancing in polka step from behind the red curtain, in view of the audience. When the horses' turn is over, a groom will be standing beside each one, to unbuckle the handsome harness and waving ostrich plumes, and to fling warm blankets over their backs. Without again entering their stalls, the blacks and sorrels will trot off to the railroad.

But are there any stalls left to go to? Not even the tent, for the last tent pole is just being taken down. "Canvas men" roll up the runways and shove them into the baggage wagon. While the Bron-

etts are cracking their jokes under the calcium light, the very last animal has disappeared from the circus town. Now the crowd of curiosity seekers can move about the square as they choose; when our autos want to push on, they make way for themselves with tumult and clatter, a traffic regulation that gives them the right of way.

It is ten minutes past eleven. The band plays the farewell march. Under the gallery the stream of visitors pours out into the open. How they will stare when they find nothing but plowed-up turf behind the circus tent! They are sure to think that witchcraft must have been at work, for only here and there stand a couple of artist's wagons, and our stablemen are sweeping up the straw with big brooms.

Yet this is only the beginning of the dismantling. Now all energies are interlocked in ideal perfection. Our forty bandsmen take off their uniform coats; the army of "canvas men," "roughnecks" (ordinary workers), "animal men," and grooms rushes into the big tent. Not a word is spoken, but there is a simultaneous clatter in every corner of the tiered inner auditorium. Every man grasps with both hands; back and seat are clapped together, and it is the turn of the next bench. The side walls of the tent have already been dismantled; huge box trucks drive up close to the framework, and the boards supporting the tiers of seats glide directly down into the trucks from above. It is like a running belt, not a word of command, only the clear clacking of wood, a merry, almost rhythmic sound. The boxes, too, disappear, the folding chairs and stools; everything flies on the truck platforms, and is meticulously piled in order, so that not a square inch of free space is to be seen. Higher and higher grows the load, and when one truck has been filled, another rattles up in its place.

Ever more nakedly the skeleton of the great circus tent stands revealed. One might think it were being done for a wager. In fact, two parties are struggling in friendly competition, the Rhinelanders and the Czechoslovaks. Strange to say, in nearly every circus in the world, the men of the "big-top gang," which works on the main



tent, hail either from Bohemia or from the Rhineland. On the Rhine there are villages that are emptied of men all summer long, because they go to the circus. Their gift for setting up the circus tent and for music has been inherited through generations. For all circus musicians are stagehands as well.

Our circus has two tent masters, one of whom comes from the Rhineland, together with his men, and the other, like his people, is a Czechoslovak. Each swears by his fellow countrymen, whether he is leading the band or putting up the tent. Each knows that he is the better conductor, and that his people are the brisker workmen. To prevent an actual quarrel, the left side, when the tent is set up or taken down, has once and for all been assigned to the Rhinelanders, and the right to the Czechoslovaks.

Curiosity drives me out of the tent, for there is plenty going on elsewhere. The ticket-selling office has disappeared, the publicity wagon is missing, and so is my own. Only the office on wheels and the treasury wagon are still in place. Christel, the shepherd bitch, rushes barking through the throng of hurrying men loaded down with burdens. The gallery squad takes apart the musicians' gallery; our electricians take the light bulbs from the announcement board, fetching down the green- and red-colored balls of light, strung together, from the posts where they have been swinging back and forth in the wind like garlands.

The moon is in the sky, no doubt very much surprised. Her milky face cannot compete with our searchlights, which throw a daytime radiance on the antlike hurry-scurry of human beings and wagons, and the medley of articles carried, pulled, and dragged along. And if the moon could be surprised, she would probably be most surprised because all this activity is carried on without haste or shouting.

Every circus follows methods of its own when traveling. One will make as much fuss as possible, select the busiest time of the day for its entry into town, prefer traffic holdups, and shrink from no arranged "accident," because it enhances the interest of the townsfolk, and hence is an "improvised" advertisement. Another will publish all sorts of details in the papers a day in advance — for

instance, the hour at which the elephants will be led from the railroad station, when the circus tent will be raised, the exact order of the procession; in short, it will draw spectators to the spot in accordance with a definite plan — another type of advertising.

We follow the principle of exactness and silence. Our chief in charge, the lot superintendent, only uses his whistle in extreme cases. He needs no assistants who gallop shooting and yelling over the ground on refractory horses, like maddened cowboys. The former trapeze artist, leaning on his cane, hobbles continually back and forth, and wherever anything is not as it should be, he turns up noiselessly, as though by accident — a magician who makes all smooth again. A tractor has stopped some 150 feet away from the street. Its hood is raised; a circus wagon, loaded with tent poles, hangs despairingly at an angle from the hauler. It looks very much like an accident and a consequent loss of time. The chauffeur is swapping curses with the wagon driver, and neither of them seems to know what to do when suddenly the curious onlookers are shoved aside, and the lot superintendent steps up. "Well, boys, aren't you going to earn your treat? Why don't you shove under a couple of planks? If you hadn't drawn the chain so tight, you'd have had no trouble!"

Ten minutes past midnight, just an hour after the strains of the closing march sounded, the big 177-foot circus tent has been entirely cleared away. The square and round beams lie piled on the baggage wagon, the canvas walls are tied up and packed away, the "big-top gang" has unbolted the ring enclosure, and the acrobats have already collected all their appliances. The Czechoslovak side, incidentally, made the best record today. Their leader, Conductor Marek, grins to himself, but only a little, for he is aristocratic and reserved.

I stand in the middle of the big tent, in the bright circle of sand that once was the circus ring. Round about me, where rose the tiered auditorium of boards and beams, now emptiness yawns. The confusion of ropes, poles, and wires has vanished. All that is left are the four main poles that supported the canvas of the big top.

But they will soon go. The gang is already at the pulleys, and gently, with an even control, the dome descends.

Someone touches my arm. It is Kalle Bronett, who has meanwhile washed off his make-up and finished his packing.

"Do you want the tent top to cover you? Come out into the open — you'll see more there!"

The top sinks in sudden jerks, drops lower and lower. Now it is almost on the ground, but swells up again like a billowing sea and then comes finally to rest on the earth. The men of the big-top gang come running up from all sides, the Rhinelanders on the left, the Czechoslovaks on the right. They wear felt slippers in order not to dirty the white canvas. The seams are quickly unhooked, and the gigantic circle of the tent top disintegrates into narrow strips. Each working column rolls its strip into a thick cylindrical wedge, ties it up in a cover, and, as though risen out of the ground, there stands the wagon in which the separate rolls are to be carried off.

Now only the four main supporting columns still tower from the ground, thick steel pipes, each as thick as a man's waist, the masts that have carried our big top. And even now the outline of the circus tent is recognizable, for the star-shaped clusters of glowing electric-light bulbs, the thousands of glimmering lights that bordered the tent canvas, hang from the masts to the ground. They, too, are hauled down by a system of guys and pulleys, the flags that crown each mast are lowered, and now comes the hardest job of all — taking down the masts themselves.

"Let's go a bit farther away. Even then you'll see plenty. Of course, our tent masters are A No. 1 men, but in spite of that one of the poles might tip over. Anyhow, I'm terribly upset. If I only knew whether that salmon were still torturing itself on the fish-hook!" said the clown, Kalle Bronett.

And now the moon really comes into her own. Our flood of artificial light, with the exception of two wretched acetylene lamps, has disappeared. The agent from the city electrical works has already removed the meters. Like gigantic matchsticks the four masts tower aimlessly up into the clear sky of the summer



night. The moon swims above the ground whenever a man moves.

I am still wondering how the masts are to be taken down, and yet it is so simple. A few men — the strongest we have, it is true — step up to the taut ropes. The tent master releases the pulley ropes, a whistle sounds, and the men, seeming barely to hold on to the ropes, walk straight ahead, very slowly, from the middle of the ring. And, curiously paralleling the effortless slowness of the men, the two masts at the left begin to bend down with infinitesimal jerks and float — yes, the massive steel rods float — outward, turn over, and, so to say, snuggle tenderly into the grass without a sound.

Again we hear the pulley released, again men run across the ground and pull at the ropes, and the third mast sinks to earth without any visible expenditure of effort.

Now those three masts have been thus easily brought to earth owing to the counterpoise of the fourth. But how about the fourth? It comes down just as easily. For it is supported by the slanting guy ropes and here, too, the interplay of power is perfectly balanced. It does, however, sink down somewhat vigorously, and finally comes to earth with a crash.

Since these steel masts are seventy-two feet long and cannot be transported by rail in their present shape, we now hear the clear ring of hammers. The bolts are knocked out, and each mast splits up lengthwise into three sections. Already the big wagon is waiting for its load.

Half-past one, the place is empty! All that remain are two rings, the horizontal corporeal circus ring, and the silver, shimmering ring of the moon. The office wagon and the treasury wagon stand by the side of the ditch. Both are coupled to the tractor; I hop on the running board, together with the lot superintendent and Kalle Bronett, and all is over. Underway, I see a wooden placard nailed to a post. "To the right for the circus!" I read in red letters. How surprised the folks will be tomorrow morning. They will find some paper, sawdust, and the trampled turf. And, perhaps, a faint exotic breath lingering on the air.

While the circus city was being dismantled an increasing activity had developed at the little railroad station. Things have not quieted down there even yet. It takes time to load; the whole street is barricaded by our circus wagons. They cannot all be ranged along the sidings, ninety-two rolling houses, the baggage, living, fence, and ambulance wagons, the open mast wagons, the toilet wagons, the band-gallery wagon, the wagon for the elephant stage, the costume wagon, the electric-light wagon, the administration, wild-beast, and publicity wagons.

The railroad management allots the circus over sixty-three freight cars for its tour, including eight passenger cars for the artists, a number of covered freight cars with box stalls for the horses and menagerie, and especially roomy "observation" cars for elephants, who are packed into them by pairs.

Two special trains are always made up out of these various conveyances, and in spite of the most efficient distribution, it costs many an hour to stow away everything, for in most country towns there is only a single platform for loading and unloading.

And how would a circus finish loading if there were no work elephants? If the caterpillar and other tractors are miracles of precision and giants in power, then this is doubly true of Roma and Baby, our largest elephants. They never "work" in the ring, for they are "transportation artists," self-conscious and highly intelligent. They wear heavy leather cushions on their foreheads and heavy chains hang down to the ground from their towing harness. They push and pull the loaded wagons up the platform, rolling gently and evenly along, without any jolting, in a swaying trot. They come to a stop without any word of command and never take an unnecessary step, first carefully testing the ground with their forefeet to see whether it will support them, then turning swiftly to one side to equalize with the weight of their bodies any twistings of the track, no matter how minute, without receiving an order. As soon as the circus wagon is standing on its freight car, they step back and wait, nonchalantly waving their trunks, but are on the spot immediately at their leader's call, to unload the next tractor.



*Wide World Photos, Inc.*

#### THE CIRCUS LOADED ON FLAT CARS

At the railroad track a special column of men, the "wagon chockers," are busy. They are picked men, small in size, for they are continually obliged to crawl under the wagons and drive wedges, "chocks," triangular blocks of wood, under the wagon wheels, so that they will stay on the freight cars and not rock to and fro.

As soon as six freight cars have been filled, and all the wagons have been wedged in place, a switching engine comes snorting up and drags the load away. This little engine, so to say, is the brother of our elephants, always industrious and reliable. It is now rolling the wagons of the circus personnel along the shunting rails, and the stage manager is chalking down on every car the names of the artists who are to sleep in it — children are put in the baggage nets.

Gradually, the two special trains — and they *are* special trains — are assembled. Camels peer through a crack in a door, zebras neigh, and the small elephants stick out their trunks; the African the most impudent of all. To while away the ennui of a night transit he had wrecked the wall of a freight car with his tusks, so now they have rendered his high spirits innocuous by cementing metal balls to the points.



Our horses are stamping in the fifteen cars that follow; they are stabled in groups of eight, and in their cars, as in all the others, there is a bundle of straw near the door, a resting place for the keeper, who is entirely responsible for his animals during the journey.

The extra help is paid off — forty men out of work are employed in every city in connection with the setting up and dismantling of the circus. By half-past three the last circus wagon has been fastened, and the free beer promised has been downed. The auto trucks, tanks, caterpillar and other tractors roll up into the freight cars under their own power, and the Hindu mahout winds his turban tightly around his head and signals his work elephants. They stoop down and disappear in their hay-scented compartment. The chauffeurs empty their flasks with one long pull, and the “chockers” wipe the sweat from their brows. Time to knock off! Once more the freight superintendent checks up on all the cars, the station agent gives the business manager the signed bills of lading, and as the clock strikes four the locomotive is coupled to the train. We are off.

### TEST

Show the author's plan for this poem by writing in your workbook a subtitle for each stanza.

### THE DAFFODILS

I wander'd lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretch'd in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## CHAPTER VIII

# *To Search for Details*

SUPPOSE you were to ask someone how to drive to Mr. Thompson's farm and he replied, "Oh, it's not hard to find. First go south, then east, and it's a mile off the main highway." Why is this not a satisfactory answer? In some situations we need to know only the main idea and the general plan, but at times it is the details that are valuable.

A certain story may be summarized as follows: A boy fell off his father's yacht and was picked up by a fishing vessel. During the time he was on board he learned many things and became a changed lad. Is this brief summary of interest in itself? Do we not rather want to know how he happened to fall into the water and who the fishermen were and how they lived and fished and exactly what the strange lad's experiences were, and how he changed? It is these details that make the story interesting to us.

The newspaperman knows the value of details. Does a scientist pay attention only to big items in his work? Or the mechanic who repairs your family automobile? Or the doctor? So in reading we frequently need details. Can you name occasions in school when you should notice all the parts of what you read? Out-of-school occasions?

In this unit you are to have practice in reading closely for details. Watch for them as you go along, and keep them in mind. First we will take a test on this kind of reading; then we will begin with some instructions for games.

## PRETEST

Read the following selection: then turn to the workbook and write the numbers of the sentences containing the main idea and the details on the



blanks provided. Can you find as many as twenty details that contribute to the main idea?

### A PICTURE OF A POOR STUDENT<sup>1</sup>

1. John is above average in intelligence but he is a poor student. 2. He is "getting by" in two of his subjects and failing in two others. 3. John feels a bit worn-out when he leaves school in the afternoon and he decides to go to the soda parlor for a little relaxation. 4. There he meets a crowd of his friends and he has a very jolly time, but suddenly he realizes that it is growing late and that he should go home and get started on his lessons.

5. When he reaches home, he climbs the stairs to his own room, and closes the door behind him. 6. It is now a quarter to five. 7. "Why start anything now," reasons John, "when we'll be having dinner in an hour or so?" 8. He gets down his public library copy of the latest murder-mystery thriller and is soon lost to the world of reality, to which he is recalled at six o'clock by the call to come to dinner.

9. Dinner over, John decides to get to work on his assignments. 10. There happens to be a particularly good radio program coming on at half-past seven, and John decides to stay downstairs and study in the living room. 11. It is just seven o'clock and he decides that he will get his algebra out of the way before the program starts.

12. John opens his assignment notebook and finds that he is to read section nineteen and work exercises seven through twelve. 13. During the class the teacher gave exact directions concerning the method of working the problems, but John was looking out of the window instead of writing them down. 14. As we may expect, John now finds himself at a complete loss. 15. Since he isn't particularly interested in algebra anyway, he lets his mind wander to the movie which he saw the night before. 16. He looks again at the problems, but they are a complete mystery to him; so he just sits

<sup>1</sup> From *Our Life Today*, by Bacon and Krug. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

there dreaming. 17. Then suddenly he gets an idea — why not begin on English?

18. The algebra is shelved for the time being and out comes the English assignment. 19. The task is to read three pages in *The Merchant of Venice*. 20. For the first ten lines or so, John reads carefully, almost too carefully. 21. Then he starts “hitting the high spots,” hoping that the teacher will not discover that he doesn’t know the ground underneath. 22. But it’s time for the radio program. 23. The loud-speaker thereby becomes a new element competing for John’s interest and attention.

24. John hits a snag — a word that is new to him. 25. He can’t understand the passage without knowing what the word means, but he is too lazy to get the dictionary to look it up. 26. Furthermore, he wasn’t listening when the teacher explained the use of the glossary. 27. He goes on blindly, but becomes so confused that he decides to ask his mother what the word means. 28. John is one of the “leaners.” 29. His mother explains the meaning of the word and John remembers it just long enough to clear up the passage he failed to understand. 30. The next time he meets the word, he’ll be as ignorant of its meaning as before. 31. Anyway, he decides that he has read enough English to make a “passing” recitation.

32. John wishes he had worked on his Latin in study hall instead of dreaming the period away. 33. He decides to let the Latin go until later. 34. He goes back for another tussle with the algebra, but the problems are still a puzzle. 35. The radio keeps blaring away for all it is worth. 36. John wonders why he can’t concentrate. 37. He feels worn-out and sleepy. 38. He spends fifteen minutes drawing circles on paper and wishing the work were all done.

39. John takes one more look at the problems and then decides to call it a day. 40. He can get up early in the morning and look at the algebra again. 41. Perhaps his mind will be fresher then. 42. As for the Latin assignment, maybe he can copy from his friend Bill. 43. He hasn’t looked at the civics lesson yet, but he’ll try to have

a "go" at that during the morning study period before the civics class meets. 44. The net result of the time he has spent is zero.

I. Diagram the setup for the game described below: —

### GEOGRAPHY GAME <sup>1</sup>

The players sit in a circle with one vacant chair in the group. One player is the World. There should be a rule that the World cannot stand nearer than six feet to this chair. If the room is large, the distance should be greater than that.

The World tells a story calling the names of countries, cities, and rivers. The players have been previously given geographical names; so when a name is called, the player who represents that name must immediately change to the vacant chair. The World also tries to get the chair; and if he succeeds, the outer one must be the World.

The World must not take the chair left vacant by the one whose name was called. — Isabel B., Dover-Foxcroft, Maine

II. Make a diagram of the arrangement of players in this game. Indicate who have the balls. Use an *x* for a player and an *o* for a ball.

### BATTLES <sup>2</sup>

Battles is a good game for outdoors. The players are equally divided into two teams; and each player has a tennis ball.

The ground is divided into two plots by a line drawn through the middle, and neither side must go beyond this line. Players may move about in their own section as they wish. The command "Join Battle!" is the signal for each side to throw at the other. Anyone hit is out of the game; but no player can be fired at unless he is holding a ball.

The winning team is the one which first eliminates those of the other side.

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*



- III. Pantomiming an action is going through the motions without really doing the action. Here is a quite different kind of game from the usual race. Study the directions carefully. When you think you understand it, try it out with the class, to see if you have every detail exactly right.

### TIMING A RACE <sup>1</sup>

Two players pantomime a foot race, while the spectators keep time without aid of watches. The starter keeps an accurate check on the time; and after 19 or 20 seconds, he calls "Time!" Each contestant then writes down the time elapsed. The two poorest timekeepers are the runners for the next race.

A run-off can be made for the grand championship among the winners of the several races. They furnish the pantomime for this one.

- IV. Draw a diagram to show how the rows of players should stand for this game. Then be prepared to demonstrate to the class (using a book in place of a ball if necessary) how each player in turn has to hold the ball.

### KANGAROO RACE <sup>2</sup>

Players stand in two groups of equal number in parallel columns. The first players of the groups are on a common starting line. A goal line is marked about 20 feet in front of each column. The first player in each line is given a ball which he places between his ankles so that it will not touch the ground.

Upon signal the first player in each column tries to hop to the opposite goal line and back again holding the ball between his ankles. If the ball drops it must be replaced.

When a contestant returns to his group, the next one takes the ball and proceeds in like manner. The side which first gets all its members back to the starting line wins.

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

- V. A sampler was a piece of canvas or similar material on which our great-grandmothers used to embroider flowers, simple pictures, and the letters of the alphabet. They used yarns of many colors. In the following poem the writer looks out on a pretty landscape and compares it to a sampler. List all the details that suggest sewing. Can you find seven?

SAMPLER <sup>1</sup>

Like quilting blocks the fields go down,  
A square of green, a square of brown,  
With trees embroidered here and there  
And woolly sheep that stand and stare.  
The blowing lace at each field's edge  
Is wild chokecherry in the hedge;  
Thin knots of crows, against the sky,  
Are sharply stitched in black; while high  
And swift to make the pattern plain  
Fly the bright needles of the rain.

— FLORIS CLARK McLAREN

- VI. Summarize the following selections in your own words. Read the first account and then without looking at it write your summary in your workbook. Then reread the selection carefully to note any details you omitted.

RECIPE FOR SUCCESS <sup>2</sup>

Many years ago a small boy worked busily in his father's brick-yard, turning bricks every morning so that they might dry in the sun. Seven cents represented his first pay. When he reached the age of fourteen his father passed on, and the boy found employment in a bookstore four miles from his home, which distance he was obliged to walk twice a day.

He lunched on an apple and a roll each day, and each week took his mother his entire earnings — \$1.25! He was next attracted to

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

the clothing business, in which he found employment and which he resolved to make his life's work. At eighteen he was earning \$6 a week.

Becoming interested in religious and temperance activities, he displayed such marked ability as an organizer that he was appointed the first salaried secretary of the Philadelphia branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. After seven years in this field he married and returned to business.

With his brother-in-law and a capital of \$3500 he opened a small clothing store. Too poor to afford a horse and wagon, he delivered his merchandise in a two-wheel pushcart. As his business grew, the young merchant instituted the one-price system, and brought about numerous other reforms which greatly elevated the level of the clothing business; and presently he opened the nation's first department store. In fourteen years he became the leading merchant of Philadelphia, with a new store costing \$450,000.

Such was the career of John Wanamaker, who early felt the influence of religion and devoutly practiced it throughout all his life. "I attribute my success," he said, "to thinking, trying, and trusting in God."

1. Be sure you have listed the kinds of work that Wanamaker did at different times.
2. Be sure you have given the man's full name and what he is distinguished for.

VII. Reread the instructions for VI.

### THE LONGER THE QUICKER <sup>1</sup>

"How long does it take you to prepare one of your speeches?" asked a friend of President Wilson.

"That depends on the length of the speech," answered the President. "If it is a ten-minute speech, it takes me all of two weeks to prepare it; if it is a half-hour speech, it takes me a week; if I can

<sup>1</sup> From the *Christian Science Monitor*.



talk as long as I want to, it requires no preparation at all, I am ready now."

## VIII. LEARNING TO READ<sup>1</sup>

*By Helen Keller*

The important step in my education was learning to read.

As soon as I could spell a few words my teacher gave me slips of cardboard on which were printed words in raised letters. I quickly learned that each printed word stood for an object, an act, or a quality. I had a frame in which I could arrange the words in little sentences; but before I ever put sentences in the frame I used to make them in objects. I found the slips of paper which represented, for example, "doll," "is," "on," "bed," and placed each name on its object; then I put my doll on the bed with the words *is*, *on*, *bed*, arranged beside the doll, thus making a sentence of the words, and at the same time carrying out the idea of the sentence with the things themselves.

One day, Miss Sullivan tells me, I pinned the word *girl* on my pinafore and stood in the wardrobe. On the shelf I arranged the words *is*, *in*, *wardrobe*. Nothing delighted me so much as this game. My teacher and I played it for hours at a time. Often everything in the room was arranged in object sentences.

From the printed slip it was but a step to the printed book. I took my *Reader for Beginners* and hunted for the words I knew; when I found them my joy was like that of a game of hide-and-seek. Thus I began to read.

## IX. THE POLAR BEAR<sup>2</sup>

There are many kinds of bear on this planet. Some are friendly animals, others the reverse. The polar bear is one of the latter kind. He looks friendly enough, but his looks are apt to belie him. He differs from all other bears in having a completely white coat. With

<sup>1</sup> From *The Story of My Life*, by Helen Keller, copyright 1903, 1931. Reprinted by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.

<sup>2</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

the exception of the Rocky Mountain goat, he is the only wild animal that remains white at all seasons.

The polar bear lives, of course, in the Arctic regions, leading a rather solitary existence on the ice-bound mainland or adjacent islands. He depends for food on what he can get. Happily for him,



POLAR BEAR

*New York Zoological Society*

he is not particular, and can subsist equally well on seal, walrus, stranded whale, fish, and sea fowl — even upon the eggs of sea fowl, if he can find any. During the long northern winter night, he prowls about on the ice.

He is one of the largest bears on earth. An adult often grows to a length of nine feet and may weigh about 1000 pounds, for not only are his bones big, but his muscles are heavy, and made for hard work and hard swimming. You can realize what a superb swimmer

he must be when I tell you that one of his kind was lately seen 80 miles from the nearest land, and out of sight of floating ice!

## X. THE DOUGHNUT<sup>1</sup>

Probably few persons who enjoy the American doughnut know that the hole in the pastry was originated in New England by a boy who later became a well-known sea captain, Hanson Gregory.

It was in 1847 that Hanson, as a lad, watched his mother frying doughnuts, and he noticed that the centers of the little round cakes always seemed soggy or doughy. Suddenly he had an idea: If the center were eliminated, the cake might be more appetizing and lighter.

Like a good pioneer, his mother experimented, and the result was so satisfactory that she never went back to the former way. Her method was copied, and soon spread like wildfire over the entire country.

## XI. TAJ MAHAL<sup>2</sup>

Taj Mahal is a costly tomb built in Agra, India, by the Mogul emperor, Shah Jehan, as a burial place for his favorite wife, Noor Mahal. It is said to have cost \$4,000,000, and its building employed 20,000 workmen for 22 years. It is of white marble, 100 feet long and wide, and 200 feet high. It is an eight-sided palace resting on a marble terrace, supporting which is a terrace of red sandstone. A dome flanked by cupolas surmounts the building, and minarets rise from the four corners of the marble terrace. Inside and outside are mosaics of precious stones and beautiful tracery. The whole Koran is written in precious stones on the walls. This tomb of tombs has been described by travelers as "a glimpse of paradise."

XII. Grace Darling, a name famous in the annals of heroism, was the daughter of William Darling, lighthouse keeper on Longstone, one of the Farne Islands, and was born at Bamborough, Novem-

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

<sup>2</sup> From the *Student Cyclopaedia*, C. B. Beach and Company, publishers.



ber 24, 1815. On the morning of September 7, 1838, a vessel was wrecked at Harker's Rock among the Farne Islands, and was seen by Grace Darling from the lighthouse, lying broken on the rocks. By wonderful strength and skill she and her father brought their boat to where the nine survivors were clinging, and within a few hours all were saved. The risk was great and the feat required great daring. Grace Darling was loaded with honors and presents, but died soon after of consumption, October 20, 1842.

XIII. In conducting a meeting a chairman usually follows a certain order that has grown up through years of experience. This established order of business follows. Read it to find the answers to these five questions: —

1. Should unfinished or new business be taken care of first?
2. How does a chairman open a meeting?
3. Which should come first, the reports of special committees or of standing committees?
4. When should the chairman call for the reading of minutes?
5. Should the chairman call for committee reports before taking up the business of the day?

### ORDER OF BUSINESS

1. Call to order by the chairman
2. Reading of the minutes of the previous meeting (and their approval)
3. Reports of standing committees
4. Reports of special committees
5. Unfinished business
6. New business
7. Adjournment

XIV. Read the paragraphs on page 202 and fill in the skeleton outline with details.



THE TAJ MAHAL

*By Ewing Galloway, N. Y.*

WHEN YOU ARE A HOUSE GUEST<sup>1</sup>

*By Mary E. Clark and Margery Closey Quigley*

*What the Invitation Presupposes.* Your invitation to spend a week end or longer in the house of a friend must have come from the mother in the family. The mother's invitation, which will be written, should be answered in writing and promptly. No girl may ever visit at a boy's home, even though she is engaged to be married to him, without an invitation in writing from his mother.

When you start on a house visit, be sure to take everything you will need with you, toothbrush, toothpaste, brush and comb, night clothes, slippers, dressing gown, and so on. Do not expect your hostess to fit you out.

Arrive at the time you have been asked to arrive, and leave when your time is up. Do not stay longer, no matter how much you are urged to do so. If the invitation reads "Friday evening to Monday morning," leave on Monday morning.

*A Part of the Household.* Your first duty on arriving is to greet your hostess. The mother in the family is the real hostess. If she is not at home when you arrive, make it a point to see her as soon as convenient for her. Thank her for inviting you to the house.

Conform fully to the rules of the house where you are visiting. If, for instance, dinner is at six, be ready and in the living room a little before six.

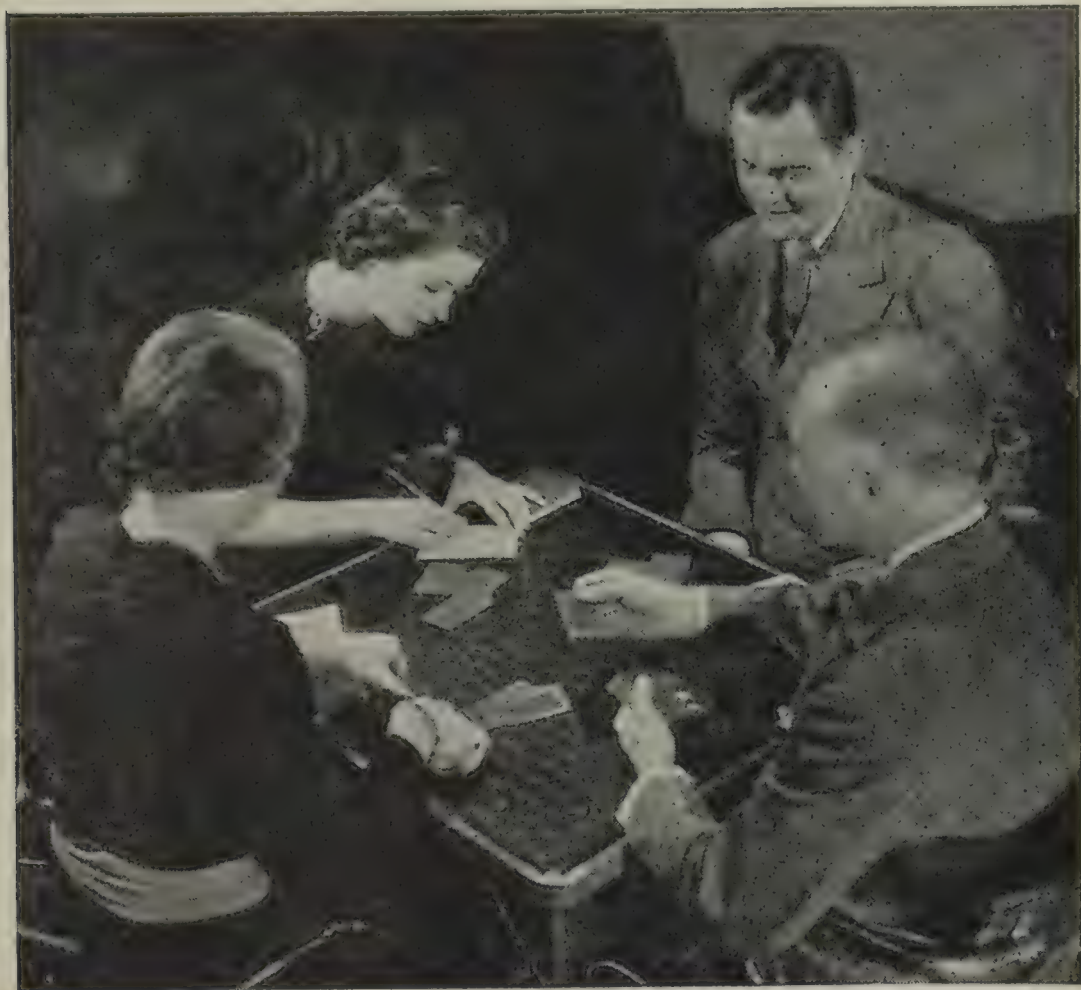
Be up and dressed and ready for breakfast at the hour at which breakfast is served. If your hostess prefers to have your breakfast served in your room she will have told you so, and then you await your breakfast there. Do not get up hours ahead of time and prowl around the house. The person who said, "The man who wakes a sleeping family commits a domestic crime," was not referring to burglars, but to careless and thoughtless guests and relatives.

Do not talk at the table merely with the friend you are visiting, but engage in conversation with everyone at the table, particularly

<sup>1</sup> From *Etiquette, Jr.*, by Mary E. Clark and Margery Closey Quigley. By permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.



the hostess. If the hostess asks if you had a good rest the night before, assure her that you did. Never inflict upon her the fact that your tooth ached, or boast that you never can sleep in a strange bed, or that you had indigestion. It is your duty as a guest to have slept well — in your conversation, at least.



Keystone View Co., N. Y.

#### THE WEEK-END GUEST PLAYS BRIDGE

*Duties As Well As Pleasures.* Whatever plans, from picnics to bridge, are suggested for the day, agree to with the air of one much pleased.

After breakfast, amuse yourself if your hostess is busy and the friend you are visiting has duties to perform. Walk or read or write letters until such an hour as your entertainment can be undertaken.

If you are in a home where there are no servants, see if you can be of assistance in any way. Try to do your bit and still not intrude. If you cannot be of help, take yourself out of the road until your friend or hostess seeks you out again.

The fact that you are a guest does not mean exemption from all manual labor during the visit. A guest must keep his or her things put away: clothes and shoes and slippers in closets, the top of the bureau in order, and the bathroom always left after using in a clean and sightly condition. Hang up your towels and washcloths, wash out the tub and washbowl, and put your toothbrush and toothpaste out of sight.

When you are a house guest, be very careful not to make sweeping comparisons with your own "home town."

Never go about a house making remarks about this and that, no matter how flattering. The house and its furnishings must be taken for granted. Never go on exploring expeditions, opening drawers and closets and doors of rooms. Do not use the family telephone too freely. If you have any toll calls be sure to leave the amount of the calls before you go home.

If you are invited on an automobile ride while a guest at another's house, do not offer to pay for the gasoline. That is bad form, and if your host suggests buying refreshments while on a drive, do not try to pay for them.

If you have the misfortune to break a vase or ruin some valuable article while you are a guest ask if you may replace it and find out where you could obtain a duplicate. No matter what your hostess may say to make you feel less unhappy over the accident, report it immediately to your parents upon returning home. Never try to conceal any kind of breakage.

*The End of a Perfect Visit.* At the end of your visit be sure to say good-bye to all the members of your friend's family, as well as to your host and hostess. Suit the hour of your leaving to the convenience of the household. Do not leave at an ungodly early hour because you want to stop in the city on your way home, for example. Pack up all your belongings and take them with you when you go

in order not to leave anything behind you that must be packed up and sent to you later.

A good many guests leave the rooms they have been occupying in about the same topsy-turvy state in which boarding-school pupils leave their dormitory rooms the moment Commencement exercises are over. That is a mark of being ill-bred. You do not need to make up your bed on the day you leave, as the hostess will want to make it up fresh for another guest or member of the family, but do not leave anything scattered about the room.

If there is a servant in the house where you have been visiting, it is well to leave a small gift of money for her; but if this does not seem advisable, at least bid the servant good-bye. Servants are as human as the rest of the world and have as high a regard for good manners.

Thank your hostess when you leave and assure her that you had a delightful time. Never afterward mention any of the family's affairs to other people or speak disparagingly of the household where you have been a guest. If you have eaten bread in another's house, you owe him your loyalty ever after. Only an extremely vulgar person ever makes personal remarks or unpleasant comments about a house where he has been a guest.

You must write a bread-and-butter letter to your hostess within two days after you have returned home. The letter must be written to the mother of the family, or, if there is no mother in the family, then to the official head of the house. To omit this letter is an inexcusable breach of good manners.

#### OUTLINE

- I. What the invitation presupposes
  1. Sender
  2. Supplies
  3. Length of visit
- II. How to fit into the household
  1. Whom to greet
  2. Household rules
  3. Getting up
  4. Conversation



## III. What the guest's duties are

1. Amusements
2. When there are servants
3. When there are no servants
4. One's room
5. The bathroom
6. Comparisons and comments
7. Use of the telephone
8. Offering to pay
9. Accidents

## IV. What the end of a visit requires

1. Good-bye to whom
2. Time of leaving
3. Packing
4. Leaving the room
5. Servant
6. Personal remarks
7. Letter

XV. Do you know that one can get more for one's money if one plans how it is to be spent? Let us experiment with a plan for spending. Read this article and then make the circles and divisions and lists that it calls for. How do your expenditures measure up to this proportion?

STUDENT'S INCOME<sup>1</sup>

*By S. Agnes Donham*

Students who are living on very small incomes will find that planned expenditures bring better returns than haphazard or hand-to-mouth purchases. No matter how small the student's income, if it is possible to make it cover expenses at all, it will cover them more fully if a definite plan is made.

When the spending plan, or budget, has been made, a graphic circle will show him more clearly than figures whether he has appor-

<sup>1</sup> From *Spending the Family Income*, by S. Agnes Donham. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

tioned his money wisely or not. Divide it into five parts; color and label each section as follows: —

When all of his expenses are paid by the student, the red division of the circle will represent the money paid for education; the violet division, the money spent for board; the yellow division, money spent for operating; the blue, for clothing; and the green, the money spent for development.

Now draw another circle and follow these directions: —

When the board, tuition, and doctor's bills are paid by other people and not taken out of the allowance of the student, the circle should be divided into five equal parts as before, one part representing education, one part operating, two parts clothing, and one part choice or development.

*Board* includes the amount spent for room and meals.

*Education* includes expenditures for tuition and extra class fees, when paid by the student, music, and so forth, books, supplies, and transportation to and from school.

*Clothing* includes all new ready-made clothing, all materials, cost of making and cleansing and repairing.

*Operating* includes personal upkeep (toilet supplies, hairdressing, and so on), postage, stationery, laundry, and miscellaneous carfares.

*Development* includes expenditures for religion, philanthropy, health, social life, dues, and personal extras.

*Social life* includes expenditures for recreation, entertainment, theater, "functions," and personal gifts.

*Dues* includes club and society dues, contributions to school projects, and so forth.

*Health* includes doctor's, dentist's, or nurse's fees, medicine, and also the cost of preventive measures.

*Extras* includes extra food, candy, flowers, personal equipment, and such.

It will not be possible for most students to divide their income into five equal parts and keep to that definite distribution, but such a division gives a starting point from which changes may be made. As a preliminary step it is well for the student to make a list of all

the fixed charges against the income. By fixed charges is meant regular fees and definite demands, such as tuition or other class fees and transportation to and from school, the amount of which is fixed at the beginning of school and which will be unlikely to change with the progress of the term.

A second list should include charges which it is possible to estimate, such as laundry, contribution to school projects, regular expenditures for manicures or hairdressing.

A third list will include charges which it is necessary to limit, that is, the amount which may be spent for recreation, entertainment, personal gifts, and personal extras, and the like.

When the estimates for all three lists are made, they should be separated into the proper groups and very carefully checked up with the fifth of the income allowed for that group. It will be found that some groups require more than their fifth and some groups less, but if the total of the operating group and the items under choice exceed the amounts allowed, a mistake is being made in planning.

It is quite probable that the allowance for clothing will exceed the fifth of the whole, and when board and tuition are not paid for by the student, clothing expenditure is likely to exceed two fifths, especially if the allowance is a small one. A thoughtful examination of the circle will show whether it represents well-balanced expenditures, and careful following out of the budget plan, with study of the results as shown by the accounts, will soon teach a student to recognize poor budgeting and to take advantage of the mistakes of one year to improve expenditures for the next. A poor budget is better than none and a second budget which is not an improvement upon the previous one shows that the person making it has not approached the matter with serious intention to spend wisely and to take advantage of opportunity for progress.

XVI. Read the questions carefully. Then read the selection to see if you can find the answers to most of them — all, if possible — in one reading.



1. Who first suggested that Miss Alcott write a story for girls?
2. Why did she not write a girls' story at once?
3. Why did she consider the suggestion the second time?
4. Copy the words that show what she considered the main idea of the story *Little Women*.
5. How did Mr. Niles feel about the first part of the new book? About the finished book?
6. Who liked the book before it was published? What did *Little Women* bring to its writer?
7. What real people appear in the story?

## THE WRITING OF "LITTLE WOMEN"<sup>1</sup>

*By Cornelia Meigs*

There enters now upon the scene the real good fairy of Louisa's fortunes. Other things she had gained through relentless striving. But this great event of her life came about by what some people might call luck, but others would know was a well-deserved blessing of Providence. Louisa was, at last, to find what had been so long awaiting her.

Mr. Thomas Niles, partner and manager of the publishing company of Roberts Brothers, had surveyed Louisa from afar, watching her career and reading what she had written. He was a dark, spare, slow-spoken man of discerning tastes. People talked of him as "a confirmed bachelor," who lived with some cousins on Beacon Street in winter and in a beautiful old house in Arlington in the summer. Although he had no family of his own, he had so strong an element of fairy godmother in his nature that he was in close accord with all the youthful persons in any way connected with him. Since he was one of fifteen children, his kindred were rather many. He had these young readers in mind when he made a suggestion to Louisa.

"I think, Miss Alcott," he told her, "that you could write a book for girls. I should like to see you try."

<sup>1</sup> From *Invincible Louisa*, by Cornelia Meigs. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

Louisa replied both to him and to herself that she knew nothing about girls, that she liked and understood boys better, and that she had no appropriate ideas to put into such a story. She was too busy, just then, or thought that she was, to consider the plan seriously. She went to Boston in the early winter after her mother had recovered from a serious illness. Louisa took a high-up room in Hayward Place and wrote industriously. Money began to come in for the family necessities, but not in a very copious stream. She was beginning to feel hard-pressed for funds when finally Mr. Niles, mild, patient, and wise, said gently and again: —

“I think, Miss Alcott, that you should write a story for girls.”

This time she heeded the advice. She was so desperate that she was ready to attempt anything. Some people are stimulated by one thing, some by another. With Louisa, it was to be the spur of poverty which brought her to her most important venture. She began.

She had gone home in February to be with her mother, who was still not well. It was in May of the year eighteen sixty-eight that she actually took up the new enterprise.

“I don’t know anything about girls, except just ourselves,” she lamented dejectedly to her mother. Several times, in earlier years, the idea had flitted through her mind that she might make a story of her own family and their varied trials and struggles. The plan came back to her now. Yes, it might do. At least, she would try it.

The undertaking did not seem so impossible, once she had set out upon it. Without her intending it, all the scenes which she described seemed to center about the brown, hillside house where they had begun to live when she was thirteen and where she had spent her happiest years. The games on the hill, the plays in the barn, the work, the small differences, all the ups and downs of their family life, began to take their appointed places in the story. Louisa’s fine, intrepid mother entered into the narrative, just as she had entered into everything else that any of her girls had done. The beautiful story of *Pilgrim’s Progress*, which was the favorite of their early reading, interwove itself with many of the chapters as they

developed. Of her father, Louisa did not seem able to say so much as of her mother. He was so unlike usual men that she felt herself not quite equal to the task of showing him to others, particularly to young readers, in all his true dignity and worth. Yet the beauty of his ideas slipped in somehow and gave the work a different aspect from that of any ordinary tale.



*By Ewing Galloway, N. Y.*

LOUISA ALCOTT'S HOME IN CONCORD, MASS.

Every book, even though it has four heroines, must also have a hero. There was a dear friend of the Alcott family, Alfred Whitman, a yellow-haired, cheery, friendly boy, who had lived for some time in Anna's house after she was married, so that he might go to Mr. Sanborn's school in Concord. Many of his small adventures with the girls came into the story. But as far as personality went, it was not Alfred Whitman who presently began to take definite place in what Louisa was writing. A black-haired lad, full of music and



gaiety, of adventurous good spirits which matched Louisa's own, pathetic in his loneliness at first, a matchless friend when once he entered into the family affections, such was Laurie. It was probable that not even Louisa realized at first that he was Ladislav Wisniewski, come to life upon the page. She was warming to her task now as the story marched forward.

All her old misgivings came back, however, when she saw the first dozen chapters lying ready to be submitted to the hopeful Mr. Niles. There was nothing exciting or adventurous in them, she thought, only the commonplace narration of everyday affairs. She had been sure, all along, that she could not write for girls. And yet — no person of genius ever does his or her best without knowing it. Louisa knew in her heart that it was good.

Since her advisor was anxious to see even the beginning of the story, she mailed the first chapters at once to Mr. Niles. We can picture him carrying the package home to reread in the quiet of his own library overlooking the Charles River. He read while the lights pricked out upon the bridges and along the banks in the late-coming June darkness. He finally laid down the manuscript with a sigh. It was not, somehow, just what he had imagined it was going to be. A kindly, gray-haired bachelor is not always the best judge of a book for growing girls.

Being honest, he wrote frankly to Louisa. He had some doubts, he told her, about the success of the book, but he was anxious to see the remainder.

Anyone except Louisa would have given up the attempt at that point. But she had begun to see her work in its proper light; she understood also that just such stories were needed for young readers, instead of the sentimental and tragic tales with which their minds were usually fed. She went boldly forward in spite of Mr. Niles's letter.

Somewhat earlier, Mr. Niles had written to ask her what was to be the name of the book. That she was able to answer immediately. He knitted his brows a little over her rapid backhand writing as he read. She called it, she said, "Little Women."

To one who has gone through all of her life in the ordinary sunshine and shade of bright hopes and unavoidable disappointments, it is very strange to stand, all at once, in the artificial spotlight of totally unexpected fame. From the moment her book appeared, life was entirely changed for unassuming Louisa Alcott. She simply did not know what to make of it when letters began to come pouring in, when visitors arrived in numbers scarcely less extravagant, when people pursued her everywhere to get an autograph, a word, or even nothing but a good stare at the renowned Miss Alcott, author of the new success, *Little Women*.

She had finished the book bravely, ending with Meg's engagement, since she felt that young readers would not care to go forward into the more romantic period of her heroines' lives. It was with some trepidation that she sent the whole to Mr. Niles, for he had been so obviously disappointed over the first chapters. He was equally frank now. He did not find the story as absorbing as he had hoped; it might be better, after all, to give up the idea of publishing it. But first, he would lay it before some young friends of his, girls of just the age for which it was written, to find what was their opinion.

O wise Thomas Niles, to understand that his bachelor judgment was not final in the matter and to take into consultation the only real experts, the young ladies themselves. The first to see the manuscript was his niece, Lily Almy, who lived at Longwood. She galloped through it and rendered a verdict so breathless with enthusiasm that her uncle paused and thought again. He showed it to another girl and another. Every one of them spoke of it in just the same way; they all of them loved it.

It is hard to think of *Little Women* as read for the first time; it is, to us, a tale so hallowed by the association of our mother's and our grandmother's delight in it, before our own day. A completely fresh story it was to them, a book even of a kind different from anything they had read before, a book just about themselves, so it seemed, by someone who understood them completely. It is no wonder that the first readers were enchanted with it. It is to the

wisdom and appreciation of those young people that we owe the fact that *Little Women* was not hidden away forever in that spidery cupboard where Louisa's early failures were tossed in despair. We thank them from our hearts, and Mr. Niles for listening to them.

He heard their raptures with some astonishment and read the manuscript through again. On the strength of their delight in it, he decided to bring it out. We all know what followed. It was almost the first book of its kind, a direct, natural, truthful tale, with no straining after emotion and effect. It was just what girls had been starving for, although scarcely anyone knew it. Louisa did, when she refused to give up, even in the face of Thomas Niles's disappointment. He cannot be blamed for not seeing the value of the story immediately. Without his wisdom in suggesting it, in persevering with the suggestion, and in leaving the final decision to the girls themselves, there would have been no *Little Women*. There would have been only a splendid idea in the brain of a busy author who never found time to reduce it to writing or to print.

Louisa put into it everything out of her own life and those of her sisters. It was in the shabby brown house, Hillside, with its garden and fruit trees and barn, that the most happy, and the most truly childlike, of her years had been spent. The house in *Little Women*, however, sounds somewhat more like the Orchard House, where the Alcotts were living when Louisa wrote the story. Hillside is more evidently Plumfield, the scene of *Little Men*. The name March rather naturally follows from the suggestion of the name May, a somewhat mild surname for that storm-tossed Abba who lived through so many ups and downs. The Brook Farm connection with the Pratt family made John Pratt receive the name of John Brooke. He appears in one or two other stories and always the same; for his steady sincerity and goodness follow the lines of an exact portrait. Anna's contented happiness gave Louisa her knowledge, shown here and elsewhere, of what unmeasured beauty these can be in married life. Louisa put Elizabeth into the story bodily, with all her gentleness and unflinching courage. She showed May to the life, a little spoiled by the others' petting, a person of great charm



and the recipient of many happy gifts, as Louisa was the dispenser of them.

The real power of the book, however, centers about Jo. She was Louisa to the life, more so, perhaps, than the author ever dreamed of making her. Louisa's honest opinion of herself was so very humble that she made not the slightest effort to dress up her counterpart in the semblance of a conventional heroine. Her picture of Jo is the farthest thing removed from flattery. She has told frankly of every drawback in her appearance and her nature, her round shoulders, her long-limbed awkwardness, her thorny moods, her headlong mistakes, her quick flashes of temper. Yet Jo is lovable beyond words and more real than any of the others. She is real because Louisa understood her even better than the rest; she stands out from the background because Louisa herself was such a magnificent character that a truthful study of her becomes, without any intention, a splendid figure also.

Louisa's kind but outwardly severe grandfather, known only during the Temple School period of their life in Boston, was put into the book as Mr. Lawrence, the grandfather of Laurie. She has declared that "Aunt March is no one," but her family say otherwise. They all see in that autocratically generous lady the reflection of no other than the great Aunt Hancock, with her connections in high places, her family tyranny and her good heart. Louisa could not remember her; but the family legend was enough, and Aunt Hancock lives on in thoroughly Aunt Hancock-ish fashion. In some of the kind relatives who were so kind to Jo and Amy we surely see good Cousin Lizzie Wells. Not all of the minor figures can be traced to their originals; but it is safe to say that they all lived and that Louisa knew them.

With *Little Women*, Louisa achieved what she really wanted, a piece of work which she actually knew to be her best. With it she achieved also the appreciation of the world and such prosperity as gave her full power, at last, to do just what she wished. It is delightful to read of how her name came to be on every tongue; how she grew to be not merely famous, which mattered little to her, but

universally beloved, which mattered much. After all the years of doubting her own powers, of looking for her true field, of thinking of herself as a struggling failure, she was obliged at last to admit, even in the depths of her own soul, that she was a success.

### TEST

Read the following selection: then turn to the workbook and write the numbers of the sentences containing the main idea and the details on the blanks provided. Can you find as many as twelve details that contribute to the main idea?

#### A PICTURE OF A GOOD STUDENT<sup>1</sup>

1. William is just average in intelligence but he is a good student. 2. He consistently makes an average school record between good and superior. 3. When the school day is ended, William goes out for sports. 4. This after-school recreation usually lasts until four-thirty or later. 5. At that time William heads straight for home and does not loiter in the soda parlor.

6. It is five o'clock or later when William arrives home. 7. He rests until quarter after the hour, and then goes to his room to begin working on English. 8. On his desk are textbooks and a good dictionary. 9. Near by on a small table are several notebook binders, notebook paper, algebra pads, erasers, pencils, pens, and a bottle of ink.

10. William's assignment, like John's, is to read the three pages in *The Merchant of Venice*. 11. His assignment notebook, however, carries an explanation of the use of the glossary at the back of the book. 12. When William reaches the strange word which "floored" John, relatively little time is lost. 13. He turns at once to the glossary and looks it up. 14. Then he continues reading rapidly, but carefully, until quarter to six. 15. He takes pencil and paper and for his own use makes a short summary of the material he has just read. 16. This completed, he goes back to the material again and

<sup>1</sup> From *Our Life Today*, by Bacon and Krug. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

glances over it quickly for the purpose of checking his summary and fixing it in his memory. 17. By this time it is six o'clock and dinner is ready.

18. After dinner and a short rest, William gets back to work at ten minutes after seven. 19. He returns to his room and does not permit himself to be distracted by the radio program. 20. The next task is Latin. 21. He applies himself to this until eight o'clock and gets it completely finished. 22. But what about algebra and civics? 23. William has already finished the algebra in his afternoon study period. 24. Because he has paid attention to the teacher's explanations in class, he was able to get it all done in forty-five minutes. 25. Civics comes in the afternoon, and William plans to read his assignment in the morning study period. 26. Since he knows how to get down to business, he can really depend upon himself to get the work done.

27. It is eight o'clock, and William is free to listen to the radio, to read detective stories, to talk to his mother and father, or to go to bed. 28. This evening he chooses to listen to a favorite radio program until nine o'clock. 29. Since he has had a full day, consisting of school, home study, sports, and recreation, he takes advantage of the opportunity to go to bed and get ready for the next day's work.

30. Why does William get better marks than John and with less toil and trouble? 31. The answer is that he has learned to budget his time, to work systematically, to get down to business, to have his material ready, to avoid distractions, and to pay attention in class. 32. He makes his work look easy and gets good results. 33. John makes agony of his school work and gets poor results.



## CHAPTER IX

# *To See Imaginative Pictures*

ALMOST everybody is interested in pictures. For years we have had the motion picture. Newspapers publish photographic sections, and some magazines specialize in pictures, usually photographs. Art galleries have famous paintings, and books frequently are dressed up with illustrations. Countless cameras these days remind us further of the popularity of pictures.

All these have their place, but there is a really important kind of "picture" not included among them. It is the impression made on the "mind's eye" when one imagines. It is what we "see" when we read.

Little dog,  
You with the pleading eyes  
And tan eyebrows that give you always  
A look of surprise —

Could you identify this dog? Do you have a glimpse of him in your mind as you think of him? Let's try another imaginative picture.

The baby takes to her bed at night  
A one-eyed rabbit that once was white;  
A watch that came from a crackerjack, I think;  
And a lidless inkpot that never held ink.

Have you ever seen these kinds of articles? Do you "see" these?

Imaginative pictures are not used simply as decorations to an author's writing. They help him make *real* to us what he is presenting. In a story such pictures make the scenes come to life. And it is these mental pictures that make our reading rich and interesting.

It takes practice to see imaginative pictures as we read. We will begin with simple ones — often in single phrases or sentences — and go on to others of different kinds. They are found in both prose and poetry.

I. Here are some simple pictures, expressed in few words. As you read each one, try to call it up in your mind. Reread each one until the mental picture is clear to you.

1. "I see my shadow jump before me when I jump into bed."
2. "There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps."
3. "The wind had swept on, and had met in a lane  
With a schoolboy who panted and struggled in vain;  
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and he  
stood  
With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud."
4. "The rooster's hallelujah as he tiptoes on the fence —"
5. "As round the sleeping infant's feet  
We softly fold the cradle-sheet."
6. "Hats off!  
Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
A flash of color beneath the sky:  
Blue and crimson and white it shines,  
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.  
Hats off!  
The flag is passing by."
7. "Three fishers went sailing away to the west,  
Away to the west as the sun went down;  
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,  
And the children stood watching them out of the  
town."
8. "The lights from the parlor and kitchen shone out  
Through the blinds and the windows and bars."

9. "When it freezes, when it snows  
When it thaws, and when it blows,  
You still see its little form [the wren]  
Tossed about upon the storm;  
Rumpled, crumpled, every feather,  
And all backward blown together,  
While it puffs, and pants, and draws  
Together close its little claws."
10. "A robin redbreast in a cage — "
11. "Hook-nosed Poll, that thinks herself pretty — "
12. "The dusty miller and his men  
Fill all the sacks they bring,  
And while they go about their work  
Right merrily they sing."
13. "'Mother took my shoes to be soled last night,' he said in shy pride. 'Listen, Sister!' He walked a few steps across the floor. A loud screech filled the room — the sort of screech that only brand-new soles can make."
14. "With drooping heads and tremulous tails the horses mashed their way through the thick mud, floundering and stumbling as if they were falling to pieces at the larger joints."
15. "Rustling about the room, his softly slippered feet making no noise on the floor, he moved like a refined tiger."
16. "Mr. Lorry went into his room with a chopper, saw, chisel, and hammer, attended by Miss Pross carrying a light. There, with closed doors, Mr. Lorry hacked the shoemaker's bench to pieces, while Miss Pross held the candle."
- II. Read this account of a juggler many hundreds of years ago. See how much of this story you can "see." When you have finished reading it, list all the pictures you recall from it. Turn back to the account if you need to, to complete your list. Compare your "snapshot album" with your classmates' collection.



THE JUGGLER<sup>1</sup>

*By Marion Florence Lansing*

Roger found the boys and girls of the castle gathered in the courtyard watching while the players stretched a tight rope from one side of the court to the other. When this was done, one of the men took a turn to make sure it was level, running along it as easily as a squirrel on a swinging branch. Then long boards were brought from the carpenter's shop and laid from bench to bench at one end of the long hall to serve as a platform for the evening's performance.

The boys and girls followed wherever any one of the visitors went until finally the steward of the castle drove them off, declaring that there would be neither banquet nor show that evening if he and his helpers were not left to make their preparations in peace. Then they trooped noisily off to the stables, where the big, clumsy brown bears were gulping down their food from the wooden troughs where the horses usually ate. The creatures looked too heavy and awkward to do anything except plod along on four feet. But when one of the keepers held a choice piece of meat high in the air, they lifted themselves on their hind paws with surprising quickness and begged as prettily as Roger's pet hunting dog would have done.

"Wait till you see them do a dance with broomsticks tonight," said the keeper.

But he, too, found the children in the way and sent them off.

"By my faith, 'tis good to see thee out again, Roger," said a red-cheeked, merry lad of about his own age, throwing his arm over Roger's shoulder as they wandered away into the kitchen garden, where they could await undisturbed the call to supper. "We had expected to see thee appearing with double eyes and an alchemist's cap, like Master Michael's, perhaps even grown old in the service, so close does he keep thee there. To what do we owe the pleasure of thy company today?"

<sup>1</sup> From *Magic Gold*, by Marion Florence Lansing. By permission of Little, Brown & Company.

"The master gave me a holiday when he heard of the coming of the players," replied Roger.

But of the visit of the juggler to the workshop and of his own coming part as assistant for the evening he spoke not, though he longed to do a little boasting to this best friend of his. Already he had found that with the whole household curious as to what went on behind the closed doors of the workshop, it was not always easy to keep the alchemist's pledge of silence. So he turned the talk by getting Arthur to tell of an eagle's nest which the boys thought they had spied on a neighboring cliff and to which they were planning to climb.

"If only you could go with us, Roger!" said Arthur, and to that Roger had no reply. Nothing in his new work made up for the joy of free movement, as he realized sadly when he came out with the other boys and girls.

Roger's glory came that evening. Following the performance of the dancing bears and a play of King Arthur and his knights, in which the whole visiting company took part, Miles came forward alone in his striped suit, tossing three balls and keeping them in the air as he talked.

"The next part of the program will be an exhibition of White Magic," he said. "Not Black Art! You need have no fear, for we summon not the spirits from the lower world. But White Magic, for your pleasure and profit. For this I will ask my friend Roger Haddon to step forward and assist me."

The boys craned their necks eagerly and looked with envy as Roger left his seat on the front row and made his way to the platform.

They were simple tricks with which the juggler began. But the people were simple folk and easy to please.

"You see this rabbit," he said, holding up a stuffed white rabbit. "I put it in this box. I hold up the box, so that you may all see the rabbit in it. Now Roger takes it and holds it up. You see the rabbit, do you not?"

"Yes," they replied from all sides of the hall.

"Is there anyone who has any doubt that the rabbit is in this box?" asked the juggler.

"It's there now, but will it stay there?" called a man's voice from the back of the room.

"Ah! That is another question," said Miles, smiling. "All I want is to make sure that you agree with me that it is there now. You all say that it is?"

"Aye, aye, it's there," they replied again.

"Now we shall see what a little Magic will do," said Miles, waving his wand. As he waved it, he began to chant in a clear, ringing voice these words: —

"Now the Owl is flown abroad;  
Now I hear the croaking Toad;  
And the Bat, that shuns the day,  
Through the dark doth make her way.

"Come, good Spirit, quick I say!  
Night's the time for Magic's play.  
Where'er you be, in wood or lake,  
In the Ivy, Yew, or Brake,  
Quickly come and me attend,  
For I've always been your friend!"

He waited, listening, for a moment.

"Now we are ready," he said.

Then he put his ear to the box and listened there.

"Roger," he said quickly, "go and take Master Michael's cap off his head. See what you find there."

Roger went down into the audience, where Master Michael was seated, and lifted the cap from his head. There, on his bald head, under his cap, sat a white rabbit.

"I thought so," said Miles. "Bring it here, Roger. Bring it here."

While all eyes were on Roger as he went back to the platform with the rabbit in his hand, Miles was able to drop the false bottom out of the box and remove the first rabbit from below. By the time that Roger arrived at the platform, the juggler could hold up an empty box for all to see.



Since no one thought of the possibility of two identical stuffed rabbits, they must suppose that by some magic the rabbit had been spirited away from the box into which they had seen it put to the cap beneath which Roger had discovered it.

Many of the tricks depended, as Roger found out, on the skill of the magician in diverting the attention of his audience by his



*By Ewing Galloway, N. Y.*

#### A MODERN MAGICIAN DISCOVERS A WHITE RABBIT

merry talk from the things which he was doing with his hands. A magic ink was to be produced instantly without the long process of boiling and straining the dye. Roger held up before the audience the glass of clear water from which the ink was to be made. While Miles chanted a secret spell and waved his wand, the eyes of the audience were so steadily upon the hand holding the wand that

Roger was able to slip into his other hand a piece of black cloth of the exact size and shape of the tumbler. As he talked on, the magician waved the tumbler about in what he called a magic pattern. Once when he brought it below the level of the table, he emptied out the water. A little later he held it for a moment in both hands and bent over it, talking steadily meanwhile. In that moment he was able to slip the black cloth into the tumbler. When he held it up again, it looked in the dim light as black as ink.

Before long, however, there began to be tricks which were as mystifying to Roger on the platform as to those who sat on the floor of the hall.

A magic stone was shown in which dwelt a Spirit which had, according to Miles, the power to rule over iron and make iron come and go at its bidding. Roger's friend, Arthur, was sent with the blacksmith to sweep up from the floor of the smithy some of the bits of iron which had been filed off in the shaping of horse-shoes.

"I send the blacksmith with the boy," explained Miles, "so that you may be sure that no tricks are played."

When the blacksmith returned, Miles had him assure the audience that these were ordinary bits of iron that Arthur had brought, such bits as might be swept up from the floor any day.

"That proves," said Miles, "that I have had no chance to handle them or cast a spell on them. Whatever happens must be because of the magic in this stone."

The magic stone was then placed on the table, and a piece of parchment was laid over it, so that it was completely covered from sight. On this parchment Arthur sprinkled the filings, shaking the parchment gently as he did so.

Miles stood so far away that even Roger, who was watching closely, could not see how he could possibly play any trick with the bits of iron on the parchment. But he did see with his own eyes, as did the others who crowded around to watch, how those bits of iron shook themselves as if they were alive and crawled over the parchment. Straight towards the part beneath which the magic

stone lay they went, and arranged themselves over it in the shape of two curves.

"They take their places in as regular a pattern as if one were arranging chessmen on a board," said the magician. "Yet no hand touches or guides them. Only the magic stone calls them and commands them."

That was a wonder which no one could explain.

"This same magic stone," Miles continued, "to which the iron filings give such quick obedience is not its own master. As the iron obeys its call, so it obeys the call of a Master Spirit of the North, which dwells far away in the regions of ice and snow where no man has ever been. This we know because we can see the stone obey the call."

Miles had a long slender piece of this stone hung on a post in a round box, which he gave to Arthur to carry up and down between the rows of people in the audience. They could all see that, however hard one shook the box, so that the stone was swung around and around in circles, as soon as it was allowed to come to rest, it always pointed straight north.

"That is because it must obey the Master Spirit in the North," explained Miles. "So faithful is it, and so trustworthy, that men sail the seas by its guidance in times of storm when clouds shut the North Star from their sight."

While the people still marveled at the wonder of this stone, Miles called on the Spirit-of-Fire-That-Dwelt-in-Water to come and do his bidding.

Now everyone knows that fire and water are enemies which fight each other to the death whenever and wherever they meet. Who has not seen fire sputter with anger when water falls on it? And water bubble and boil when fire comes near it? Yet after the Spirit-of-Fire-That-Dwelt-in-Water had come and entered into a bowl of water — or if it was not water, what was it, for it had no color and looked like water — the juggler dipped a lighted candle into it, and the water lighted as if it were wood and blazed away so that all in the hall could see.



Then Miles told Roger to put a piece of cloth into the bowl in which the fire was blazing. He dropped it in and saw it take fire. Yet when the flame in the bowl had died down and the water had all burned away, there was Roger's cloth, scorched but unburned.

"You see the wonderful skill of my new assistant," Miles said, pointing to Roger. "'Tis plain I chose well in having one who has been instructed in the arts by Master Michael. The charms work for him as readily as for me."

The people would have been frightened to go to their homes in the dark after all these spirits had been summoned to show them marvels if Miles had not ended the entertainment by taking his viol and calling on them all to follow the lead of the performing bears in a lively dance.

Roger had never seen a man who could do so many things. Here he was playing and dancing and getting the crowd in a good humor by his songs. A moment earlier he had been calling up spirits to perform for him. Before that he had been tossing balls and doing other juggling tricks. Yet Roger did not forget those minutes in the alchemist's room when Master Michael had treated him as a fellow scientist. Which was the real man — juggler, magician, player, or alchemist?

III. Follow the same directions that were given for the preceding selection.

## GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH A VIREO <sup>1</sup>

*By Samuel Scoville, Jr.*

The last nest of all was my treasure nest of the summer. I was about to give up the game and start off for a walk, when suddenly, right ahead of me, hanging on the limb of a sugar maple, not five feet above the stone wall, I saw the swinging basket nest of a vireo, with the woven white strips of birchbark on the outside which all

<sup>1</sup> From *Everyday Adventures*, copyright by Samuel Scoville, Jr., published by the Atlantic Monthly Press. Reprinted by permission of the author.

vireos use in that part of the country. It was as if a veil had suddenly dropped from my eyes, for I had been looking in that direction constantly, without seeing the nest directly in front of me. Probably, at last, I must have slightly turned my head and finally caught the light in a different direction. I supposed that the nest was that of the red-eyed vireo, the only one of the five vireos which would be likely to build in such a location. Climbing upon the wall to look at it, I saw the mother bird was on the nest. Even when I took hold of the limb, she did not fly. Then I slowly pulled the limb down, and still the brave bird stayed on her nest, although several times she started to her feet and, ruffling her feathers, made as if to fly. As the nest came nearer and nearer, I could see that she was quivering all over with fear, and that her heart was beating so rapidly as to shake her tiny body. Finally, as she came almost within reach of my outstretched hand, she gave me one long look and then suddenly cuddled down over her dearly loved eggs and hid her head inside of the nest. Reaching my hand out very carefully, I stroked her quivering little back. She raised her head and gave me another long look, as if to make sure whether I meant her any harm. Evidently I seemed friendly, for as I stroked her head she turned and gave my finger a little peck, then snuggled her head up against it in the most confiding, engaging way. As she did so, I noticed that a white line ran from the beak to the eye, and that she had a white eye-ring and a bluish-gray head. As I looked at her, suddenly from a near-by branch the father bird sang, and I recognized the song of the solitary or blue-headed vireo, who belongs in the deep woods and whose rare nest is usually found in their depths. As the male came nearer, I could see his pure white throat which, with the line from eye to bill and the greenish-yellow markings on either flank, makes a good field mark. The four eggs, which I saw afterwards when the mother bird was off the nest, were white with reddish markings all over instead of being blotched at one end as are those of the red-eyed vireo. Every day for the rest of that week I visited my little friend; and before I left she grew to know me so well that she would not even ruffle up her feathers when I pulled the limb down.

- IV. Try to imagine the scene described in the following poem. In your mind go over the details to put in just as many as possible. Then read the poem again to catch anything you have omitted. Tell the class what you "see."

BLUE BOWL <sup>1</sup>

I remember how I loved new bread,  
The smell of butter in the crust.  
There was a bowl of blue I had  
For summer days.  
Sometimes at sunset I sat on the back steps  
And held the bowl balanced upon my knees,  
And dipped as a dreamer does  
The rounded spoon into the white milk,  
Lifting the little islands of the bread.  
The honeysuckle and the phlox  
Were sweet upon the air,  
And fireflies lifted uncertain stars  
Into the night.  
I wonder why this memory lingers so —  
The bowl was broken years ago.

— SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN

- V. When reading the following poem you will need to exercise your imagination in connection with several senses. It will be easier if you have at some time visited the ocean, or a large lake, but if you haven't, you can use your imagination that much harder. Can you *see* and *hear* and *smell* the ocean, and *feel* the beat of the waves on the shore?

PULSE <sup>2</sup>

Here is the wind, the core  
Of sound to run before

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*



The charge of waves. The spray,  
Salt sharp, sparkles away  
Along the plume of sun:  
Water and air are one.

The salt smell blends in air  
With marsh grass and wrack, where  
Gulls cry out and stammer,  
Where water takes command,  
Striking like a hammer  
Beating against the land.

Here is the sound and fury  
Where wind and waters hurry:  
The restlessness, the tone  
Of elements alone;  
Here where the pulse beats start  
Throbbing, strong as a heart.

— ROBERT WISTRAND

VI. Have you ever been on a farm? If you have, this picture will come easily to you. If you are not familiar with spring plowing, you will need to study these details closely. As you read each statement, pause to call up its meaning in a mental picture. Which seems to you the most vivid detail?

### YOUNG CORN IS GROWING <sup>1</sup>

Young corn is growing in well-measured rows,  
Just right for plowing. Sorrel horses step  
Briskly between the furrows, back and forth  
Across the level field. A boundary fence  
Squares the acres on three sides; a wood  
Grows evenly to form the farthest edge.

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

The plowman stops to rest beneath the shade  
 Of willow thicket, listening to the call  
 Of bobolink. The horses ease their weight  
 From one hoof to the other. Morning sun  
 Slants fieldward, warming every blade and clod  
 Of earth new-turned. A single dragon fly  
 Darts through the solitude of bright June morn,  
 The gray-green stillness of the growing corn.

— B. B. COOPER

VII. Here is a foreign picture. Note carefully each detail until you see, hear, and smell all the poet has suggested.

### CHINESE JASMINE VENDOR<sup>1</sup>

Scarlet-clad, the small girl  
 Moves through the throng,  
 With her black braid falling  
 Straight as lacquered rope  
 Down her narrow back.  
 Her voice chimes thinly  
 In a clear refrain;  
 And on a woven tray  
 The white jasmine blooms  
 Are laid, pale as pearls  
 Among satin-green leaves.  
 Softly their perfume follows her,  
 Like invisible smoke.

— MARGARET MACKPRANG MACKAY

VIII. Instead of presenting parts of one picture, the next little poem suggests several "snapshots." How many are there? Try to imagine each one, reading and rereading the lines until you have them all clearly before you. How many of these have you ever really seen?

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

INTERRUPTION FOR WONDER <sup>1</sup>

Tree boughs hang gold nets of shaking light  
 On the walls;  
 A cup holds slanted shadow;  
 I move a glass jug —  
 On its curven side appears  
 A shining little window,  
 And when did I pour clouds and sky  
 Into this bowl?

How shall I finish my work,  
 Having constantly to marvel  
 Over these small wonders?

— DOLORES CAIRNS

- IX. Artists are fond of color. So are poets, and they use it freely in their imaginative pictures. Can you “paint” this flower bed in the colors suggested? You need not try to remember the picture but to enjoy its richness of color and texture as you read it. Which one of these pansies do you like best?

PANSY BED <sup>2</sup>

Disks of dark, velvet — violet  
 and plum color;  
 Snippings of satin mauve and ivory,  
 maroon, canary yellow;  
 Scraps of soft blue ruffling —  
 Who has been rummaging the workbasket  
 Of some old-fashioned dressmaker?

— DOLORES CAIRNS

- X. This poem compares waves to horses and surf riders to men on swift horses. See how many of the details you can see in imagination. It may be necessary to go over the poem three

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*



or four times. Read aloud to the class the lines that suggest the clearest details to you.

SURF RIDERS <sup>1</sup>

Sea horses thunder on the beach today,  
Wild things with tossing manes of silver spray;  
Their riders stand erect against the sky,  
A moment lost to sight, then lifted high  
Upon their steeds, that rushing toward the land  
Foam at the nostrils, still their riders stand  
With arms spread out like wings above the sea,  
Fearless as birds, their bodies poised and free  
With muscles rippling under sun-browned skin,  
The riders of the surf race swiftly in.

— GWEN CASTLE

- XI. Try at the first reading to get all the details of this simple picture. Tell the class what you “see.” Did the class note any omissions?

KITTEN <sup>2</sup>

Deliberately he walks through the grass,  
Pausing to smell a dandelion;  
Then a pebble must be poked and patted  
To see if it will run;  
At last,  
With serenity upon his face,  
He condescends to approach me  
Unhurriedly.

But it appears  
That I am of less interest  
Than even a blowing feather!

— DOLORES CAIRNS

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

- XII. In training our imagination to grasp suggestions given by writers we must be sure to include, not only seeing, but also hearing and other sensations. Here is a poem to give you practice in imagining sounds. As you read each description of the sounds made by different engines, pause long enough to imagine them clearly. Read to the class several phrases describing sounds, and as you read them keep the imaginary sound in mind.

### SONGS OF ENGINES <sup>1</sup>

When I awake in the deep purple curve of night,  
I faintly hear the engines in the yard,  
Like great beasts, friendly and companionable,  
That with their breathing unobtrusively  
Accompany the thoughts of midnight hours.

I hear a train, getting up steam to leave  
For a far town; then whistle down the night  
A pleasant tune that dwindles into slender notes  
Along the further caverns of the dark,  
Singing, "Good night, good-by."

Then faintly ringing from another line  
Another rail song spirals into sound,  
Spirals to the full round volume of a tune  
Sung by a train that's swiftly coming home,  
Sung by a train that's happy to be home.

Still, in between the songs of the long trains,  
The little shunting engines gently puff  
And swing the freight cars into place with care;  
So quietly behind my thoughts they move;  
Blowing their silver blossoms to the stars,  
And to their soothing song, again I sleep.

— ERICA SELFRIDGE

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.



"SILVER METEOR"

*Seaboard Railway*

XIII. Read this poem slowly to sense the sound and the light effects. Choose at least three phrases that give you the clearest imaginative pictures. Which one do you like best?

### SKYLINER AT NIGHT<sup>1</sup>

The great wing tips, the motors roar  
their wealth of sound  
across the wide sky's floor.

In the long canyons of the night,  
with fiery sweep,  
this creature climbed the trail of Flight  
and now sinks — half asleep.

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.



While on the ground  
the beacons flash, the searchlights arc  
their guiding beam.

From the country of the dark  
descends a silver dream.

— JOHN RITCHEY

XIV. As you read, try to imagine yourself handling the objects mentioned. Can you too feel the cool wiry frog vibrating with his song or the velvety pressure of the rose against the hand? Read this selection carefully to see how many different scenes you experience with the child Helen. Read it more than once. During the second reading pause after each paragraph and write down *from memory* the experience that still stays with you. Then read again the entire selection and see how many of the details seem real to you.

## ENJOYING NATURE <sup>1</sup>

*By Helen Keller*

We read and studied out of doors, preferring the sunlit woods to the house. All my early lessons have in them the breath of the woods — the fine, resinous odor of pine needles, blended with the perfume of wild grapes. Seated in the gracious shade of a wild tulip tree, I learned to think that everything has a lesson and a suggestion. “The loveliness of things taught me all their use.” Indeed, everything that could hum, or buzz, or sing, or bloom, had a part in my education — noisy-throated frogs, katydids and crickets held in my hand until, forgetting their embarrassment, they trilled their reedy note, little downy chickens and wild flowers, the dogwood blossoms, meadow violets and budding fruit trees. I felt the bursting cotton bolls and fingered their soft fiber and fuzzy seeds; I felt the low soughing of wind through the cornstalks, the silky rustling of

<sup>1</sup> From *The Story of My Life*, by Helen Keller, copyright 1903, 1931. Reprinted by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.

the long leaves and the cornstalks, and the indignant snort of my pony, as we caught him in the pasture and put the bit in his mouth — ah me! how well I remember the spicy, clovery smell of his breath!

Sometimes I rose at dawn and stole into the garden while the heavy dew lay on the grass and flowers. Few know what joy it is to feel the roses pressing softly into the hand, or the beautiful motion of the lilies as they sway in the morning breeze. Sometimes I caught an insect in the flower I was plucking, and I felt the faint noise of a pair of wings rubbed together in a sudden terror, as the little creature became aware of a pressure from without.

Another favorite haunt of mine was the orchard, where the fruit ripened early in July. The large, downy peaches would reach themselves into my hand, and as the joyous breezes flew about the trees the apples tumbled at my feet. Oh, the delight with which I gathered the fruit in my pinafore, pressed my face against the smooth cheeks of the apples, still warm from the sun, and skipped back to the house!

Our favorite walk was to Keller's Landing, an old tumble-down lumber wharf on the Tennessee River, used during the Civil War to land soldiers. There we spent many happy hours and played at learning geography. I built dams of pebbles, made islands and lakes, and dug river beds, all for fun, and never dreamed that I was learning a lesson. I listened with increasing wonder to Miss Sullivan's descriptions of the great round world with its burning mountains, buried cities, moving rivers of ice, and many other things as strange. She made raised maps in clay, so that I could feel the mountain ridges and valleys, and follow with my fingers the devious course of rivers. I liked this, too; but the division of the earth into zones and poles confused and teased my mind. The illustrative strings and the orange stick representing the poles seemed so real that even to this day the mere mention of temperate zone suggests a series of twine circles; and I believe that if anyone should set about it he could convince me that white bears actually climb the North Pole.

## TEST

THE LUNAR HOAX<sup>1</sup>

*By Mary Proctor*

Nearly a hundred years ago the whole world was startled by the news that Sir John Herschel, a great astronomer, who had gone to the Cape of Good Hope to explore southern skies with his large telescope, had made some wonderful discoveries. So powerful was his magic glass that it brought the Moon within arm's length; he could see not only the wonderful scenery, but the inhabitants of the Moon as well.

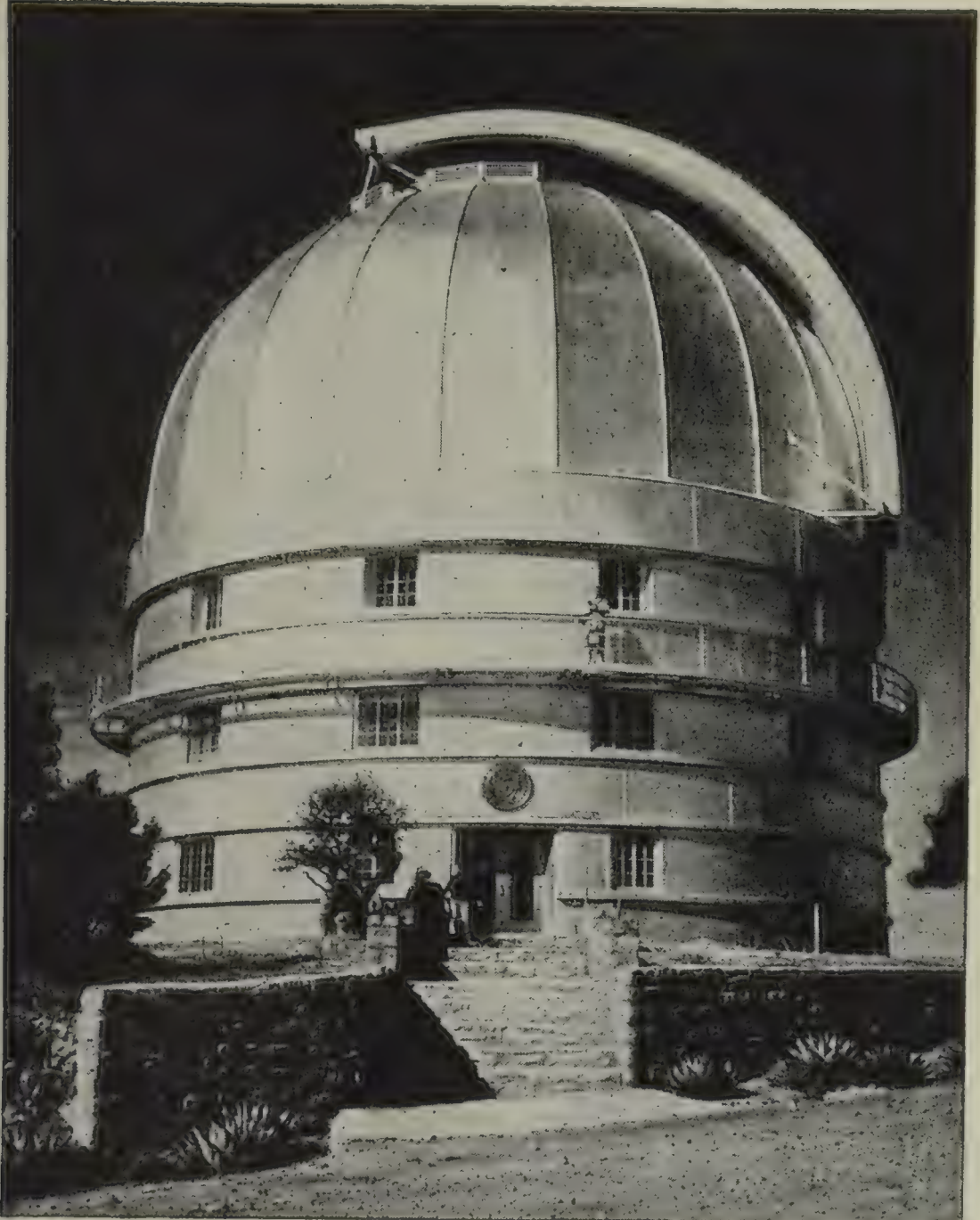
The story was illustrated with pictures of strange batlike creatures provided with wings, which enabled them to fly from place to place or hover over the summits of steep precipices. Flocks of these winged beings were seen at times descending from the cliffs with slow, even motion to the plains below. They were four feet in height, and were covered, except on the face, with glossy, copper-colored hair. Their wings when outspread for flight resembled those of a bat, for which reason they were called bat men. When they alighted on the ground the wings could be folded, lying snugly upon the back and reaching to the ground. These Moon people seemed to be very happy and playful; they spent their time flying, bathing, or in collecting fruit and flowers.

They lived in huts, situated in valleys surrounded by hills scarlet in hue, and fluted like the columns of Fingal's Cave. Steep inclines were to be seen covered with a dark red flower like a poppy, the first flower ever seen on the Moon. There were also rocks of green marble, beyond which stretched beaches of glistening white sand, over which the deep blue water of seas and bays broke in large white billows.

A lofty chain of slender pyramids of faint lilac hue, glistening in the sunlight, was also observed. The peaks rose to a height of eighty

<sup>1</sup> From *The Young Folk's Book of the Heavens* by Mary Proctor. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company.





*University of Chicago*

MCDONALD OBSERVATORY, FT. LOCKE, TEXAS

or ninety feet, and seemed like glowing spires situated amid enchanting valleys, or partly hidden by the dark green woods beyond. Here there were palm trees adorned with large crimson flowers, gigantic trees like oaks, but with broad, glossy leaves and tresses of yellow flowers hanging from the branches to the ground. Farther on vast plains were revealed, on which gambled goats with beards and horns, and endowed with the grace of an antelope. One of the observers amused himself by touching the part of the screen upon which these scenes were reflected from the magic glass, and the goats would suddenly bound away "as if conscious of our earthly impertinence," according to the account given supposedly by Sir John Herschel.

He was also said to have seen miniature zebras, long-tailed birds like golden pheasants, and a flock of sheep, but no shepherd with blue apron and rolled-up sleeves looking after them. A strange creature, round like a ball, was observed rolling along a pebbly beach with great velocity, finally disappearing among the breakers on the shore.

In the valley of Ruby Colosseum, where the bat men lived, was a temple of polished sapphire, or some resplendent blue stone, displaying myriad points of golden light reflected from the Sun. The roof of the temple was composed of some yellow metal, curved and resembling masses of golden flames rising in waving points from a great fire within. The structure was one hundred feet high from its glistening white floor to its glowing roof, and it stood upon the summit of a green hill in the center of the valley. Flocks of white doves were constantly alighting upon its pinnacles, a finishing touch to the picturesque scene.

Such is a brief account of the quaint story of what is famous as "The Lunar Hoax." It was so cleverly written that it was generally accepted, almost without question. It aroused world-wide interest, until it was discovered to be nothing more or less than a hoax written by Mr. Richard Adams Locke, in 1835, for the *New York Sun*, of which he was at that time editor.

1. Describe the Moon people as pictured in this account.
2. Describe their buildings.
3. Describe the scenery.
4. What pictures do you have of the animal life on the Moon as a result of this article?

Supplementary exercise: Read a true description of the Moon's surface and contrast the scene with the one given in this article.



## CHAPTER X

# *To Share the Writer's Feeling*

The imaginative picture that a writer calls up in our mind is usually only part of the experience he is presenting to us. As he thinks of his subject, he has some sort of feeling for it — admiration, fear, praise, love of beauty, sympathy — and he writes in such a way as to arouse the same feeling in us. Our feelings are a very real part of us and when properly controlled can give us added pleasure and deepen our appreciation of various experiences. Let us read with our emotions awake.

One of the first questions we probably ask is, How can we know how the writer feels about his subject? Sometimes it is hard to find just how he manages to put his feeling into his story or poem. But frequently he uses one or more of these ways.

## PRETEST

Here is a well-known love poem that illustrates different ways of making the mood of the writer stand out clearly. Read this poem and then write the answers to these questions in your notebook: —

1. What is the feeling of the poet?
2. By what three devices does he make his emotion clear and vivid?

## A RED, RED ROSE

*Adapted from Robert Burns*

O my love's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June:  
O my love's like the melodie  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in love am I;  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
Till all the seas go dry.

Till all the seas go dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt with the sun:  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands of life shall run.

And fare-thee-well, my only Love!  
And fare-thee-well awhile!  
And I will come again, my Love,  
Though it were ten thousand mile.

## I

You have noticed that in the poem you have just read Burns repeats certain words and phrases over and over, so that they cannot escape us. Such repetition is one of the devices used to emphasize the idea and the underlying feeling. Here are other poems that have this way of calling attention to the feeling.

Study the poems below for their use of repetition: —

- a.* Word or words repeated
- b.* Number of times the idea is repeated
- c.* Feeling expressed by the poet

I.

## THE ANCIENT MARINER

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

— SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

## 2. HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM

When the dying flame of day  
Through the chancel shot its ray,  
Far the glimmering tapers shed  
Faint light on the cowed head;  
And the censer burning swung,  
Where, before the altar, hung  
The blood-red banner, that with prayer  
Had been consecrated there.

And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,  
Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner! and, beneath  
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,  
Guard it! — till our homes are free!  
Guard it! — God will prosper thee!  
In the dark and trying hour,  
In the breaking forth of power,  
In the rush of steeds and men,  
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner! But, when night  
Closes round the ghastly fight,  
If the vanquished warrior bow,  
Spare him! — By our holy vow,  
By our prayers and many tears,  
By the mercy that endears,  
Spare him! — he our love hath shared!  
Spare him! — as thou wouldst be spared!

"Take thy banner! — and if e'er  
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,  
And the muffled drum should beat  
To the tread of mournful feet,



Then this crimson flag shall be  
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."

The warrior took that banner proud,  
And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

3.

### THE SANDS OF DEE

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home  
Across the sands of Dee";

The western wind was wild and dank with foam  
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,  
And o'er and o'er the sand,  
And round and round the sand,  
As far as eye could see.

The rolling mist came down and hid the land:  
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it wood, or fish, or floating hair —  
A tress of golden hair,  
A drowned maiden's hair  
Above the nets at sea?

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
The cruel crawling foam,  
The cruel hungry foam,  
To her grave beside the sea;  
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home  
Across the sands of Dee.

— CHARLES KINGSLEY

4.

## ALLAN-A-DALE

Allan-a-Dale has no faggots for burning,  
Allan-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,  
Allan-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,  
Yet Allan-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.  
Come, read me my riddle! Come, harken my tale!  
And tell me the tale of bold Allan-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,  
And he views his domains upon Arkendale side.  
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,  
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;  
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,  
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allan-a-Dale.

Allan-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,  
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;  
Allan-a-Dale is no baron or lord,  
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word,  
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,  
Who at Rere-cross Stanmore meets Allan-a-Dale.

Allan-a-Dale to his wooing is come;  
The mother, she ask'd of his household and home:  
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,  
My hall," quoth bold Allan, "shows gallanter still;  
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,  
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allan-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone:  
They lifted the latch, and they bade him begone;  
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry;  
He has laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye,  
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,  
And the youth it was told by was Allan-a-Dale.

5.

THE VAGABOND <sup>1</sup>

Give to me the life I love,  
Let the lave go by me,  
Give the jolly heaven above  
And the byway nigh me.  
Bed in the bush with stars to see,  
Bread I dip in the river —  
There's the life for a man like me,  
There's the life for ever.

Or let autumn fall on me  
Where afield I linger,  
Silencing the bird on tree,  
Biting the blue finger.  
White as meal the frosty field —  
Warm the fireside haven —  
Not to autumn will I yield,  
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,  
Let what will be o'er me;  
Give the face of earth around,  
And the road before me.  
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me;  
All I ask, the heaven above  
And the road below me.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

6.

## PAST AND PRESENT

I remember, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn;

<sup>1</sup> By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.



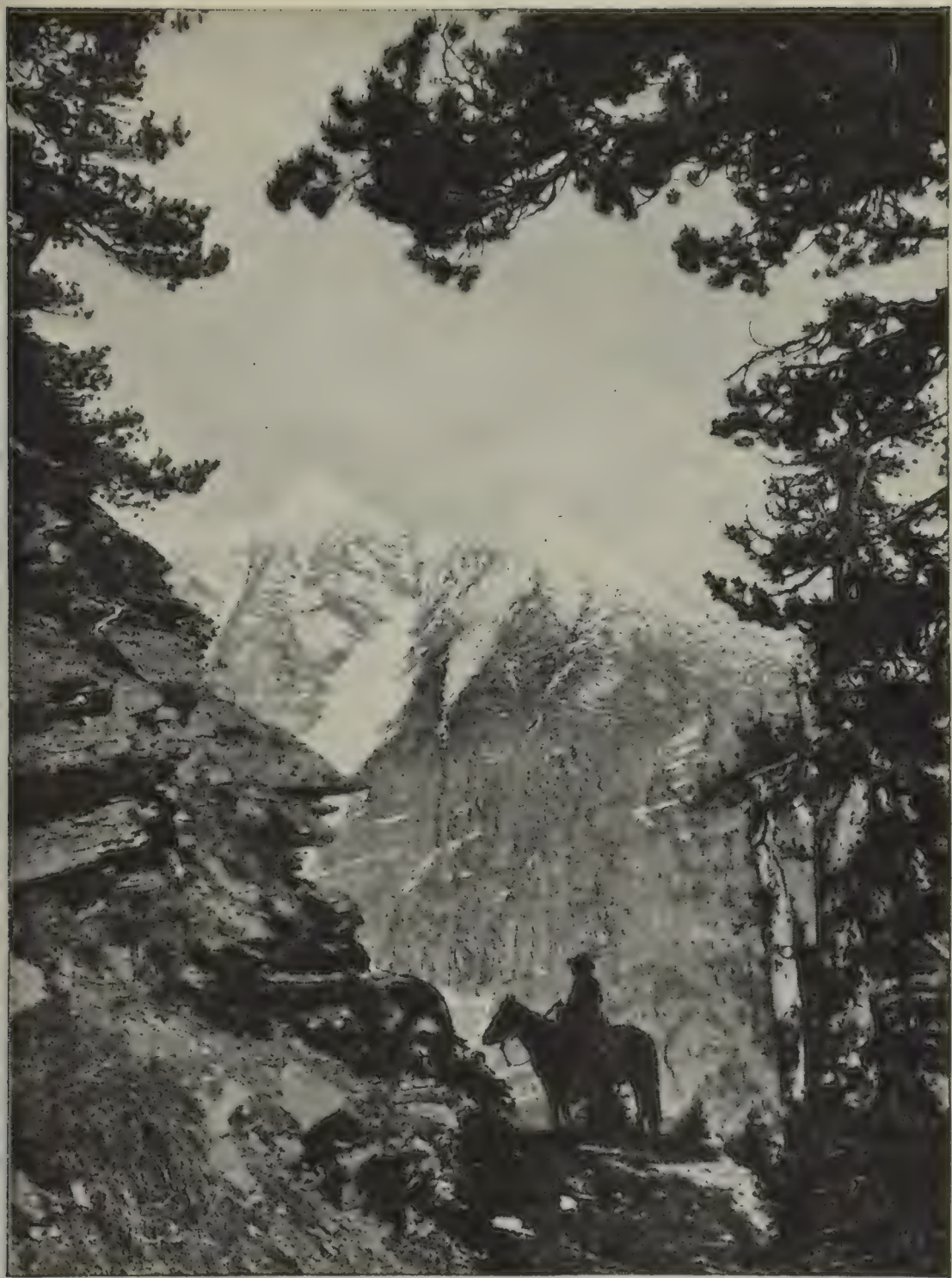
He never came a wink too soon  
Nor brought too long a day;  
But now, I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets, and the lily cups —  
Those flowers made of light!  
The lilacs, where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birthday —  
The tree is living yet.

I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing;  
My spirit flew in feathers then  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember  
The fir trees dark and high;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky:  
It was childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from Heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

— THOMAS HOOD



*National Park Service, Dept. of the Interior*

ON THE TRAIL

7.

THE PEAK <sup>1</sup>

There's a far high trail where the pines are,  
     There's a gray faint trail to the dawn,  
 There's a sudden hush on the hillside —  
     Look! the last star's gone!  
 And, follow, follow, the far trail seems to say,  
 Follow, comrade, follow, and you'll make the peak today!  
  
 There's a steep hard trail where the stones are,  
     There's a sharp gray crag at the bend;  
 There's a far fine mist where the road winds —  
     What is at the end?  
 Follow, follow, the dark trail seems to say,  
 Follow, comrade, follow, and you'll make the peak today!  
  
 There's an unknown trail — but we'll take it.  
     It's a steep hard trail — who's afraid?  
 There are deep sharp chasms to walk by:  
     No one's hands can aid.  
 Follow, follow, the far trail seems to say,  
 Follow, comrade, follow, and you'll make the peak today!

— MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

## II

A second means a writer may use to indicate his attitude is to compare his subject with something else. Joseph Conrad, the English novelist, in describing the new moon compared it to a shaving from a bar of gold. Do you think he admired the thin curve of the new moon? Another writer likened the same slender moon to a paring from a fingernail. Did he like it as well as Conrad? Such comparisons may suggest various attitudes: appreciation of beauty, reverence, scorn, devotion.

a. What are compared in these selections?

b. What do the comparisons show as to the writers' feelings or those of the one speaking?

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission of the author.



1.

DUNA <sup>1</sup>

When I was a little lad  
With folly on my lips,  
Fain was I for journeying  
All the seas in ships.  
But now across the southern swell,  
Every dawn I hear  
The little streams of Duna  
Running clear.

When I was a young man,  
Before my beard was gray,  
All to ships and sailormen  
I gave my heart away.  
But I'm weary of the sea-wind,  
I'm weary of the foam,  
And the little stars of Duna  
Call me home.

— MARJORIE PICKTHALL

2.

LONE DOG <sup>2</sup>

I'm a lean dog, a keen dog, a wild dog, and lone;  
I'm a rough dog, a tough dog, hunting on my own;  
I'm a bad dog, a mad dog, teasing silly sheep;  
I love to sit and bay the moon, to keep fat souls from sleep.

I'll never be a lap dog, licking dirty feet,  
A sleek dog, a meek dog, cringing for my meat,  
Not for me the fireside, the well-filled plate,  
But shut door, and sharp stone, and cuff and kick, and hate.

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission of Arthur C. Pickthall.

<sup>2</sup> From *Songs to Save a Soul*, by Irene Rutherford McLeod. By permission of the Viking Press, Inc., New York.

Not for me the other dogs, running by my side,  
Some have run a short while, but none of them would bide.  
O mine is still the lone trail, the hard trail, the best,  
Wide wind, and wild stars, and hunger on the quest!

— IRENE RUTHERFORD MCLEOD

3.

### THE HAPPIEST LAND

There sat one day in quiet,  
By an alehouse on the Rhine,  
Four hale and hearty fellows,  
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups,  
Around the rustic board;  
Then sat they all so calm and still,  
And spake not one rude word.

But when the maid departed,  
A Swabian raised his hand,  
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,  
"Long live the Swabian land!

"The greatest kingdom upon earth  
Cannot with that compare;  
With all the stout and hardy men  
And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing, —  
And dashed his beard with wine;  
"I had rather live in Lapland,  
Than that Swabian land of thine!

"The goodliest land on all the earth  
It is the Saxon land!  
There have I as many maidens  
As fingers on this hand!"

"Hold your tongues! both Swabian and Saxon!"

A bold Bohemian cries;

"If there's a heaven upon this earth,  
In Bohemia it lies.

"There the tailor blows the flute,  
And the cobbler blows the horn,  
And the miner blows the bugle,  
Over mountain gorge and bourn."

And then the landlord's daughter  
Up to heaven raised her hand,  
And said, "Ye may no more contend, —  
There lies the happiest land!"

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

4.

#### A LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND

Away, away in the Northland,  
Where the hours of the day are few,  
And the nights are so long in winter  
That they cannot sleep them through;

Where they harness the swift reindeer  
To the sledges, when it snows;  
And the children look like bear's cubs  
In their funny, furry clothes:

They tell them a curious story —  
I don't believe 'tis true;  
And yet you may learn a lesson  
If I tell the tale to you.

Once, when the good Saint Peter  
Lived in the world below,  
And walked about it, preaching,  
Just as he did, you know,



He came to the door of a cottage,  
In traveling round the earth,  
Where a little woman was making cakes,  
And baking them on the hearth;

And being faint with fasting,  
For the day was almost done, ,  
He asked her, from her store of cakes,  
To give him a single one.

So she made a very little cake,  
But as it baking lay,  
She looked at it, and thought it seemed  
Too large to give away.

Therefore she kneaded another,  
And still a smaller one;  
But it looked, when she turned it over,  
As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,  
And rolled and rolled it flat;  
And baked it thin as a wafer —  
But she couldn't part with that.

For she said, "My cakes that seem too small  
When I eat of them myself,  
Are yet too large to give away."  
So she put them on the shelf.

Then good Saint Peter grew angry,  
For he was hungry and faint;  
And surely such a woman  
Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said, "You are far too selfish  
To dwell in a human form,  
To have both food and shelter,  
And fire to keep you warm.

"Now, you shall build as the birds do,  
And shall get your scanty food  
By boring, and boring, and boring,  
All day in the hard, dry wood."

Then up she went through the chimney,  
Never speaking a word,  
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,  
For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head,  
And that was left the same,  
But all the rest of her clothes were burned  
Black as a coal in the flame.

And every country school-boy  
Has seen her in the wood,  
Where she lives in the trees till this very day,  
Boring and boring for food.

You mayn't be changed to a bird though you live  
As selfishly as you can;  
But you will be changed to a smaller thing —  
A mean and selfish man.

— PHOEBE CARY

### III

Stevenson wrote that "life is so full of a number of things," and we know that life is full also of many different kinds of emotion, or feeling. When we receive a gift or hear a humorous story or admire a perfect rose or hear of a heroic deed, we respond in different ways. These responses are more than simply noticing the gift or the heroism; they are a welling up within us of a rush of feeling. Then we say that we feel grateful, as for the gift, or amused, as by the story, or patriotic, as in singing our national anthem. Our feelings do queer things to us. Some bring tears to the eyes; one makes our faces wrinkle up in laughter; another makes us double up our fists —

or want to. So these feelings really are powerful. Much of civilization has developed because of the right use of emotions such as love of beauty and sympathy for the unfortunate and hatred of wrong. These feelings have prompted countless noble deeds — though it took “brain work,” or good judgment, to work them out well. But that’s another story.

In everyday life we experience different kinds of emotion. What are some kinds? When we read, we enlarge our experience as we share the writers’ experiences. This enlarged outlook can enrich our lives. The quality of emotion has an important part in the world’s great literature.

This wide range of feeling includes patriotism, admiration, love, friendliness, devotion, appreciation of everyday things, grief, praise, repentance, scorn, despair, sympathy, loyalty, love of beauty, hatred, reverence, joy of discovery, unselfishness, bitterness, playfulness, amusement, longing, aspiration, fear, and many others. Before reading the following selections it would be well to discuss the terms just listed, describing each emotion as well as you can. You may use examples to help explain their meaning.

Read the following selections and name the chief emotion expressed. Did the author succeed in making you feel somewhat as he did? If you have trouble finding the right word for the feeling, look at the list in the paragraph above for a suggestion.

## I.

## THE AMERICAN FLAG

Flag of the free hearts’ hope and home!  
By angel hands to valor given;  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all the hues were born in heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet!  
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
With Freedom’s soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom’s banner streaming o’er us?

— JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE



2.

"DEAR NEIGHBOR" <sup>1</sup>

In the home of young Louisa Alcott the spirit of charity and self-sacrifice was a breathing, living thing.

When Louisa was nine years old her family moved from Boston to Concord. There, her mother's cousin came to visit them, and in a letter wrote: —

"Mrs. Alcott told me of the miserably poor woman in her neighborhood in a poor hovel with four children. She had been aiding her to a little meal. She said it seemed as if this poor family had been brought to her notice to show her how much better her own situation was. . . . While I was at Mrs. Alcott's I saw no meat, nor butter, nor cheese, and only coarse brown sugar, bread, potatoes, squash, and simple puddings. The Alcotts had just begun to do with two meals a day, that the children might have the pleasure of carrying once a week a basket of something from their humble savings to the poor family."

3.

LEIF ERICSON <sup>2</sup>

As Viking boy he sailed his father's ship  
To fishing grounds, to Iceland after whales.  
He knew beneath his ribs the freezing nip  
Of fear, and yet he listened to the tales

His father told of land to be  
Discovered, and could ever see  
How fair it was. Then after he

Had grown a bearded man and knew the grip  
Of power within himself, he rode the gales  
To westward, westward fearlessly.

When weary years had passed, the grizzled Leif  
Still watched the sunset sky. "Ahoy, a reef!  
A reef to justify my wild belief!"

— BEULAH JACKSON CHARMLEY

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

<sup>2</sup> Reprinted by permission of the author.

4. HIS FIRST MOVIE <sup>1</sup>

Calgary's Palace Theater audience recently witnessed a scene rich in pathos, a scene not flashed on the silver screen, but a story of a twelve-year-old crippled boy.

The story was told in Regina by Leo M. Devaney, Toronto general manager of RKO Radio Pictures.

This little boy was paralyzed. His life was an existence of remaining on his back. But the lad enjoyed himself by listening to stories read to him by his parents. Particularly he loved fairy stories.

Like every other child, this little cripple heard of that fairyland picture, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. More than anything else he wanted to see his fairy-book characters come to life on the silver screen. But he had never seen a motion picture in his life. To all appearances he never would, for he could not be moved off his back. The Red Cross in Calgary went to Peter Egan, manager of the Palace Theater. At first it seemed impossible, since it was thought that the only way was to have it shown on the ceiling. Projection equipment made this impossible.

But in the end the boy saw his first picture. Four rows of seats were taken out at the right side of the theater. Then a special reclining platform was built. The boy was brought in on his stretcher and placed on the sloping platform. There in his section, roped off from the rest of the theatergoers, he saw his beloved story-book characters.

He saw the picture twice. Unable to move or clap his hands, the child cried and laughed in turn as emotions swept over him.

5. PORTRAIT OF A PLAIN PUPPY <sup>2</sup>

Little dog,  
You with the pleading eyes

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Leader-Post*, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.

<sup>2</sup> Reprinted by permission of the author and of *The American Girl*, a magazine for all girls, published by Girl Scouts, Inc.

And tan eyebrows that give you always  
A look of surprise,  
You with the funny marks of white and black  
And your one tan forward leg — the others being white, —  
You who beg  
Politely for a bone, what can I give you back  
That will repay your love,  
That will repay your faith  
In me whom you know nothing of;  
What can I give you save the pat and the word you prize,  
O little dog with the dark, adoring eyes?

— FRANCES FROST

6. THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,  
Old Kaspar's work was done,  
And he before his cottage door  
Was sitting in the sun,  
And by him sported on the green  
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
Roll something large and round  
Which he beside the rivulet  
In playing there had found;  
He came to ask what he had found,  
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by;  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And with a natural sigh,  
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,  
" Who fell in the great victory.



"I find them in the garden,  
For there's many here about;  
And often when I go to plough,  
The ploughshare turns them out!  
For many thousand men," said he,  
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"  
Young Peterkin, he cries;  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes;  
"Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,  
"Who put the French to rout;  
But what they fought each other for  
I could not well make out;  
But everybody said," quoth he,  
"That 'twas a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by;  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly;  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head."

"With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide,  
And many a childing mother then,  
And new-born baby died;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory."

"They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won;  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,  
And our good Prince Eugene."

"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"  
Said little Wilhelmine.

"Nay . . . nay . . . my little girl," quoth he,  
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke  
Who this great fight did win."

"But what good came of it at last?"  
Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,  
"But 'twas a famous victory."

— ROBERT SOUTHEY

7. REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,  
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years:  
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard  
In the silence of morning the song of the Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees  
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;  
Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide,  
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,  
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;  
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,  
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade,  
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:  
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,  
And the colors have all passed away from her eyes!

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

8. CAPTAIN BOB BARTLETT<sup>1</sup>

*By Harold McCracken*

He was in command of his own schooner at the age of eighteen, and piloted her along the inhospitable coast of Labrador, north of Turnavik. And even then, when other vessels in command of old hands at the game were failing, he brought in a load.

Those were rough days for even a hardy man. Not only were there the untold hardships of storms, ice, and hardest labor, but one had to be one hundred per cent *man* to hold a place of favorable consideration among the rough-and-ready crews. All the way up to 300 men would go out on a single sealing schooner. There was much drinking, and many fights, and every man was esteemed only for his brawn and nerve. Bob Bartlett, despite the fact that he would not "take a drink," not only held his place among those hardy men but was their leader.

All this was ideal training for the part which he later was to play in one of the greatest of all geographic accomplishments — the successful conquest of the North Pole.

He was raised on the Newfoundland coast, in a country that demands hardiness and courage, among a people to whom hardship and daring is the keynote of existence.

"Once when a lad," I remember Captain Bob telling us in the *Morrissey's* aft cabin, "I was off with a gang shooting old seals. We came to a narrow stretch of open water in the ice. On the other side was a fine bunch of seals. I stripped off my clothes and plunged in. The temperature was close to zero. The water was terribly cold.

<sup>1</sup> From *The Skipper of the North*, by Harold McCracken. Reprinted by permission of *St. Nicholas Magazine*. D. Appleton-Century Company, publishers.



It wasn't far, but when I got to the other side I was so numbed that it was all I could do to climb out on the jagged ice. My teeth chattered and the ice fairly burned my bare feet. The other fellows threw over my clothes and gun. It was about all I could do to get dressed. But I got a fine bunch of seals.

"That evening when we got back to the ship," he went on, "the captain offered me a drink of rum for my fine kill of seals. But I don't drink, you know, and just thanked him. He looked me up and down for a minute and then, smiling, he said, 'You'll do, boy! You'll do!' Gosh, but I felt big!"

Probably a typical situation was when the *Morrissey* was riding high, wide, and handsome in the teeth of a raging storm. I would be lying in my bunk, for there was no other comfortable place on the schooner. Captain Bob would come down the stairs from the quarter-deck to fill his pipe. Chairs, boxes, and every loose thing in the room skidded and tumbled about as the schooner rolled and tossed and dove. Bracing himself against the chart table he would slowly and methodically cram the tobacco into the bowl of his pipe. The yellow oilskins that clothed his big frame were dripping wet, from the upturned sou'wester on his grizzled head to his rubber boots. His face was red from the stinging spray and toppling wave crests which the gale had been dashing across the little vessel in an apparent effort to carry away everything upon the deck. And as the boat rolled and pitched erratically on its tempestuous way, Captain Bob's weather-beaten face would brighten with a grin as he chuckled out loud, "Let her buck! Let her buck!" And the rougher it was the better he liked it.

The one subject closest to his heart and most sacred in his life, I know, is his mother.

Once, when being dined by the King of Italy and the Duke d'Abruzzi in Rome, Captain Bob was asked, "Do you write much?" — meant of course as an inquiry about his literary work.

"I write my mother pretty often," was the reply. Nor was it any attempt to be witty or funny on Captain Bartlett's part. It was the truth.

At every port at which we made a prearranged call during the expedition on which we were shipmates, Captain Bartlett made a



*Wide World Photos, Inc.*

CAPTAIN BOB BARTLETT OFF ON A CRUISE TO THE POLAR REGIONS  
visit to the post office. Immediately after the necessary customs  
duties were attended to, he would ask, "Where's the post office?"

I quickly learned the one great impelling motive that so religiously took him there. It was for letters from his mother. And no matter how important the other messages might be, they would wait until he had gone off to one side and read the ones from his mother. What a fine thing it was.

When we were being interviewed by reporters from the New York newspapers, just before leaving on our expedition, something was said about the possibility of the *Morrissey's* being "frozen in for the winter" in the arctic ice, and the dangers to the lives of our party.

"Oh, don't put that in!" suddenly interrupted Captain Bob seriously. "If my mother read that, she'd be worrying all the time we were gone." And he meant it. He has always been considerate of her, even in such indirect ways as this.

## 9. THE TOY-SHOP <sup>1</sup>

*By M. S. Gerry*

Mrs. Schotz hurried in, market basket in hand. She had not laid it down before she was at her husband's side, her anxious eyes searching his face to find how he had fared.

"Clara, the tall man has been here again."

"Yes," she said, "I met him. Do you know yet who he is?"

"I have thought that I have somewhere seen a face like that," replied Joseph, slowly. "Something made me feel — his playing with the soldiers, which yet seemed more than play — he might be in the army — he might even be an officer — and yet he had not the air. Still, they are not all drilled in schools, these officers in this war."

"But listen," said his wife, as she seated herself by him, with joy that there was something to tell that he would be glad to hear. "I have something to tell you. This morning, on my way to market, everywhere there were soldiers — dirty, lean as from hunger, faces black with powder stains. At first I was afraid —"

<sup>1</sup> Acknowledgment is hereby made to Harper & Brothers for permission to reprint the selection from *The Toy-Shop*, by M. S. Gerry.



"But, my wife," said Joseph, indulgently, "what was there to be feared?"

"I will tell you. A crowd of soldiers came swaggering into Schmidt's. They ordered him to wait on them, and when he asked for money for the food, they shook their fists at him with ugly words, and called for all to come and take what they would. Two officers hurried up and ordered them to return to their ranks, but they laughed at the officers."

"Mutiny!" whispered Napoleon's soldier, his face pale with excitement.

"They swore oaths and said that they would fight no more battles for men who were old women and stayed at home while they sweated and bled and were starving."

"Without doubt their officers ordered them into arrest?" demanded Joseph, fiercely.

"Who was there to arrest them? The officers looked white, and I was trembling. More soldiers came into the square, until everywhere there were angry faces and bodies swaying this way and that, while the men were thinking what evil they should do. At that moment a carriage drove up at full speed. There was one man in it. He stood up; he was a tall man. A hesitating sort of shout went up from the soldiers. Then there was a great muttering, and everyone rushed toward him, and some were shaking their fists."

"The man stood still. He said no word. But little by little the muttering stopped and there was silence. Then the crowd began backing away from him. There was a break in the mass, and through it I saw his face. He was smiling, with — well, the way fathers look at their children that have hurt themselves because they were naughty and are yet not very bad. Still there was silence."

"He held them so?" broke in Joseph. "But then he was a great man. But who?"

"Wait. He began talking to them. I couldn't hear what he said, for all the men began crowding up around him. But one moment they laughed, and the next they were wiping their eyes with the back of their hands."

Joseph was listening with shining eyes.

"When he had driven off again the soldiers went back to their camp. Some of them looked downcast and ashamed, but most of them were just boyish and good-natured, as if they had forgotten how they felt before. One boy laughed as he passed me: —

"Say, that was a good one about the tin soldier. I felt like a toy soldier myself when he turned those eyes of his on me!"

"Who was it?" asked Joseph Schotz, eagerly. "Have they such a man? Was it the new general? I have thought he might be such a man — to win such victories. And yet" — his face fell — "that one is a short man, and this, you said, was very tall."

"The general? No!" said Mrs. Schotz, contemptuously. "It was not the general. As he drove off, some boys shouted, 'Hurrah for the President!'"

"The President!" Joseph echoed.

"President Lincoln. And, Joseph, when I saw his face I knew him." She paused to make sure of the effect upon her petted invalid of what she had to say. "It was he who came to us to buy toy soldiers!"

She fell back triumphantly when she had fired this bolt of wonder. But Joseph was looking at her with eyes in which there was no wonder — only comprehension.

"So," he said, slowly — "so — that was the President. So Napoleon would have done."

#### IV

Besides breadth, emotion has also depth. Do you feel as disappointed over losing a dime as over not being able to take a promised trip? Do you think you should feel equally disappointed in these situations? Are all things equally beautiful? Are you equally fond of all your friends and acquaintances? Are there degrees of fear, of sorrow, of humor? Writers feel these shades of emotion. Some express their feelings gently, suggestively, others grow violent and are carried away by their rush of emotion. Surely the expression of feeling should fit the subject under discussion.

State whether each of the following subjects should arouse strong emotion: —

Death of a sister  
 An approaching storm  
 A friend's new purse  
 Service of one's country  
 Separation of friends

As you read the following selections note whether the writer feels deeply or not.

1.

### THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,  
 Gentle and merciful and just!  
 Who, in the fear of God, didst bear  
 The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,  
 Amid the awe that hushes all,  
 And speak the anguish of a land  
 That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free:  
 We bear thee to an honored grave,  
 Whose proudest monument shall be  
 The broken fetters of the slave.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

2.

### UNDER GRANDMOTHER'S QUILT<sup>1</sup>

Small, brilliant patches upon a small bed  
 Sparkling like jewels when shadows have fled,  
 Tucked well about us when prayers are said.

Old-fashioned charm with no blocks in quilt matching:  
 Heads of gold wheat, fairy rings, horseshoes latching;  
 Pieces of light, and of dark, — Granny's patching.

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission of the author.





LINCOLN MEMORIAL

*By Faring Galloway, N. Y.*

All set together with sprigged calico  
Worn by the quilter in dress long ago,  
When she was young and the pride of her beau.

Now the short stitches are yellow as seeds  
Strewn on a hilltop by wind in the reeds,  
Yellow as seeds when blue frost blights the meads.

Yet when the wind and the snow whirl about,  
Under the quilt our young hearts grow quite stout:  
What do we care that the gale cries without?

Girl in a bustle and hoops comes a-creeping,  
Pearls at her throat, in her hair slyly peeping.  
Sh! It is Granny! Come, play we are sleeping!

— BEULAH JACKSON CHARMLEY

## 3.

BREAKERS AHEAD <sup>1</sup>

*By Louisa May Alcott*

All at once the dining-room door opened, and Tom's head appeared. A single glance showed Polly that something *was* the matter, for the care and elegance which usually marked his appearance were entirely wanting. His tie was under one ear, his hair in a toss, the cherished mustache had a neglected air, and his face an expression both excited, ashamed, and distressed; even his voice betrayed disturbance, for instead of the affable greeting he usually bestowed upon the young lady, he seemed to have fallen back into the bluff tone of his boyish days, and all he said was:—

"Hello, Polly."

"How do you do?" answered Polly.

"I'm in a devil of a mess, thank you; send that chicken upstairs, and come in and hear about it," he said, as if he had been longing to tell someone, and welcomed prudent Polly as a special providence.

"Now, then, what is it?" she said, coming straight to the point.

<sup>1</sup> From *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, by Louisa May Alcott. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, 1870.

"Guess."

"You've killed your horse racing."

"Worse than that."

"You are suspended again."

"Worse than that."

"Oh, Tom, you haven't horsewhipped or shot anyone?"

"Came pretty near blowing my own brains out, but you see I didn't."

"I can't guess; tell me, quick."

"Well, I'm expelled."

Tom paused on the rug as he gave the answer, and looked at Polly to see how she took it. To his surprise she seemed almost relieved, and after a minute's silence said, soberly: —

"That's bad, very bad; but it might have been worse."

"It *is* worse"; and Tom walked away again with a despairing sort of groan.

"Don't knock the chairs about, but come and sit down, and tell me quietly."

"Can't do it."

"Well, go on then. Are you truly expelled? Can't it be made up? What did you do?"

"It's a true bill this time. I just had a row with the Chapel watchman, and knocked him down. If it was a first offense, I might have got off; but you see I've had no end of narrow escapes, and this was my last chance; I've lost it, and now there'll be the dickens to pay. I knew it was all up with me, so I didn't wait to be turned out, but just took myself off."

"What *will* your father say?"

"It will come hard on the governor, but the worst of it is —" There Tom stopped, and stood a minute in the middle of the room with his head down, as if he didn't find it easy to tell even kind little Polly.

"I owe an awful lot of money that the governor don't know about."

"Oh, Tom, how could you?"



"I've been an extravagant rascal, I know it, and I'm thundering sorry, but that don't help a fellow. I've got to tell the dear old buffer, and there's where it cuts."

"So you'd like to have me go and tell him for you?" Polly's lip curled a little as she said that.

"Don't you think it would be a good plan?"

"No, I don't."

"Why not? Don't you think he'd rather have it told him nicely by you than blurted out as I always do blurt things?"

"I *know* he'd rather have his son go to him and tell the truth, like a man, instead of sending a girl to do what he is afraid to do himself."

Then she sat silent beside the half-open door, hearing the murmur of Tom's voice across the hall, and hoping, with all her heart, that he wouldn't have a very hard time. He seemed to tell his story rapidly and steadily, without interruption, to the end; then Polly heard Mr. Shaw's deeper voice say a few words, at which Tom uttered a loud exclamation, as if taken by surprise. Polly couldn't distinguish a word, so she kept her seat, wondering anxiously what was going on between the two men. A sudden pause seemed to follow Tom's ejaculation, then Mr. Shaw talked a long time in a low, earnest tone, so different from the angry one Polly had expected to hear that it made her nervous, for Mr. Shaw usually "blew Tom up first, and forgave him afterward," as Maud said. Presently Tom's voice was heard, apparently asking eager questions, to which brief replies were given. Then a dead silence fell upon the room, and nothing was heard but the spring rain softly falling out of doors. All of a sudden she heard a movement, and Tom's voice say audibly:—

"Let me bring Polly"; and he appeared, looking so pale and miserable that Polly was frightened.

"Go and say something to him; I can't; poor old Father, if I'd only known"—and to Polly's utter dismay, Tom threw himself into a chair and laid his head down on the table, as if he had got a blow that was too much for him.

"Oh, Tom, what is it?" cried Polly, hurrying to him, full of fears she dared not speak.

Without looking up, Tom answered, in a smothered voice: —

"Failed; all gone to smash; and tomorrow everyone will know it."

Polly held on to the back of Tom's chair for a minute, for the news took her breath away, and she felt as if the world were coming to an end, "failed" was such a vaguely dreadful word to her.

"Is it very bad?" she asked, softly, feeling as if anything was better than to stand still and see Tom so wretched.

"Yes; he means to give up everything. He's done his best; but it can't be staved off any longer, and it's all up with him."

"Oh, I wish I had a million to give him!" cried Polly, clasping her hands, with the tears running down her cheeks. "How does he bear it, Tom?"

"Like a man, Polly; and I'm proud of him," said Tom, looking up, all red and excited with the emotions he was trying to keep under. "Everything has been against him, and he has fought all alone to stand the pressure, but it's too much for him, and he's given in. It's an honorable failure, mind you, and no one can say a word against him. I'd like to see 'em try it!" And Tom clenched his hands, as if it would be an immense relief to him to thrash half a dozen aspersers of his father's honest name.

#### 4. IN SERVICE <sup>1</sup>

Little Nellie Cassidy has got a place in town,

She wears a fine white apron,

She wears a new black gown,

An' the quarest little cap at all with straymers hanging down.

I met her one fine evening stravagin' down the street,

A feathered hat upon her head,

And boots upon her feet.

"Och, Mick," says she, "may God be praised that you and I should meet.

<sup>1</sup> From *Songs from Leinster*, by Winifred M. Letts. Reprinted by permission of David McKay Company, publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

"It's lonesome in the city with such a crowd," says she;

"I'm lost without the bog-land,

I'm lost without the sea,

An' the harbor an' the fishing-boats that sail out fine and free.

"I'd give a golden guinea to stand upon the shore,

To see the big waves leaping,

To hear them splash and roar,

To smell the tar and the drying nets, I'd not be asking more.

"To see the small white houses, their faces to the sea,

The children in the doorway,

Or round my mother's knee;

For I'm strange and lonesome missing them, God keep them all," says she.

says she.

Little Nellie Cassidy earns fourteen pounds and more,

Waiting on the quality,

And answering the door —

But her heart is some place far away upon the Wexford shore.

— WINIFRED M. LETTS

5.

# RAINY DAY<sup>1</sup>

Rain, rain, in ceaseless drone  
Beats upon the sodden leaves  
In a murmurous monotone  
Through the drip of sheltering eaves.

But indoors the hearth is red,  
Lamplight casts a friendly ray  
On the quiet hours ahead —  
Guerdon for a rainy day.

Somehow we are set apart  
In a world remote, serene;  
With a sudden glow the heart  
Understands what four walls mean.

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.



Rain, rain, in ceaseless drone  
Beats upon the sodden leaves  
In a murmurous monotone  
Through the drip of sheltering eaves.

— HELEN FRITH STICKNEY

6. AT BOULOGNE<sup>1</sup>

*By Laura E. Richards*

Only a few relatives and near friends stood on the railway platform on that evening of October 21, 1854. Miss Nightingale, simply dressed in black, was very quiet, very serene, with a cheerful word for everyone; no one who saw her parting look and smile ever forgot them. So, in night and silence, the "Angel Band" whose glory was soon to shine over all the world left the shores of England.

But though England slept that night, France was wide-awake the next morning. The fishwives of Boulogne had heard what was doing across the Channel, and were on the lookout. When Miss Nightingale and her nurses stepped ashore they were met by a band of women, in snowy caps and rainbow-striped petticoats, all with outstretched hands, all crying, "Welcome, welcome, our English sisters!"

They knew, Marie and Jeanne and Suzette. Their own husbands, sons, and brothers were fighting and dying in the Crimea; their own nurses, the blessed Sisters of Mercy, had from the first been toiling in hospital and trench in that dreadful land; how should they not welcome the English sisters who were going to join in the holy work?

Loudly they proclaimed that none but themselves, the fishwives of Boulogne, should help the *soeurs anglaises*. They shouldered bag and baggage; they swung the heavy trunks upon their broad backs, and with laughter and tears mingled in true French fashion trudged away to the railway station. Pay? Not a sou; not a centime!

<sup>1</sup> From *Florence Nightingale*, by Laura E. Richards. By permission of D. Appleton-Century Company.

The blessing of our English sisters is all we desire; and if they should chance to see Pierre or Jacques *là-bas* — ah! the heavens are over all. A handshake, then, and *Adieu! Adieu! vivent les soeurs!* the good God be with you!

And that prayer was surely answered.

7.                   We will drain our dearest veins,  
                       But they shall be free!  
                       Lay the proud Usurpers low!  
                       Tyrants fall in every foe!  
                       LIBERTY'S in every blow! —  
                       Let us Do or Die!

8.                   LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,  
       Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!  
 And I'll give thee a silver pound,  
       To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,  
       This dark and stormy water?"

"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,  
       And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men  
       Three days we've fled together,  
 For should he find us in the glen,  
       My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
       Should they our steps discover,  
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
       When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,  
       "I'll go, my chief, — I'm ready: —  
 It is not for your silver bright;  
       But for your winsome lady:

“And by my word! the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry:  
So, though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And in the scowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armed men, —  
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“O, haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,  
“Though tempests round us gather;  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her, —  
When, O, too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing:  
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore, —  
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,  
His child he did discover:  
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried in grief,  
“Across this stormy water:  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter! — O my daughter!”



'Twas vain; — the loud waves lashed the shore,  
 Return or aid preventing; —  
 The waters wild went o'er his child,  
 And he was left lamenting.

— THOMAS CAMPBELL

9.

## JUST A LITTLE CHAT<sup>1</sup>

King Fuzzywub and his Fool one day  
 In a room of the palace sat  
 Lightly and frivolously engaged  
 In a little informal chat.

"Three men, your Majesty," said the Fool,  
 "In the market square once met:  
 One of them an umbrella had;  
 Now which of the three got wet?"

"Why, none got wet," said King Fuzzywub;  
 "If you'll listen I'll tell you why;  
 It didn't happen to rain that day,  
 So all of the three kept dry."

"There were twelve birds," spoke the Fool again,  
 "And three of the birds were cleft  
 By hunters' bullets, your Majesty;  
 Now how many birds were left?"

King Fuzzywub answered him in a trice,  
 "Why, three of them, I'd say;  
 The ones by the hunters' bullets cleft;  
 The other nine flew away."

"Two little children," said the Fool,  
 "Looked just as like as pins;  
 They weren't related at all by blood,  
 And yet they both were twins."

<sup>1</sup> By permission of *St. Nicholas Magazine*, D. Appleton Century Company, publishers.

"The simple statement that you've made  
One's intellect shouldn't rub;  
Each was the twin of some other twin,"  
Said good King Fuzzywub.

— MALCOLM DOUGLAS

## V

Our emotions are such an important part of us that we should be on guard to notice how others may try to play upon them. When a salesman at your door tells you of several prominent people who have bought his goods, he is not giving you a reason for buying. He is trying to persuade you by an appeal to your pride. The art of persuasion lies in a skillful playing on emotion, adapted to the situation and to the person appealed to. It may be used rightfully when the emotion is a noble one and when it is supported by one or more good, sound reasons. For example, President Wilson in his famous message to Congress urging a declaration of war gave several good reasons why the United States had a grievance against Germany. These occupied more than nine-tenths of the message. At the close he appealed to the nation's sense of loyalty to its high principles and the nobility of sacrifice in a worthy cause.

Examine these statements as examples of persuasion. Which make a right use of emotion?

### I. THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

*By Abraham Lincoln*

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

2. DEAR FATHER:

I am getting along well here at school but I have run out of money. Last week I bought a secondhand car, for all of the fellows here at the house have cars, and I know you wouldn't want your son to be the only one without. Can you send me fifty right away?

Your loving son,  
TOM

3. DEAR MADAM:

Wouldn't you like to live in a pretty new house in an aristocratic part of the city?

We are offering the public rare values in houses with up-to-date improvements. These houses are built of brick or stone and are designed by the best architects. They have the newest conveniences to make life comfortable and pleasant.

Think of the pleasure of entertaining your friends in an attractive new home. Think how they would envy you. Let us show you these houses.

Just telephone us — 17-243 — and we shall be pleased to give you further details.

Yours truly,



## 4. A voice over the telephone:—

"Oh, come on, Judy. We all want you to go to the show. Everybody says it's grand. You don't have to study tonight. We're not going to. Anyhow, Miss Perkins hasn't any right to give us such long lessons. You enjoy movies as much as the rest of us, so why don't you come?"

## 5. Heard over the radio:—

Today our city opens its Safety Drive—safety for both drivers and pedestrians. We are out to wage war against death and suffering. Daily we read of accidents on our streets and from time to time we read the total losses to our nation for the year—all unnecessary. Won't you study the rules for safe driving and

## 4 BASIC DRIVING RULES

**D**RIVING a motor car would be a much safer and pleasanter occupation if all drivers would follow a few simple precautions:

1. Observe the official speed limits of all streets and highways; consider that these are **MAXIMUM** speeds.
2. Drive so that you can stop in plenty of time should emergency arise. Safe driving takes into consideration the slippery or otherwise dangerous condition of the roadway, the amount of traffic, obstructions to view, your car, and **YOURSELF**.
3. Keep to the right—the "outer" lane—on any road, except when passing other cars.
4. Pass the car ahead only on its left-hand side after giving warning with your horn, and only when there is plenty of room without interference from other cars, both in front of you and in the rear. After passing, do not swing back until you are far enough ahead to see the slower car in your rear-view mirror.



SAFETY INSTRUCTION CARD No. 319

## PEDESTRIAN TRAFFIC SAFETY



1. Cross streets only at intersections and follow the cross-walk.
2. Look carefully both ways before stepping into street.
3. Be doubly careful where there are parked cars or other obstructions to view.
4. Make use of subways, elevated crossings, safety islands and other safeguards provided.
5. Never stand in the street. Talk with friends on the curb in safety.
6. Don't read a newspaper nor obscure your view with an umbrella while crossing.
7. When stepping out of any vehicle, always face forward.
8. Do not walk behind nor in front of a street car immediately after alighting; take time to be safe.
9. Keep alert for hair-brained drivers. Never run into the street.
10. If necessary to walk on the highway at night, walk on the left-hand side of the road, facing on-coming traffic. Wear or carry something white that will reflect light.



SAFETY INSTRUCTION CARD No. 313

National Safety Council

CARDS DISTRIBUTED IN A CAMPAIGN OF THE NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL

safe walking? Won't you think of the hundreds of blind and crippled children in our country today because of somebody's carelessness? Won't you pledge to do all you can to make our city safe?

### TEST

- I. Name several kinds of feelings that a writer can arouse in the reader.
- II. State two ways by which we can discover how the writer feels toward his subject.
- III. Read the following selections and state what the writer's feeling is in each: —

I.

#### AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain-side  
Let Freedom ring.

2.

#### THE LAMPLIGHTER

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,  
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;  
And O! before you hurry up with ladder and with light,  
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him tonight!

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

3.

#### LUCY GRAY: OR, SOLITUDE

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray;  
And, when I crossed the wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day  
The solitary child.  
  
No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;  
She dwelt on a wide moor,  
— The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night —  
You to the town must go;  
And take a lantern, Child, to light  
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father! will I gladly do!  
'Tis scarcely afternoon —  
The minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon."

At this the Father raised his hook,  
And snapped a faggot-band;  
He plied his work; — and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe;  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;  
She wandered up and down;  
And many a hill did Lucy climb,  
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood  
That overlooked the moor;  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
A furlong from their door.



They wept — and, turning homeward, cried,  
“In Heaven we all shall meet”;  
— When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downward from the steep hill’s edge  
They tracked the footmarks small;  
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,  
And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed:  
The marks were still the same;  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;  
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank  
Those footmarks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank;  
And further there were none!

— Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living child;  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild.

O’er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas looked out,  
On the Feast of Stephen,  
When the snow lay round about,  
Deep, and crisp, and even:

Brightly shone the moon that night,  
Though the frost was cruel,  
When a poor man came in sight,  
Gathering winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,  
If thou know'st it, telling,  
Yonder peasant, who is he?  
Where and what his dwelling?"  
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
Underneath the mountain;  
Right against the forest fence,  
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,  
Bring me pine logs hither;  
Thou and I will see him dine,  
When we bear them thither."  
Page and monarch forth they went,  
Forth they went together;  
Through the rude wind's wild lament,  
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,  
And the wind blows stronger;  
Fails my heart, I know not how,  
I can go no longer."  
"Mark my footsteps, good my page!  
Tread thou in them boldly;  
Thou shalt find the winter's rage  
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,  
Where the snow lay dinted;  
Heat was in the very sod  
Which the saint had printed.

Therefore, Christian men, be sure,  
Wealth or rank possessing,  
Ye who now will bless the poor,  
Shall yourselves find blessing.

— JOHN MASON NEAL

5.

### CAGED LEOPARD <sup>1</sup>

Within a city zoo he lies  
With puzzled wonder in his eyes  
And meets with stare austere and grim  
The faces that encounter him.

He peers forever through the bars  
And dreams of distant jungle stars,  
Of winding paths his feet once found  
And left behind him, city-bound.

The hills on which he wandered free  
Are phantoms in his memory;  
Within a city zoo he lies,  
Cold and contemptuous and wise.

— SYDNEY KING RUSSELL

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.



## CHAPTER XI

# *To Read Aloud*

SILENT reading and oral reading are two different sides of the same shield. The fact that we are good silent readers does not mean that we can read well orally.

What are some of the occasions when we are asked to read aloud at school, at home, at club, or at church?

Let us think of times when we have enjoyed hearing someone read aloud. We too may be able to give others pleasure by our reading — if we will learn how. Then, too, we may be called upon to share information with others by reading it to a group. Let us learn the rules of this game!

First, however, we would better test ourselves. Just how good an oral reader is each member of your class?

## ORAL READING PRETEST

### THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION<sup>1</sup>

During the latter part of the eighteenth century and extending well through the nineteenth, there occurred a series of remarkable inventions which completely changed the character of the world of work. By knowing how these changes came about you will understand so much better the work of your own world of today. We call this period of history the Industrial Revolution.

From the days of ancient Greece up to about the year 1730, there had been no significant or rapid change in the methods of making things. Suddenly came this critical period of change with numerous inventions rushing headlong one upon another. The result was that the world of the year

<sup>1</sup> From *Our Life Today*, by Bacon and Krug. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

1900 was almost completely different from the world of 1730. The conditions of work and human existence in certain parts of the world were almost entirely transformed.

The first revolutionizing inventions occurred in connection with the spinning of thread and the weaving of cloth. Then came the development of steam power. Steam gradually replaced water power in textile factories. Steam was later used for locomotives and thus helped revolutionize transportation. It was utilized also to drive great printing presses and thus open the way for cheaper books and a more widespread distribution of knowledge.

## I. PREPARATION FOR READING

Usually when we are asked to read aloud to a group we have time to make preparation and it is our duty to prepare as carefully as possible. What does this preparation include? First of all, we should study the selection to find the main idea that the author wants to "get across." Then we should discover the plan, or pattern, and the parts of the idea, just as we did in earlier units. Every detail, too, should be mastered, so that we really *know* what the writer is saying. All this has to do with the idea. Then there are the words to be pronounced *correctly* — looked up in the dictionary and practiced until we can say them "right off," without the least stumbling.

As we have studied earlier how to do these very things, all we need to do now is to remember them and practice them. Let us see how well we remember. Here are some questions for you to answer: —

1. To what three parts of a writing should one look to find the main idea stated or suggested?
2. How does a grasp of each paragraph help the reader see the pattern of the whole writing?
3. Why should one understand the details in a paragraph?
4. What device, or pattern, may help you accent new words correctly?
5. What words illustrate the long sound of vowels? The short sounds?

## II. PHRASING

By phrasing we mean the grouping of words according to the meaning. A good reader, as he pronounces the words, groups them so as to give the meaning more clearly. For example, when we read "Here—is—a—good——chance——to—make——money," we not only sound childish but we do not call attention to the meaning. Notice the difference when we read it this way: "Here is—a good chance—to make money." With a little practice you can easily develop the habit of grouping the words you read aloud. Here are some selections for just this kind of practice. While you practice, you should keep it in mind that a long pause is not needed between groups. Merely read the selection naturally, taking care to group the words as marked so that you will get the thought across to the others as well as possible.

1. Read this carefully as marked: —

ANIMALS ALSO SUFFER<sup>1</sup>

Humans suffer/from summer's heat./So also/do dogs and cats./  
A metropolitan newspaper/offers advice/to owners of these animals./

They are most comfortable/when they are lying quietly/in the shade./It is well to remember/that a dog needs/slightly less food and exercise/in summer than in winter./ He should, however,/have two good walks daily,/in the morning and evening,/when the heat is not so intense./While he needs/slightly less food/he should not be given/the sort of summer food/which his master consumes./  
Dogs do better/on meat,/summer or winter./

Heat neutralizers/should be considered carefully./A dog which is washed/once a month in winter/should not be washed/more than twice a month in summer/or his skin will dry and crack./Unless he is very old/or a northern dog/he should not be clipped./In a healthy dog/the coat acts as insulation,/keeping out the heat./

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission of *Beloit Daily News*.



The worst crime/one can commit against dogs or cats/is to go away on vacation,/leaving them unprovided for./Almost as bad/is the practice/of leaving the dog or cat/in charge of a neighbor/who does not like pets/and who forgets the charge/as soon as its owner/is out of sight./

If one is to own/and enjoy a pet/he ought to assume responsibility/for its care and comfort./

2. Now mark these in the same way and read them. Remember to group the words naturally, according to their use and meaning. One reading is not enough. Go over each selection two or three times until the right way comes easily. Remember this is practice.

a. SUSAN B. ANTHONY <sup>1</sup>

In her long lifetime the famous Miss Anthony championed many reforms. The daughter of a Massachusetts Quaker and cotton manufacturer, she fought first for temperance, then took up the cause of abolition and equal rights for women. In 1852 she joined with Amelia Bloomer and others in donning the short skirt and the Turkish trousers known as "bloomers." This costume she soon abandoned. "I found it a physical comfort," she explained, "but a mental crucifixion."

Thereafter she concentrated on one reform: suffrage for women. She lectured and wrote, made trips to Congress, braved hisses, rotten eggs, and rude male comment. Before she died in 1906, at the age of eighty-six, she had laid the groundwork for the Nineteenth Constitutional Amendment, adopted in 1920, granting women the right to vote.

b. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS <sup>2</sup>

Two students in different parts of the room may stand and read, one asking the questions, the other reading the answers. They may

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted from the *New York Times*.

<sup>2</sup> By permission of Frederic J. Haskin, The Haskin Information Service, Washington, D. C.

read three or four parts. Then another pair of students may continue.

Q. How long does it take a combine to thresh 50 acres of wheat?

A. Large combines can thresh 50 acres of wheat in 12 hours.

Q. What is Jack Oakie's real name?

A. The motion-picture actor's name is Lewis D. Offield.

Q. Do bees drink water?

A. The Bureau of Entomology says that honey bees do drink water. They swallow only a limited quantity for use in their own bodies — most of the water they acquire is carried back in their honey sacs to the hive for the young bees.

Q. Is a blue ribbon actually awarded to a ship for a record crossing?

A. A blue ribbon is presented to the captain of an ocean-going vessel which earns this award for fast crossing. The *Queen Mary* now holds the blue ribbon for both the east and the west Atlantic crossings.

Q. Which of Verdi's operas is considered his masterpiece?

A. Grove's dictionary says of *Aida* that it was immediately accepted as Verdi's most finished and most typical work. Later *Othello* was acknowledged as marking the highest point ever reached by Italian opera.

Q. Does North Carolina have a wild-pony roundup like the one in Virginia?

A. A roundup of wild ponies is held annually at Ocracoke and Cape Lookout, North Carolina.

Q. How are ping-pong balls made?

A. They are made out of sheets of celluloid, then stamped out in halves in a large mold under heat and pressure. The two halves are then cemented together.

Q. Why is Texas referred to as the "Lone Star State"?

A. Texas is called the "Lone Star State" because of the single star in her flag which commemorates the independent existence of Texas as a republic.

Q. What were "outlandish flowers" in Shakespeare's day?

A. Foreign importations and exotics.

Q. Please give the origin of the word "shavetail" as used in the army.

A. The word "shavetail" is soldiers' slang for a recently appointed second lieutenant — humorously so-called with allusion to the young, unbroken army mules.

Q. What is the range of the most powerful gun used by the United States in any defense?

A. The 16-inch gun is the largest and has a range of approximately 30 miles, using a projectile weighing about 2340 pounds.

c. THE MISSING PENCIL

All the pupils were ready to begin with the written test.

"Where's your pencil, Wally?" asked the teacher.

"I ain't got one, teacher."

"How many times have I told you not to say that? Listen — I haven't one, you haven't one, we haven't one, they haven't —"

"Well," said Wally, "where are all the pencils?"

d. A SECRETARY'S MINUTES OF A CLUB MEETING

The XYZ club of Emerson High School held its regular monthly meeting Wednesday, March 12, 1939, in Room 109. There were twenty-seven members present. Bill Sharp presided. After roll call the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The treasurer reported a balance of \$6.20. The membership committee suggested that a drive for new members be made during the next month. The social committee reported plans for a hike Saturday, March 15.

Following the business, the program committee presented Mr. James P. Hilton, who spoke to the club on "Traces of the Indian in This Locality." After a brief discussion, the club adjourned.

3. Can you look ahead now to see groups of words without marking them? Try.



a.

## A BASEBALL DOG

BILL. Speaking about baseball, I've even got me a baseball dog.

JIM. What makes you call him a baseball dog?

BILL. 'Cause he wears a muzzle, catches flies, chases fowls, and beats it for home when he sees the catcher coming.

b.

STORE IN THE WOODS<sup>1</sup>

Let's play store in the woods,  
And you come to buy.  
The flowers are goods,  
With a counter so high —  
Just the height of a mushroom,  
for that's what it is.

You want lace for your collar  
And also your fan?  
Here is some for a dollar,  
We call it Queen Anne.  
It's really a bargain, shall I  
wrap it up, Miss?

Our linen is Dogwood,  
Bleached white in the sun.  
Your doll needs a hood?  
Oh! dear! only one?  
Could you use an umbrella, a  
toadstool, for rain?

Or a pert little parasol,  
These came in today,  
They're pink ruffled Laurel  
The latest, they say.  
Will you take them all with  
you? Do come in again.

— OLIVE CARLETON-MUNRO

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

*c.*

## ANSWERED

A Boston woman asked James Russell Lowell to write in her autograph album, and the poet, complying, wrote the line: —

“What is so rare as a day in June?”

A few days later, Lowell, returning to this woman's house, was idly thumbing through the album when he came to his poetic question.

Beneath his line, in childish scrawl, he found the answer in these words: “A Chinese with whiskers.”

*d.*

## INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,  
The ship was as still as she could be,  
Her sails from heaven received no motion,  
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock  
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;  
So little they rose, so little they fell,  
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothock  
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;  
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,  
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell  
The mariners heard the warning bell;  
And then they knew the perilous Rock  
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,  
All things were joyful on that day;  
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,  
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen  
A darker speck on the ocean green;  
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,  
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,  
It made him whistle, it made him sing,  
His heart was mirthful to excess,  
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;  
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,  
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,  
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,  
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;  
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,  
The bubbles rose and burst around;  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock  
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,  
He scoured the seas for many a day;  
And now grown rich with plundered store,  
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky  
They cannot see the sun on high;  
The wind hath blown a gale all day,  
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,  
So dark it is he sees no land.  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,  
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."



"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?  
 For methinks we should be near the shore."  
 "Now where we are I cannot tell,  
 But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;  
 Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,  
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock —  
 "O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;  
 He curst himself in his despair;  
 The waves rush in on every side,  
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear  
 One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,  
 A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell  
 The Devil below was ringing his knell.

— ROBERT SOUTHEY

- e. GUS. The horn on your car must be broken.  
 MR. No, it's just indifferent.  
 GUS. Indifferent! What do you mean?  
 MR. It just doesn't give a hoot.

. . . . .  
 "I understand both of our sons are studying in Paris."  
 "Yep. Mine is a writer. He writes for money."  
 "Mine is an artist. He draws on me."

. . . . .  
 "You know," said the woman whose auto had run down a man,  
 "you must have been walking very carelessly. I am a very careful  
 driver. I have been driving a car for seven years."

"Lady, you have nothing on me. I have been walking for fifty-  
 four years."

4. While you are practicing proper phrasing you may like to do some reading as a group. Here are a few selections for the class to read aloud together. Try to read, not loudly, but thoughtfully.

a.

PSALM 19

The heavens declare the glory of God;  
And the firmament showeth his handiwork.  
Day unto day uttereth speech,  
And night unto night showeth knowledge.  
There is no speech nor language;  
Their voice is not heard.  
Their line is gone out through all the earth,  
And their words to the end of the world.  
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,  
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,  
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.  
His going forth is from the end of the heavens,  
And his circuit unto the ends of it;  
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul:  
The testimony of Jehovah is sure, making wise the simple.  
The precepts of Jehovah are right, rejoicing the heart:  
The commandment of Jehovah is pure, enlightening the eyes.  
The fear of Jehovah is clean, enduring for ever:  
The ordinances of Jehovah are true, and righteous altogether.  
More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold;  
Sweeter also than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb.  
Moreover by them is thy servant warned:  
In keeping them there is great reward.  
Who can discern his errors?  
Clear thou me from hidden faults.  
Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins;  
Let them not have dominion over me:

Then shall I be upright,  
And I shall be clear from great transgression.  
Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart  
Be acceptable in thy sight,  
O Jehovah, my rock, and my redeemer.

b.

## CLEAN CLARA

What! not know our Clean Clara?  
Why, the hot folks in Sahara,  
And the cold Esquimaux,  
Our little Clara know!  
Clean Clara, the poet sings,  
Cleaned a hundred thousand things!

She cleaned the keys of the harpsichord,  
She cleaned the hilt of the family sword,  
She cleaned my lady, she cleaned my lord;  
All the pictures in their frames,  
Knights with daggers, and stomachered dames —  
Cecils, Godfreys, Montforts, Graemes,  
Winifreds — all those nice old names!

She cleaned the works of the eight-day clock,  
She cleaned the spring of a secret lock;  
She cleaned the mirror, she cleaned the cupboard;  
All the books she India-rubbed!

She cleaned the Dutch-tiles in the place,  
She cleaned some very old-fashioned lace;  
The Countess of Miniver came to her,  
“Pray, my dear, will you clean my fur?”  
All her cleanings are admirable;  
To count your teeth you will be able,  
If you look in the walnut-table!



She cleaned the tent-stitch and the sampler;  
She cleaned the tapestry, which was ampler;  
She cleaned the drops of the chandeliers,  
Madam in mittens was moved to tears!

She cleaned the cage of the cockatoo,  
The oldest bird that ever grew;  
I should say a thousand years would do —  
I'm sure he looked it, but nobody knew;  
She cleaned the china, she cleaned the delf,  
She cleaned the baby, she cleaned herself!

Tomorrow morning she means to try  
To clean the cobwebs from the sky;  
Some people say the girl will rue it,  
But my belief is she will do it.

So I've made up my mind to be there to see,  
There's a beautiful place in the walnut-tree,  
The bough is as firm as the solid rock;  
She brings out her broom at six o'clock.

— WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

### c. THE MOCK TURTLE'S SONG

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,  
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.  
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!  
They are waiting on the shingle — will you come and join the  
dance?  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?  
"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be,  
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"  
But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance —

Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied,

"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.

The further off from England the nearer is to France —

Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance? "

— LEWIS CARROLL

d. Perhaps your teacher will look up the poem "John Gilpin" by William Cowper and read it to you. Listen as she reads to note the careful phrasing.

5. Along with the grouping of words we should notice the way the author has punctuated his writing to help us get the meaning. Be *very* careful to observe periods and question marks. Don't pause at all the commas, but just at those that your common sense (and knowledge of phrasing) tells you to. Study through each of the following selections two or three or four times to note the punctuation.

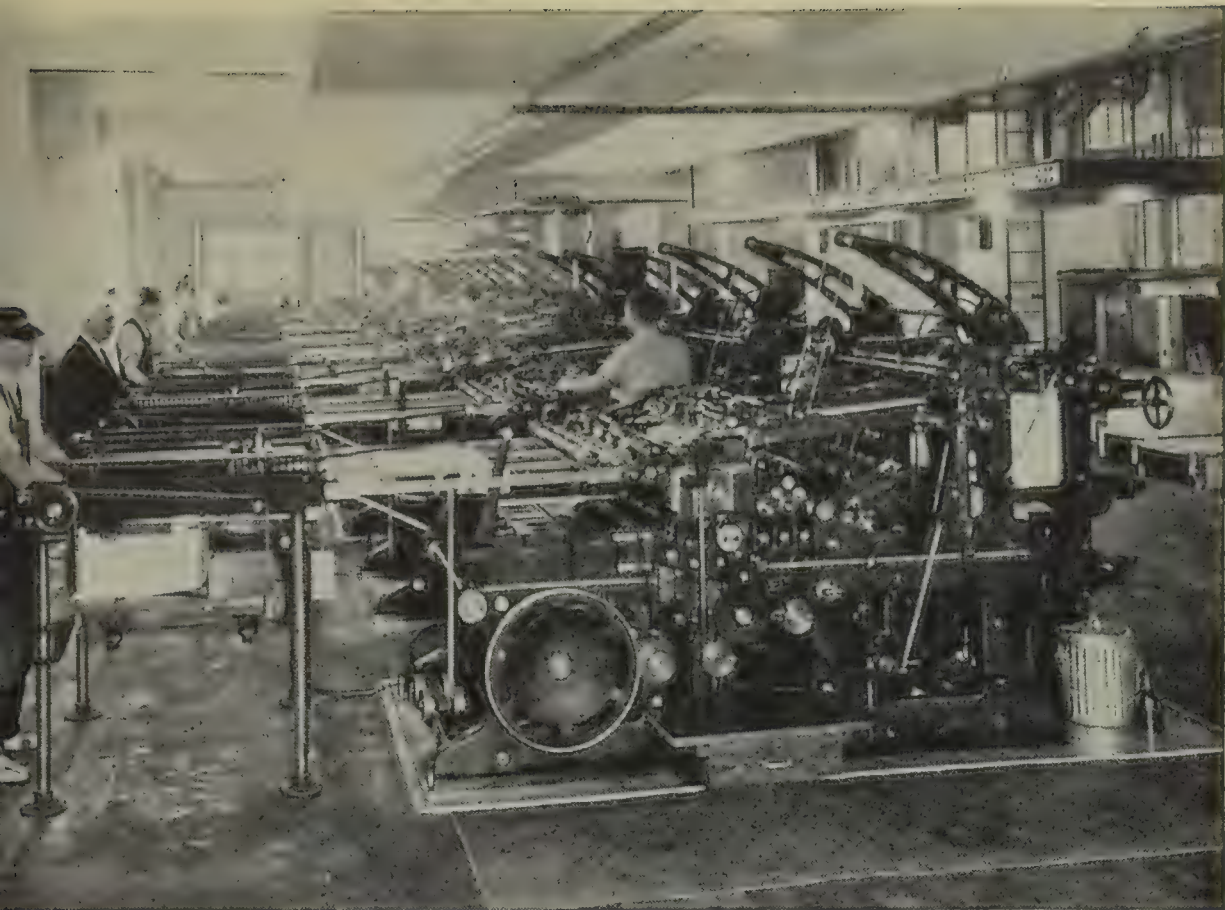
#### a. SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE <sup>1</sup>

Next year will be the 500th anniversary of printing.

The American Institute of Graphic Arts is preparing to celebrate this event, one of the most momentous in the history of man. It is also approximately 400 years since the introduction of printing to the New World, and about 300 since the printing of the first book in what is now the United States.

Libraries, schools, newspapers, book and periodical publishers, are all planning to join in observing the anniversary.

<sup>1</sup> By permission of *Beloit Daily News*.



A MODERN PRESSROOM

*American Type Founders*

That is proper, for it was printing from movable type that first brought learning within reach of the common man. Perhaps this will some day be regarded as his greatest victory. It is one he will do well not to throw away lightly by cultivating the ear so exclusively that the eye forgets the permanence, the clarity, the beauty, of the printed word.

It is a gift whose precious glint has become slightly tarnished by familiarity. If the institute can do anything to refurbish it in our minds, it will have served us all.

b. WILLINGNESS TO STICK <sup>1</sup>

*By Franz Serdaly*

Archie San Romani, one of the world's most brilliant track stars, was once given up by a physician who said the boy would never be

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted from *Onward*, Church School Story Paper for Young People of the Presbyterian Church, U. S., Richmond, Virginia. Used with permission.



able to walk again because of an injury to his leg sustained in an accident. But Archie San Romani had dreamed of becoming a famous track star and gamely stuck to his desire. Day after day, he exercised the stubborn muscles of his leg. It was a grueling, arduous task, but Archie was a stickler, never dismissing from his mind the idea of becoming a world-famous runner.

Several years later, Archie San Romani, running on a cinder track, defeated a winning Olympic runner! The willingness to stick had paid dividends. What would have happened if the famous runner hadn't had the courage to stick? His name would mean nothing to us today!

- c.           A funny little man told this to me:  
              "I fell in a snowdrift; in June," said he,  
              "I went to a ball game; out in the sea  
              I saw a jellyfish float; up in a tree  
              I found some gum; in a cup of tea  
              I stirred some milk; with a big brass key  
              I opened my door; on bended knee  
              I beg your pardon for this," said he,  
              "But 'tis true when told as it ought to be."

III. The third matter we must consider is the way we use our voice. It makes a difference to the listener whether we read slowly or fast. In general, when we are reading a selection that *explains*, we should go rather slowly, so that all the details can be caught. Here are some samples for you to practice reading clearly — and not rapidly. Try to keep your mind on the meaning as you read. Glance up at your listener at important points.

I. Slow rate

a.           PHOTOGRAPHING WILD LIFE <sup>1</sup>

*By Alvin M. Peterson*

Wild-life photography requires only ordinary skill, relatively short periods of leisure time, and small outlays of money. You can

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted from *Classmate*, July 18, 1936. By permission of the author.

go hunting with a camera about your home, near your summer camp, and in the city and open country alike. There is no closed season for this type of hunting, no laws to hamper and restrict. You become more or less of a traveler, though you travel through the fields and woods and pastures not from one city to another, nor from one foreign country to the next. Much of your traveling is

*Acme Photo*

## PHOTOGRAPHING WILD LIFE

done afoot, although at times it is both practical and advisable to do part of it by automobile, railway train, or trolley. And there is much to be learned from the birds and beasts, trees and wild flowers, lakes and streams.

*b.*                      RECIPE FOR FUDGE

Two squares of Baker's chocolate, three cups of sugar, one cup of water. Put into saucepan; when boiling add butter the size of a small egg; do not stir. When a little dropped into cold water forms

a soft ball, set the pan aside to cool. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla and a half cup of nut meats, if desired. Stir, when cool, until candy crumbles; then put it on a buttered board and knead with the hands for five minutes.

2. When we are reading a narrative account — poem, story, or news story — we sometimes need to show suspense, excitement, beauty, surprise, and other feelings by our voice. Exciting parts we read faster (clearly, but faster). Beautiful passages we tend to read slowly. Possibly your teacher or some member of the class will look up the well-known poem “The Pied Piper of Hamelin,” by Robert Browning, and read it to the group. Note how many variations in rate are desirable.

3. Another important matter in the use of our voice is that of pitch. In other words, are our voices high or are they low? You have heard someone talk “down in his throat.” It may be that you are not sure whether your voice is high or low or whether you vary the pitch as you speak and read. A simple experiment may make you more conscious of your voice. Just as a singer runs the scale with his singing voice, so we can run up and down a kind of scale with our speaking voice. Let us try it all together first. Then you can do it later by yourself. Count to ten, beginning way down in your throat and then gradually climbing up as high as you can go — with your *speaking* voice. Then go down the scale. Do this several times. For variety you may use the first ten or so letters of the alphabet to pronounce as you slide up and down your speaking scale. As you read the following, see how flexible you can make your voice. Vary the pitch to suit the meaning.

a.

TEACHER. Who can name one important thing we have now that we did not have one hundred years ago?

TOMMY. Me.

. . . . .



JUDGE. What's your name, occupation, and what's the charge?

PRISONER. My name is Sparks; I'm an electrician; and I'm charged with battery.

JUDGE. Put this man in a dry cell.

. . . . .

The doctor's little daughter watched her father testing the heart and lungs of her youngest brother. At last she asked: "Getting any new stations, Daddy?"

. . . . .

MOTHER. I sent my little boy for two pounds of plums and got only a pound and a half.

GROCER. My scales are right, madam. Have you weighed your little boy?

. . . . .

"Name?" queried the new immigration official.

"Sneeze," the Chinese replied proudly.

The official looked hard at him. "Is that your Chinese name?" he asked.

"No; English name," the Oriental said blandly.

"Then let's have your native name."

"Ah Choo," said the Chinese.

. . . . .

PROFESSOR (in zoology laboratory). What insect lives on the least food?

BRIGHT PUPIL. The moth — it eats holes.

. . . . .

"Where are some good places to stop on this trip?" asked the prospective automobile tourist.

"At all railroad crossings," replied the clerk in the touring bureau.

## b. BIG BEN<sup>1</sup>

Probably the world's most famous clock is that whose great bells have sounded the hours of day and night for more than seventy years from the tower of the House of Commons, at the north end

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from *The World Book Encyclopedia*.

of the Parliament Buildings, in London. Each of the four dials is twenty-three feet across, the minute hands are fourteen feet long, and the pendulum weighs nearly 450 pounds. The great bell which gives the clock its name weighs thirteen and one-half tons.

c.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS <sup>1</sup>

Damon (*da'mun*) and Pythias (*pith'i-as*), two noble youths of Syracuse, whose love for each other, recorded in a popular legend, is universally regarded as the highest ideal of friendship. Pythias, or Phintias, had been condemned to death by Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse. He secured permission to leave the city to put his affairs in order, Damon offering himself as pledge for his friend's return, to suffer death himself in place of Pythias should the latter fail to keep his promise. Pythias, unexpectedly delayed, arrived just in time to save Damon from death. It is said that Dionysius so admired the spirit of friendship animating the two that he immediately pardoned Pythias and besought the two youths to become his friends. This incident is the basis of the principles on which the fraternal order, Knights of Pythias, was established.

4. All the discussion of oral reading thus far has assumed that the reader pronounces his words not only accurately but distinctly. Let's check up on this matter of clearness. Here are some tongue-twisters to go over many times.

## TONGUE TWISTERS

1. She sells sea shells.
2. Flags fluttered from frail fences.
3. Mollie's mischief makes Mother merry.
4. How much wood would a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck could chuck wood?
5. Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, where are the pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from *The World Book Encyclopedia*.

6. Theophilus Thistle, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb. Now if Theophilus Thistle in sifting a sieve full of thistles thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that you in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of your thumb.
7. Bridget backed through the burnt blackberry bushes and brought a bucket of blueberries.

#### IV. EMPHASIS

In order to convey the meaning of what we are reading it is necessary to call attention to certain words or groups of words, or to emphasize them, as we say. We can do this in two ways. The first of these is by pausing.

1. In the following story what words need to be emphasized because they carry the point of the story? Read it, pausing at the three places marked.

"My wife told me to take the old cat off somewhere and lose it. So I put him in a basket and tramped out into the country about/eight miles."

"Well, did you lose the cat?"

"Lose it? If I hadn't/followed it I'd never got/back home.

Now study these short statements to find the important words and practice reading them with pauses before these words.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS <sup>1</sup>

Pairs of students may read the following as was done in the questions and answers at the beginning of the unit.

Q. What is the largest government office building in the world?

A. It is the new building of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., which contains 1,299,000 square feet and is occupied by 6,442 employes.

<sup>1</sup> By permission of Frederic J. Haskin, The Haskin Information Service, Washington, D. C.



Q. How long has fox-hunting been popular in this country?

A. As far back as 1742, Lord Fairfax, who settled in Virginia, imported hounds and kept up a regular establishment for fox-hunting at his country estate.

Q. Is the original copy of the Declaration of Independence in existence?

A. The original Declaration of Independence is housed in a shrine especially designed and constructed for it in the Library of Congress at Washington, D. C.

Q. Who was the first white man to set foot on New England soil?

A. On May 15, 1602, Captain Bartholomew Gosnold of Falmouth, England, landed at South Dartmouth near New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Q. When was the first law passed concerning religious toleration?

A. In 1649 the Maryland general assembly passed an "Act Concerning Religion" which has been called the pioneer toleration law in America. It authorized public places of worship for the Anglican Church.

Q. Who discovered St. Helena, the island on which Napoleon died?

A. The island was discovered on May 21, 1502, by the Portuguese Joao de Nova, on his voyage home from India, and was named by him St. Helena.

Q. When was the first baseball game televised?

A. The first television broadcast of a baseball game was made at Baker Bowl, New York, on May 17, 1939, when Columbia and Princeton universities played a double-header.

Q. Did Longfellow write the poem called "Mr. Finney's Turnip?"

A. While it is persistently attributed to him, Longfellow denied the authorship in a letter to George Anderson on July 11, 1881.

Q. Where can I find a list of hobbies of famous women in the United States?

A. The biographical volume *American Women* lists the hobbies of 10,222 leading women.

Q. How many employees were required to take the 1940 census?

A. Approximately 140,000 enumerators were required to take the census.

Q. Is there such an animal as a dormouse?

A. The dormouse is a small squirrel-like rodent with prominent black eyes and a bushy tail. Like the squirrel, it sits on its hind legs when eating and stores food for the winter. It is chestnut in color, about the size of a mouse, and spends half the year in sleep.

2. The second way to emphasize a word or a group of words is to give it somewhat more force as you say it. Try to stress the most important words in these paragraphs:—

a. THE DOGIE

Dogie is the name given by cowboys to a motherless calf or to any ill-nourished, scrubby calf and as a term of contempt to all cattle. The weak calves naturally lag behind the rest of the herd on a drive and must continually be urged forward. Hence in cowboy songs the chorus frequently has a repetition of "Get along, little dogie," or "Roll along, little dogie."

- b. "Hello, bought a saxophone, have you?"  
"No. I borrowed it from the man next door."  
"But you can't play it."  
"Neither can he while I have it."

c. WHOSE WILD LIFE?<sup>1</sup>

*By Donald Hough*

One day I was shooting ducks out in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming. I was on top of a butte, in a field of shocked oats, to which the ducks came for food. I was sitting there in a blind, waiting for some ducks, when I saw a flock of about a dozen mallards coming almost directly toward me. As they came closer I noticed that they were flying

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from *Nature Magazine*.

much faster than any other ducks I had seen during the day. They approached me at a terrific speed, and I got my gun ready.

But as I was about to stand up and fire, I caught sight of a hawk at the rear of the flock. I lowered my gun, and watched. As the flock passed me, the hawk caught up to the hindmost duck, struck it like lightning; there was a puff of feathers in the air, and the duck tumbled down the side of the butte. With the same movement in which he struck, the hawk zoomed straight up, perhaps a hundred feet, poised, then came down like a plummet on the prostrate mallard, finishing the job.

## V. ORAL READING FOR PLEASURE

The exercises up to this time have been used as practice materials, like the pianist's finger exercises. But now let us read to give our listeners as much pleasure as possible. Some of the selections are statements of fact, such as one may be called upon in a science class or a club to read. Others are stories, vivid descriptions, or are in the form of poems or plays.

Remember to *think* the meaning as you read to others and glance up frequently at your audience.

### 1. THE HUNGRY SEA GULL<sup>1</sup>

*By Joseph J. Hickey*

Life in a large city like New York is usually an easy one for a sea gull. The birds spend the night on some sheltered bay, sleeping in a great raft. Shortly after dawn they leave to spend an hour or so preening or resting on some beach or reservoir. The serious business of eating may take hours in the harbor where the birds have to beat back and forth across great stretches of water. Those that frequent a garbage dump seem to get their fill in about an hour or even less. These birds then retire to a field and preen for a while. Before long they are asleep. After a couple of hours it's almost time for lunch.

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from the *New York Times*.





SEA GULLS

*Wide World Photos, Inc.*

Outside the city at places like Jones Beach, where clams are thrown up by the surf, the gulls show themselves to be resourceful. There is no futile worrying about opening the powerful bivalves. They are simply carried up into the air and dropped upon the concrete roads and macadam parking fields from heights of thirty to fifty feet. It's all very simple until you stop to realize that young gulls appear to do this without any form of teaching from their elders.

Of course some gulls are even smarter. They just wait near by until the clams drop and then swoop down and steal them. This greediness is one of the outstanding traits of the species. The mere sight of a gull flying off with something to eat invariably results in a wild pursuit by every gull within fifty or a hundred yards. The pursued cries loudly during the chase. No doubt it is yelling: "It's mine. I saw it first!" I once saw a gull which had jammed its foot too firmly into a bright shiny tin can. What a time it had! Every gull in its vicinity chased it, and the reflections of the sun on the metal only served to attract even more birds. It finally left the district as its fellows refused to allow it to perch anywhere near them.

2.

## SUNFLOWERS <sup>1</sup>

*By E. E. Stanford*

Sunflowers are dedicated to Kansas, but that great state has been far too generous (and windy) to keep all of them. All along the prairie roadsides they cluster, rank upon rank following the great national highways east and west, and traveling north and south as well. They are mostly plants of the prairies and plains; they troop up the foothills of the mountains; I should not expect to find them on the Continental Divide. But they appear again in Utah, and have flocked into the Pacific Northwest and all through the Great Valley of California.

A sunflower is more than a flower; like the aster and the smaller

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted from *Classmate* by permission of the author and the Methodist Book Concern.

cluster of the goldenrod, it is a bouquet. Or, in view of its size, we might call it a regular flower garden. The brilliant ray flowers produce no seed; they are "for looks," but practical in that they attract insects to the "business flowers" in the center of the disk. Each fruit of these last contains a single seed, which is remarkably rich in oil. Countless generations of prairie chickens and smaller birds have fattened on sunflower seeds, as tame poultry grew plump on the huger ones of the cultivated sunflowers. These last, perhaps, are trained and educated descendants of the Kansas kind, although some think they originated further south. In Russia, sunflowers have become an important crop; the Russians eat the seed much as we do peanuts.

### 3. HOW MUSIC TRAVELED <sup>1</sup>

*By Nicolas Slonimsky*

All the time learned composers were writing music with tricky counterpoint there flourished music of another kind — music without grammar, without rules, music without notes.

Traveling musicians were the composers of this music without notes, and naturally the melodies they wrote, or rather that they did not write, — for they did not know how to write music, — were of the simplest kind. Just because they were so simple, they touched the hearts of people who could not appreciate the wonders of counterpoint.

These wandering musicians were called minstrels in English. Kings and landlords tried to pick the best minstrels for performances, and those that were chosen rose to great fame.

At first learned musicians kept away from these traveling tune makers. But little by little the songs of the minstrels became so well known that even composers who believed that only difficult music could be good became interested. The names of many of the minstrels who composed these songs were not known, any more than we remember the name of the composer of our radio tune,

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from the *Christian Science Monitor*.



although we can whistle that tune. When a composer is so completely forgotten that no one remembers his name, his tunes are called folk songs, songs of the people.

### MINSTRELS IN DEMAND

One of the songs, composed by a minstrel 400 years ago, became so popular with serious composers that they plumed it with clever counterpoint, and used it in their own works. Many learned compositions are now known by the name of that French song: "*L'homme arme.*"

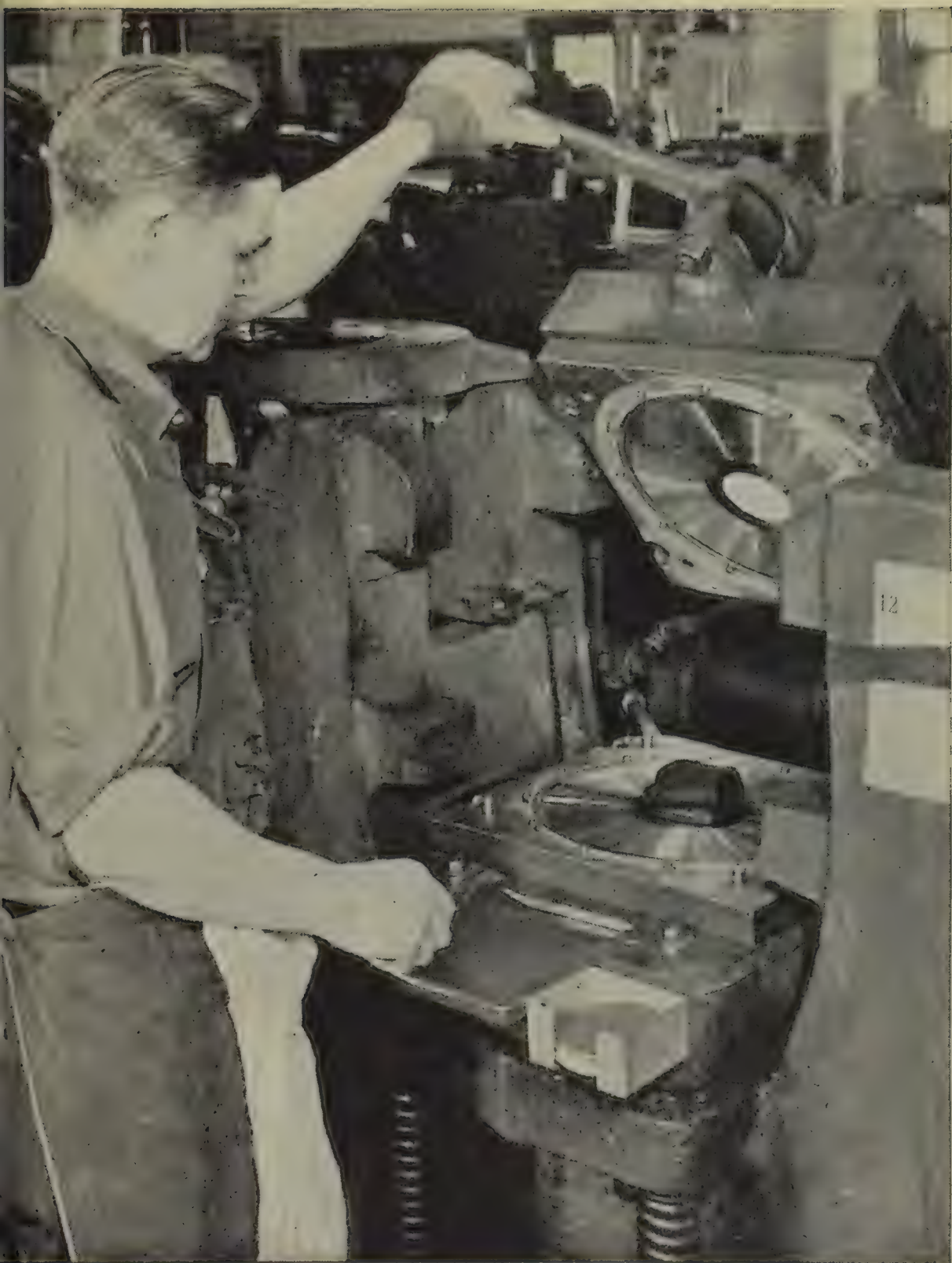
Soon it came about that a king's festival was not a festival at all without a company of minstrels to sing and play and dance. In an old bill of the time of Edward VI there is an interesting item: "Minstrels, nine, seven at 18 pounds 5s, one at 24 pounds 6s. 8d., and one at 3 pounds 6s. 8d.," which shows that there were highly paid minstrels in those times as there are highly paid tenors in our time.

Little by little, minstrels lost their amateur standing and went professional. They became interested more in money and glory than in the progress of their art, and soon lost the wonderful ability to compose beautiful melodies. A really old-fashioned minstrel always had a trade besides. In Wagner's famous opera, *Master Singers of Nuremberg*, the great minstrel Hans Sachs is a cobbler, and composition of songs was just a hobby with him.

There were clubs and exclusive guilds among minstrels, and the rules were very strict for good conduct in business and art. These societies existed for many centuries, and some of our modern singing societies are great-great-great-great-grandchildren of Hans Sachs's Master Singer Guilds.

### HOW PRINTING HELPED

At the time minstrels flourished, the musical alphabet was so complete that composers could write down any music, no matter how complicated. Minstrels helped to spread a new kind of music,

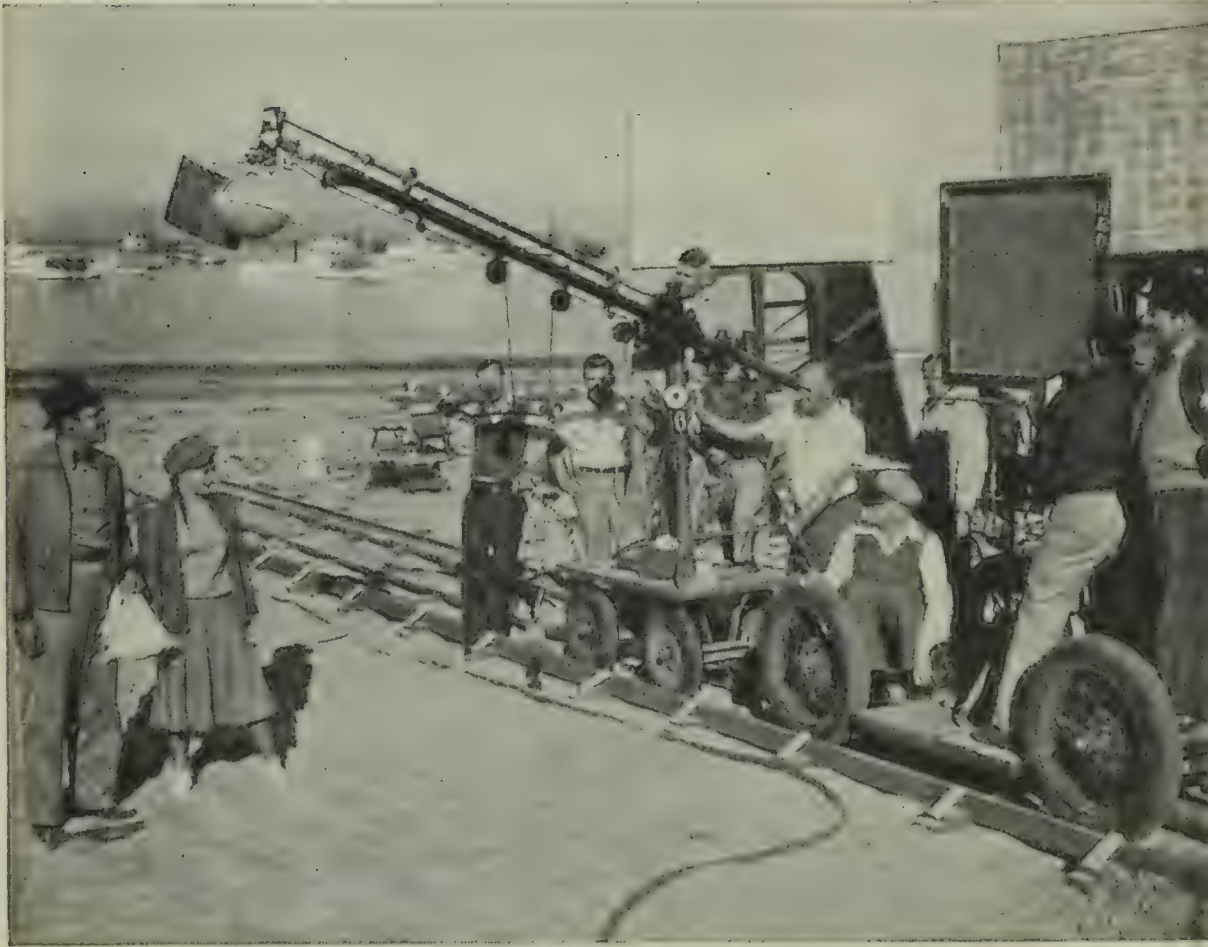


MAKING PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

*By Ewing Galloway, Inc.*

in which the time and the key were definitely marked. This new kind of music was called, in Latin, a New Art (*Ars Nova*).

When Columbus discovered America, printing had already been



"SHOOTING" A SOUND FILM

RKO Radio Pi

invented. Soon the first book with musical examples was printed, and new compositions became known all over the European world. The first printed music looks very crude, but four hundred years ago it was a great advancement. Every musician could now study great works, and learn the New Art of Music. That is why in music



history there are so many great composers known who lived at the time of the invention of printing, and why this period is often called a great era in music. It is not that the sixteenth-century great composers were so much greater than fourteenth-century great composers, but the former could print their works without waiting to be discovered in some old library, while the latter had had no such means of making their music known. Five hundred years from now, music history books may say that the greatest era in singing and acting was after 1900, because before that time there were no gramophones to preserve the voices and no moving pictures to preserve the faces of great actors.

#### 4. HOW A BAG OF BONES HELPED A BOY START HIS CAREER <sup>1</sup>

*By Margaret Eggleston Owen*

"Thirty cents!" said the boy, after a man had told him how much he would have to pay for two books. "Thirty cents! I guess I can't have them for a long, long time if they cost that much." He put the paper given him by the man in his pocket, but the desire for the books was bigger than ever as he went home to his supper.

Dallas Lore Sharp was only twelve when he saw, in an old copy of the *Youth's Companion*, a review of White's *Natural History of Selbourne* in two volumes. Now Dallas loved everything that grew, and he wanted those books more than he had ever wanted anything before. Dallas lived with his parents on a small farm in New Jersey, and they were very poor. He knew he couldn't ask for the money, and there seemed to be no way to earn it.

One day, as he weeded a tuberose bed for a man who owned a large library, he asked the man if he owned the books.

"I don't," he said. "But when I go to Philadelphia I will see if I can borrow them for you."

<sup>1</sup> From *A Bag of Bones and a Snake*, by Margaret W. Eggleston Owen. Permission granted by Margaret W. Eggleston, author of *Forty Stories for Church, School, and Home*, and other stories. Reprinted as published in *Onward*, Sept. 19, 1937.

Dallas waited impatiently for the man to go to Philadelphia, and when he knew that it was time for him to come back he could hardly do his work on the farm. He was dreadfully disappointed, of course, when the man brought home only a circular telling where the books could be bought at a secondhand store for thirty cents a volume. Thirty cents seems nothing to boys today, but fifty years ago thirty cents seemed like a fortune.

One day, when Dallas was walking to the pasture, he saw a bone sticking up out of the ground, and it gave him an idea. He would sell bones and buy the books. He ran after a pickax and bags. He dug up an old carcass of a horse; then he ran to another place and hunted for the carcass of a calf that had been buried there, and put those bones into a bag. He tried to think where any other animals had been buried on his father's farm, and he asked neighbors to let him dig up bones on their farms. As fast as a bag was full he would hide it under the barn. After many weeks of waiting the bone man came. Dallas watched breathless as the man weighed the bones which he had gathered.

"Sixty cents' worth," said the man, mechanically.

"Sixty cents' worth," echoed the boy gleefully. "Sixty cents will buy those two secondhand volumes of White's *Natural History of Selbourne*."

That very night he began to compose a letter to send to the place where the books were to be bought, and the next day he invested the first money that he had ever earned, to use as he pleased, in an English classic. He read the two nature books over and over, each time finding new and interesting things in them that he could verify in his own neighborhood. When he found a plant, or a flower, or a bird or insect that was mentioned in his new books, he would preserve it, and write all about the conditions under which he had found it. His father's farm became a place of thrilling adventures.

Nearly twenty years later Dallas published his first book, *Wild Life Near Home*. Those first two volumes, bought at thirty cents a copy, laid the foundation of his great nature library of which he

was so justly proud in later life. Those two volumes taught him to keep eyes and ears open in the out-of-doors.

5.

## MARVELS

If all the seas were one sea,  
What a *great* sea that would be!  
If all the trees were one tree,  
What a *great* tree that would be!  
And if all the axes were one ax,  
What a *great* ax that would be!  
And if all the men were one man,  
What a *great* man that would be!  
And if the *great* man took the *great* ax,  
And cut down the *great* tree  
And let it fall into the *great* sea,  
What a splish-splash *that* would be!

— OLD RHYME

6.

## THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,  
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;  
The nobles filled the benches, and the ladies in their pride,  
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he  
sighed;

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show —  
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid, laughing jaws;  
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with  
their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one another,  
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother;  
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air;  
Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there!"



De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous, lively dame,  
With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the  
same;

She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be,  
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;  
King, ladies, lovers, all look on, the occasion is divine;  
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him and  
smiled;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:  
The leap was quick; return was quick; he has regained the  
place,

Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face:  
"By Heav'n," said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where  
he sat;

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

## 7. THE REAL THRILL<sup>1</sup>

Oh, a dynamo's impressive, as efficiently it hums,  
With its brushes making sparks of vivid blue,  
And a battery of turbines shows a quiet strength that comes  
From the thrust of headed waters churning through;  
A reciprocating engine far down within a ship  
Has a magic that is pretty rugged stuff,  
But I get a thrill that's greater and that makes my pulses skip  
When a big black locomotive starts its  
"*Hough! Hough! Hough!*"

From the drone of airplane motors I can get a mighty kick,  
And a racing car can make me yell "Hooray!"  
And my fibers all are dancing to a tempo that is quick  
When a hydroplane goes tearing down the bay.

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission of *St. Nicholas Magazine*, D. Appleton-Century Company, publishers.

But a duo-coupled Baldwin makes me tingle in my breast,  
And a chill goes down my spine at every puff,  
For its bass voice seems to rumble from the bottom of its chest  
When a big black locomotive does its  
“*Hough! Hough! Hough!*”

Such a big, black, bulky giant with a single blazing eye,  
Like a Cyclops, with his muscles made of steel —  
Such a roaring, ripping monster when he thunders grandly by —  
Gee, I can't express the way he makes me feel!  
But the spell of it is greatest when the engine gives a snort  
That is full of scornful power — that's enough  
To send fifty quivers through me, of a highly varied sort,  
When a big locomotive gives a  
“HOUGH! HOUGH! HOUGH!”

— BERTON BRALEY

8. BY THE TURRET STAIR

*(Anonymous Literary Ballad of about the Year 1400)*

Run, run, little page, tell your lady fair  
That her lover waits by the turret stair,  
That the stars are out, and the night wind blows  
Up the garden path from the crimson rose!  
Run, run, little page!

Haste, haste, little page, ere the round moon's rim  
Peeps over the edge of the forest dim,  
And the wolfhound bays from his kennel deep!  
And the warder peers from the castle keep!  
Haste, haste, little page!

Soft, soft, little page, lest her sire may guess,  
By her look of fear and of fond distress,  
That he hides in the night by the turret stair  
Who would steal from her bower the flower so fair!  
Soft, soft, little page!

List, list, little page! Did the nightjar cry,  
 Or was it the low wind murmuring by?  
 And was there the sound of a faint footfall  
 Far away in the depths of the vaulted hall?  
 List, list, little page!

See, see, little page, who, clad in white,  
 Steals out of the door in the shadowy light!  
 Is't an angel? Aye, 'tis my lady fair,  
 And she speeds to her love down the turret stair!  
 See, see, little page!

Farewell, little page, far away, away,  
 Through the gloom of night to the bloom of day,  
 My lady sweet and I must fare  
 Till we reach the foot of *my* turret stair!  
 Farewell, little page!

9. Before you read this poem try to think of as many different words as you can that describe water flowing in a stream. Then turn to the poem and note how many Southey has used. Your teacher may ask each row to read different lines. Notice that the first stanza has words in pairs, the second stanza in threes, the fourth in fours.

### THE CATARACT OF LODORE

"How does the water  
 Come down at Lodore?"

From its sources which well  
 In the Tarn on the fell;  
 From its fountains  
 In the mountains,  
 Its rills and its gills, —  
 Through moss and through brake  
 It runs and it creeps  
 For a while, till it sleeps  
 In its own little Lake.



And thence at departing,  
Awakening and starting,  
It runs through the reeds,  
And away it proceeds  
Through meadow and glade,  
In sun and in shade,  
And through the wood-shelter,  
Among crags in its flurry,  
Helter-skelter,  
Hurry-scurry.

Here it comes sparkling,  
And there it lies darkling;  
Now smoking and frothing  
Its tumult and wrath in,  
Till, in this rapid race  
On which it is bent,  
It reaches the place  
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong  
Then plunges along,  
Striking and raging,  
As if a war waging  
Its caverns and rocks among;  
Rising and leaping,  
Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and sweeping,  
Showering and springing,  
Flying and flinging,  
Writhing and wringing,  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking,  
Turning and twisting,  
Around and around  
With endless rebound!

Smiting and fighting,  
 A sight to delight in;  
 Confounding, astounding,  
 Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
 And falling and brawling and sprawling,  
 And driving and riving and striving,  
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,  
 And sounding and bounding and rounding,  
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling,  
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,  
 And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,  
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
 Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,  
 And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,  
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,  
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,  
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,  
 And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,  
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;  
 And so never ending, but always descending,  
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,  
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar;  
 And this way the Water comes down at Lodore.

— ROBERT SOUTHEY

10.

## THE OWL-CRITIC

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop:  
 The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;  
 The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading  
 The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding

The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;  
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;  
And the barber kept on shaving.

“Don’t you see, Mister Brown,”  
Cried the youth, with a frown,  
“How wrong the whole thing is,  
How preposterous each wing is,  
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is —  
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck ’tis!  
I make no apology;  
I’ve learned owl-eology.  
I’ve passed days and nights in a hundred collections,  
And cannot be blinded to any deflections,  
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail  
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.  
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!  
Do take the bird down,  
Or you’ll soon be the laughingstock all over town!”  
And the barber kept on shaving.

“I’ve *studied* owls  
And other night fowls,  
And I tell you  
What I know to be true:

“An owl cannot roost  
With his limbs so unloosed;  
No owl in this world  
Ever had his claws curled,  
Ever had his legs slanted,  
Ever had his bill canted,  
Ever had his neck screwed  
Into that attitude.  
He can’t *do* it, because  
’Tis against all bird-laws.



Anatomy teaches,  
Ornithology preaches,  
An owl has a toe  
That *can't* turn out so!  
I've made the white owl my study for years,  
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!  
Mister Brown, I'm amazed  
You should be so gone crazed  
As to put up a bird  
In that posture absurd!  
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;  
The man who stuffed *him* don't half know his business!"  
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.  
I'm filled with surprise  
Taxidermists should pass  
Off on you such poor glass;  
So unnatural they seem  
They'd make Audubon scream,  
And John Burroughs laugh  
To encounter such chaff.  
Do take that bird down;  
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"  
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark  
I could stuff in the dark  
An owl better than that.  
I could make an old hat  
Look more like an owl  
Than that horrid fowl,  
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.  
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather."  
Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,  
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,



OWL

*By Ewing Galloway, N. Y.*

Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic  
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,  
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:

“Your learning’s at fault this time, anyway;

Don’t waste it again on a live bird, I pray.

I’m an owl; you’re another. Sir Critic, good-day!”

And the barber kept on shaving.

— JAMES T. FIELDS

II.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK

On sunny slope and beechen swell,  
The shadowed light of evening fell;  
And, where the maple’s leaf was brown,  
With soft and silent lapse came down  
The glory, that the wood receives,  
At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light  
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white  
Around a fair uplifted cone,  
In the warm blush of evening shone;  
An image of the silver lakes,  
By which the Indian’s soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard  
Where the soft breath of evening stirred  
The tall, gray forest; and a band  
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,  
Came winding down beside the wave,  
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers  
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,  
And thirty snows had not yet shed  
Their glory on the warrior’s head;



But, as the summer fruit decays,  
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin  
Covered the warrior, and within  
Its heavy folds the weapons, made  
For the hard toils of war, were laid:  
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,  
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train  
Chanted the death dirge of the slain;  
Behind, the long procession came  
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,  
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,  
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress  
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,  
With darting eye, and nostril spread,  
And heavy and impatient tread,  
He came; and oft that eye so proud  
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed  
Beside the grave his battle steed;  
And swift an arrow cleaved its way  
To his stern heart! One piercing neigh  
Arose, — and, on the dead man's plain,  
The rider grasps his steed again.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

12. Here is an opportunity for a group to read a play.  
Since it was written for the radio, it does not need any acting. The voice is to carry it all. A committee may assign the parts to pupils and assign the reading of description

and other extras also to a student. All may stand or sit in a semicircle, with the student who is to give directions at one end. Make a special effort to use your voice to interpret your part.

### SEARCH FOR SLEEP<sup>1</sup>

*By Gladys Schmitt and Pauline Gibson*

#### CHARACTERS

ANNOUNCER

DR. WILLIAM MORTON

BETSEY MORTON, HIS WIFE

DR. JACKSON

MR. DANA

ANNOUNCER. Men in uniforms ride to battle, pilots skirt the skies, explorers push through frozen lands and endless jungles. The whole world watches them. Headlines flash their names; radio tells their stories. But the scientist works in his laboratory alone. Only a few people know what he is trying to do. His work is without glamour, without glory, and always he is haunted by the fear that his experiment, like so many others, will end in failure. . . .

It is almost a hundred years ago — in Boston. Still the day of the “torture chamber” — the operating room where doctors and surgeons worked feverishly against time. For anesthetics were not yet known and only the strongest patients could live long under the torture of the knife. People often died in those days rather than submit to the agony of an operation. Patients were drugged with opiates, sometimes dosed with brandy till they were intoxicated, then strapped hand and foot to the operating table. Still, their suffering was terrible. Could nothing be found to kill the pain of the surgical knife? One man — William Morton, a young dentist and medical student — determined to find out.

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted from *Scholastic*, the American High School Weekly, by permission of the editors.

*National Broadcasting Co.*

## EDGAR BERGEN AND CHARLIE MCCARTHY BROADCASTING

MORTON (*fading in*). But I tell you, Dr. Jackson, something must be done. Surely there is some drug that will deaden pain — something that will be more effective than what we have now.



JACKSON (*abrupt older man's voice*). Of course, Morton, of course. But who is to find it? All the experiments fail. You know that.

MORTON. But I keep thinking that maybe ether is the thing.

JACKSON. Lots of us have thought that. But what do we know about ether? You inhale a little of it . . . you are giddy in the head and foolish. Some of those young chemists take a sniff of it . . . it makes them almost drunk.

MORTON. But maybe . . . a lot of ether . . . would make a man unconscious.

JACKSON. Maybe. But who's to try it? Doctors are afraid of it.

MORTON. I know. But they have seen chemical tests and the results didn't prove anything. And sometimes the ether wasn't pure. Or maybe it should be mixed with something else. Somebody ought to find out.

JACKSON. When you're a full-fledged physician, Morton, maybe you can do it!

MORTON. Why wait? People are suffering agonies every day in the operating room. I'm determined . . . (*slowly, with emphasis*) to start trying right now.

JACKSON. Impatient, aren't you? Well, go ahead. I think you're right. Tried a few experiments myself not so long ago. Don't know for sure. Took a couple of deep breaths of ether and everything started to go black. Don't know what would have happened if I'd kept on. Pretty sure I'd have gone completely out — maybe for good.

MORTON. Dr. Jackson, I'm going to start where you left off. I'm going to find out everything there is to know about ether!

JACKSON. If you make it work, Morton, millions of people will thank you for years to come. By the way . . . where are you going to find somebody to take a test like that?

MORTON (*fading out*). I don't know yet, but I'll find someone.

(*Few seconds pause. Piano playing a light classical selection. Music stops suddenly.*)

BETSEY. William Morton! Whatever in the world is the matter with you. You've been walking the floor like a madman all evening.

MORTON. Nothing's the matter, Betsey. Keep on playing. Music helps me think.

BETSEY. Are you sure nothing's wrong?

MORTON. No . . . nothing's wrong. I just think I've got something at last.

BETSEY. Oh, William. Are you sick? I've always been afraid you'd catch some disease down there at the hospital all the time.

MORTON (*laughing*). I didn't mean I had a disease. It's an idea I've got . . . you know, an idea.

BETSEY. Another of those ideas about putting people to sleep. (*Gravely*) I wish you could. It would be wonderful if you found the right thing. Is this something new?

MORTON. No . . . the same old dream. Ether . . . pure, clear, first-class ether, breathed in through the nostrils. You know, Betsey, it really *should* induce sleep.

BETSEY. But what if you tried it on somebody . . . and he died.

MORTON. That's just the trouble. I have to be sure of it before I put it to a real test.

(*A dog is heard barking.*)

BETSEY. There, that's Gyp outside. He wants to come in.

MORTON. I'll let him in. Here, Gyp.

(*Whistles for dog. Barking.*)

BETSEY. Oh, you unruly little pup.

MORTON. Watch him, Betsey. Here, Gyp, get away from that table.

(*More excited barking.*)

BETSEY. Gyp! Gyp! (*A vase crashes.*) There, see what he's done. Broken my green vase. Gyp, you silly pup, I don't know what I'm going to do with you.

MORTON. Wait, I've got the broken pieces. Ugh, water over everything. Hold the pup till I get a cloth and wipe up this mess. Say . . . I've got an idea!

BETSEY. What! Another one?

MORTON. Yes, about ether. I'm going to try something I never thought of before.

BETSEY. What do you mean?

MORTON. I'm going to etherize Gyp.

BETSEY (*quickly*). Oh, no, William. You couldn't do that. It would be cruel. Poor little puppy.

MORTON. Don't be a sentimentalist. But please try to transfer your sentimentality from that little pup of yours to the millions of people who might be saved if this experiment works.

BETSEY. But . . . what good would it do? To test ether on a little dog?

MORTON. A lot of good, Betsey dear. A whole lot of good. If ether makes Gyp unconscious and he recovers — and I'm *sure* he will — then it's safe to try ether on people. Don't you see? Don't you see how important it is?

BETSEY (*sighing*). Yes, I see. All right. But you're *pretty* sure it won't hurt him?

MORTON (*with more conviction than he really feels*). Of course. Why, he'll be as lively as a cricket in ten minutes or so.

BETSEY. Well, all right, but if you hurt him, William Morton!

MORTON. That's the girl! Now, will you find me a little pan in the kitchen while I get the ether?

BETSEY. Will a pie pan do? Come on, Gyp. We have to go get him a pan. Poor Gyp. He's going to put you to sleep. (*Cupboard doors are opened. Gyp barks. Pans rattle.*) Here, I guess this will do. Come on, Gyp. You're a good little dog. William, will this do?

MORTON. That will be fine. Will you put it here on the floor? Come on, Gyp. You hold him till I pour the ether into the pan.

(*Gyp barks excitedly.*)

BETSEY. There, he thinks you're going to play with him, William.

MORTON. *You* be careful, Betsey. Don't lean over the pan. I don't want *you* falling asleep.

(*Sound of liquid poured into pan.*)

MORTON. Now, hand Gyp to me. Come on, Gyp. Good little dog.

BETSEY. Please, William, don't hurt him.

MORTON. It won't hurt him. You'll see. Come on, Gyp. Sniff.

(*Gyp barks.*)





Columbia Broadcasting Co.

### SOUND EFFECTS MEN REHEARSING

BETSEY. Look, he doesn't like the smell of it.

MORTON. But it doesn't hurt him. Here, I'll have to hold him over it. Steady, now. Take a good whiff.

BETSEY. He's squirming. He wants to get away.

MORTON. Steady now, boy. It's not hurting him, Betsey.

BETSEY. William! Look, he's getting limp.

MORTON (*excitedly*). It's working. By heaven, it is. I knew it would.

BETSEY. His eyes are shut. William, hasn't he had enough?

MORTON. Yes, that's enough. Look at him, Betsey. He's asleep — unconscious.

BETSEY. Oh, you've killed him. He's dead.

MORTON. No, he isn't dead. His heart is beating steadily as a clock. Here, feel for yourself.

BETSEY. See if you can wake him up.

MORTON. Here, Gyp . . . wake up . . . (*Whistles*) Gyp . . . Here, Gyp!

BETSEY. He doesn't hear you. *William*, what are you doing to him?

MORTON. Pinching him. See, he doesn't feel it. Doesn't move a muscle.

BETSEY. You aren't going to stick him with that pin, are you?

MORTON. Yes . . . see there, he didn't feel that either. Didn't even move when I pricked him with a pin. Betsey, it's wonderful!

BETSEY. Oh, he's going to die. I know it.

MORTON. No, silly. We'll take him over to the window and fan him a little. You'll see how dead he is in a couple of minutes.

BETSEY. There, there, poor little Gyp.

MORTON. Keep fanning him. See, he moved.

BETSEY. Why, William. His eyes opened a little.

MORTON. I knew they would. Keep fanning him. Come on, Gyp. Lay him on the floor, Betsey. He'll stand up in a minute.

BETSEY. There you are. Look, he's going to get up. Steady there, you look a little tipsy.

MORTON. Good! Marvelous! It didn't hurt him at all. Here, Gyp. (*Whistles*) Good fellow. You did science a great service tonight, Gyp.

BETSEY. William! The experiment! I was so worried about Gyp for a minute, I almost forgot why you were doing it. William — this proves what you wanted to prove, doesn't it?

MORTON. It doesn't prove it altogether, Betsey. But we made a start. I'm willing to try etherizing a human patient, now that it worked with Gyp.

BETSEY. Oh, dear, it will have to be a brave person to try it for the first time.

MORTON (*slowly*). Yes . . . for all we know . . . maybe ether won't go so well with the human patient as it did with your lively little pup. (*With emphasis*) But we've simply got to try!

ANNOUNCER. Two weeks have passed. It is another evening in the Morton living room. A log is burning brightly in the open fireplace, and Gyp is sleeping peacefully on the hearth.

MORTON. What time do you suppose it is, Betsey?

BETSEY (*breaking off piano playing*). Let's see. Oh, it's almost eleven. Mr. Dana won't come now.

MORTON. I'm afraid not. I should have gone with him again tonight, but he thought he might have better luck if he went down to the wharves alone.

BETSEY. I didn't really think it would be *this* hard to find somebody willing to take ether — after your experiment with Gyp and all.

MORTON. I was a little afraid it might. But surely that much money will tempt someone to take the risk — though we've tried all the tramps and bums along the waterfront. Funny about those men. They'll pour enough bad rum into their stomachs to ruin an army, but you can't even pay them to take a sniff of ether. Good, pure ether that wouldn't hurt a puppy.

BETSEY. Mr. Dana is certainly being a real friend — he's been out every night this week trying to find somebody to do it for you.

MORTON (*laughing*). He's a good friend, all right — and a good lawyer! He's afraid I won't do it legally — afraid I might have a lawsuit on my hands afterwards.

BETSEY. You're much more optimistic than you were a week ago, William. *Then*, you said ether might kill a man.

MORTON. Nonsense, Betsey, ether won't kill a mosquito. It deadens, but it doesn't kill. Why, I'd trust my own life to it.

BETSEY (*softly and urgently*). Oh, no, William . . . please.

(*Knock at the door.*)

MORTON. Maybe that's Dana now.

(*Door opens.*)

MORTON. Hello, Dana! What? No luck!

DANA. No luck.

BETSEY. Take off your coat and sit down, Mr. Dana. You're a real friend to go walking the wharves on a night like this.

MORTON. Nobody? Nobody at all, Dana? Did you offer more money?

DANA. Not a sign of luck. One fellow said he was hungry, but he'd starve to death first. That was a safe, sure way of dying, he said.



MORTON. Well, make yourself comfortable, old man. I heard Betsey say she'd make us some coffee and sandwiches. How about it, Betsey?

BETSEY. I'll have them in a minute. Mr. Dana looks as if he needs a cup of hot coffee. But, William, you . . . you wouldn't . . .?

MORTON (*heartily*). You're an angel, Bets. Hot coffee will taste good to all of us.

BETSEY (*a bit hesitantly*). All right . . . but William . . .

(*Door closes behind her.*)

MORTON. I want you to stay here with her, will you?

DANA. Morton, what in God's name are you going to do?

MORTON. I'm going to try ether myself. If nobody else will, then I must. You'll stay here with Betsey?

DANA. Yes, of course. But, listen, Morton . . .

MORTON. You'll look out for her . . . if anything happens . . .?

DANA. But, listen, Morton. You aren't sure it's safe.

MORTON. As safe for me as it is for anyone. I'm going into the laboratory. Lock myself in. Right now. Keep Betsey here. If I don't come out in ten minutes . . . here's the key to the back laboratory door. Come that way. But don't let Betsey in!

DANA (*sighing*). I suppose I can't argue you out of it. I know the importance of it. All right. God be with you.

MORTON. In His infinite mercy, perhaps He will.

(*Door closes. Key turns in lock. Five seconds' silence. Clock ticking.*)

BETSEY (*fading in*). And here are the sandwiches in record time. Ham for Mr. Dana . . . (*frightened*) Where's William?

DANA. He's gone into his laboratory for a few minutes, my dear.

BETSEY. Don't try to deceive me. I knew he was going to do it. He's going to try ether himself (*raising voice in excitement and terror; rattling doorknob*). The door's locked. I want to go in. I *will* go in.

DANA. The door's locked on the inside, Betsey. We can't go in.

BETSEY. Why did you let him do it? Risking his life . . . just throwing it away. (*Calling*) William! William!

DANA. We'll just have to be patient, Betsey.

BETSEY (*her voice breaking*). Why didn't you stop him?

DANA. I couldn't have stopped him. Neither could you, Betsey.

BETSEY. Oh, how can he be so foolish?

DANA. He isn't foolish, Betsey. (*With emphasis*) You're married to a hero. A man who takes upon himself the suffering of the world. A hero who faces death more nobly than a soldier.

(*BETSEY sobs. Silence. Clock ticking.*)

BETSEY (*hysterically*). How long has he been in there? I can't stand it. (*Calls*) William! William!

DANA. It's only four minutes, now, Betsey. You must be as brave as he is.

BETSEY. Listen. There isn't a sound in there. (*Rattles doorknob.*) Oh, he's dead. I know he's dead.

DANA. Sit quiet, Betsey. Wait. Just a little longer.

BETSEY. Wait! Wait for him to die? No, I'll not. I'll not. I'll get in somehow. (*Loud rattling of door and pounding.*) Oh, William (*sobbing*), William.

(*Silence, the clock ticking.*)

DANA. Just five minutes gone now, Betsey, my dear. Come here, Betsey. Sit down here beside me. There's nothing we can do. Just wait another five minutes.

BETSEY. Anything can happen in five minutes. Oh, William, why did you do it? Mr. Dana, can't we do something?

DANA. Be brave, my dear. A hero's wife.

(*Silence save for BETSEY's sobbing. Quiet. Clock ticking. Then a muffled sound of movement behind the door. A key is put in a lock.*)

BETSEY. There, I heard something. It's William.

DANA. Yes. Yes. William! For the love of heaven, come out of there.

(*Door is slowly creaked open.*)

BETSEY (*sobbing*). William! Alive!

MORTON. You didn't think I'd walk out of there dead, did you, Betsey darling?

BETSEY. Are you all right?

MORTON. Perfectly . . . a little foggy, but perfectly well. In a minute everything will be clear as a bell again.

BETSEY. I was so afraid, William. I'm sorry I'm such a coward . . . but I do love you so . . . and I thought I'd never see you again.

MORTON (*laughing to console her*). Thought I hadn't as much resistance as that fool pup of yours, eh? Well, I think I've proved that I have!

DANA. You've proved more than that, my friend. You've proved that human suffering need no longer exist. For centuries to come . . .

ANNOUNCER. Through Dr. William Morton's faith in his idea, his courage even to meet death for the good of mankind, the gift of anesthesia was given to the world. Through him, the operating room ceased to be a torture chamber and the great work of surgery advanced. Millions of people have benefited by his work. The few who remember his name speak it with reverence — Dr. William Morton, who searched and found the sleep that dulls the suffering of mankind.

. . . . .

In closing this unit, you may like to have a contest in oral reading. Your teacher will write on the board the titles of five or six short selections (ten or twelve lines from different poems or paragraphs) found in this book. You may choose the one you prefer and sign your name under the title. If two articles appeal to you equally, you should select the one that has been chosen by the smaller number of pupils, so that the number reading the different selections will be as nearly equal as possible. Then you should prepare as carefully as you can to read the following day.

The reading is to be done in groups, all those with the same selection reading one after the other (you may draw for the order). At the close of each group's reading, the class may vote on the best reader. The winners appear a few days later in a final contest, in which all should read the same selection.



## ORAL READING TEST

THE AGRICULTURAL REVOLUTION<sup>1</sup>

The Industrial Revolution was not the only great change which occurred throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. At the same time that some men were working out improvements in the methods of spinning thread and weaving cloth, others were laboring at the task of improving the methods of raising food. New types of crops such as clover and turnip made it possible to increase the raising of stock. Improvements in farm tools and implements led to sensational increases in the production of grain.

Not only did the Agricultural Revolution proceed at the same time as the Industrial, but it was linked to it by sheer necessity. It would have been impossible to have had an industrial revolution without the accompanying development of better methods of farming. Had farming stood still, there would have been no way of feeding the vast numbers of people who worked in the factories of the great cities which sprang up. The invention of the machinery might have occurred, but it would have been meaningless.

The early stages of the Agricultural Revolution were centered largely in England. At the end of the third decade of the nineteenth century, however, America began to assume the position of leadership.

<sup>1</sup> From *Our Life Today*, by Bacon and Krug. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

## CHAPTER XII

# *To Review*

### I. QUESTIONS

1. What is a satisfactory reading rate? (Words per second)
2. What is your rate?
3. What is meant by skimming?
4. Name three general uses for skimming.
5. What are these terms as applied to the dictionary: guide words, key line, synonym, derivation, colloquial, obsolete?
6. Mark the vowels to indicate long sound, and pronounce them.
7. Mark the vowels to indicate short sound, and pronounce.
8. Show how to shift the accent in a word, using letters or numbers.
9. Name several reliable dictionaries.
10. List seven kinds of information given about words in the dictionary.
11. Explain how to find the meaning of a word without looking it up in the dictionary.
12. Name three places where the main idea of a selection may be found.
13. How should one go about discovering the plan, or pattern, of a reading selection?
14. How is reading for details different from skimming?
15. To which of our senses may an imaginative piece of writing appeal?
16. What is the writer's purpose in presenting imaginative pictures for us to "see"?
17. Name two means a writer may use to arouse our feelings.



*New York Zoological Society*

### SEA LIONS IN THE SEAL POOL

18. Name several different kinds of emotion.
19. How may our feelings be aroused to wrong purposes?
20. What elements contribute to good oral reading?

## II. PRACTICE

1. Check your reading rate as you read the following. Then answer the questions in your workbook to check your understanding of the selection.

### AT THE SEAL POOL<sup>1</sup>

Skyscrapers are attractive in their way, and Broadway at night is a lovely sight, but one of the prettiest places in the city is the seal pool in Central Park, New York City, at 1:30 on a sunny day. It's worth making a special trip and plowing through the candid-camera fiends who join the excited children around the pool, just to see Splashy, Lena, Waterlily, Flapper, and Flipper getting their midday meal.

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from the *New York Times*.



There's a build-up before the event. The seals flash in and out of the water like bright needles in green silk. They gallop along the edge with a hop-skip-and-skid, and dive into the pool again. They churn the water into a surf. The keeper tosses a fish toward the pool, and in a flash of sun on wet seal head the fish disappears.

Waterlily, the small blonde female, is usually the first to realize that to catch the fish from the diving board across the pool means applause and a lot of fish. She braces herself high on her flippers and sways like a big-league fielder until it is time to snap.

Seals are apparently born troupers. Even when they aren't trained to anything they build up a following. And it is just as satisfying to see a seal catch a fish across a forty-foot pool as to watch it balance a ball on its nose, or even play "My country 'tis of thee" on a set of pipes.

2. Read the following short selection to check your rate of reading. Then answer the questions to see if you got the facts.

### TOM SAWYER REJECTED <sup>1</sup>

How many struggling writers know that *Tom Sawyer*, after being written by Mark Twain, received many rejections? It was several years before it was finally published. It started out as a play in 1872.

It has been said that *Tom Sawyer* was the first manuscript ever to be copied on a typewriter. Mark made a special trip to Boston and viewed the new invention, and purchased one. However, he became tired of the machine and is said to have traded it off for a side-saddle. At first he tried to give it away to William Dean Howells.

3. Skim this account to find five errors in foreign newspapers. List these in your workbook, and after each write the correct form.

### "HOWLERS" SPOTTED IN FOREIGN PRESS <sup>2</sup>

PARIS. — Strange conceptions of America and its ways creep into the European press. Recently an American student at the Sorbonne

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from the *Christian Science Monitor*.

<sup>2</sup> Reprinted by permission from the *New York Times*.

provided astonishment and amusement at a university reception when he displayed a collection of "howlers" which he had clipped from French vernacular newspapers.

Geography proved a matter of considerable confusion, bringing forth such oddities as "the town of Dakota (Nebraska)," "the State of Connecticut," and "Tensylvania, founded by William Tenn." When the September hurricane struck the East, Frenchmen read that the greatest damage had been done in "two States contiguous to New York, namely New Jersey and Long-Island." One paper located the tomb of Lafayette at "Mount Veron."

Again, a commentator on American affairs wrote: —

"Americans remain insular despite all their travel as 'Innocents Abroad,' retracing Bunyan's famous pilgrimage. And they still rely on tariffs to make the nation 'ridger and better than ever.'

"But all this does not prevent Americans from enjoying themselves, to forget for a while that 'business are business' and 'times is money.' After a morning of sport — 'swash-rackets,' 'baskett,' 'horse-shoe-vitchin' or 'doit-track' — they join gay parties at fashionable resorts — 'Kidneybrecker,' 'Stregis,' 'Savon Plaja' or 'Vancorkland Park' in New York; 'the South Side,' which is the western region of Chicago; 'Atalanta,' in the Province of Georgia. They enjoy festive meals, with plenty of 'plume pouding kakes,' cocktails and other 'pick mouns.' Afterward some play 'three robbers-bridge' while others dance with 'glamarous gorus-girls' until it is time for 'breakfast.' The 'Sharps and Tripes' fly everywhere and there is much singing of the 'Band star Spangled.'"

4. Skim the next article to find the number of different kinds of dogs mentioned.

## DOGDOM <sup>1</sup>

New York's Madison Square Garden, which has echoed to political cheers, to applause at horse shows and shouts at boxing matches, last week echoed to the barking of the best in American

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from the *New York Times*.

dogdom. The Westminster Kennel Club was holding its sixty-third annual show.

The show brought out 3070 dogs, their whiskers trimmed, their coats brushed and sometimes powdered. On the exhibition hall's benches, a floor below the arena, cocker spaniels were most numerous. There were 196 of them, one of them bearing the name Dungarvan Damfino. The popular cocker, however, disputed attention with scotties and boxers, fox terriers, Pekingese, Irish setters, poodles, Great Danes, Samoyedes, Doberman pinschers, dachshunds, with Newfoundlands and Chihuahuas, with all manner of hounds, with Chesapeake retrievers and Boston terriers. All these and other breeds competed for the rosette that, marking the best dog in the show, serves as a crown for the best dog in America.

Three days of judging on the arena floor at last ended. The winning dogs had posed, had been walked across the ring. The judges decided. The crown went to Ferry von Rauhfelsen, a Doberman pinscher. A black cocker spaniel took first as the best American-bred dog.

5. In the following selection can you find five words whose meaning you do not know? Try to reason out their meaning from the context. List them and their probable meanings in the workbook.

## HOW THE SUEZ CANAL LOOKS<sup>1</sup>

*By George Martelli*

The canal is a straight ribbon of water stretching ahead until it is swallowed by the horizon. It is barely sixty yards across, and with a vessel of any draught care must be taken to steer exactly in the middle. On either side the ground shelves gently upward, the two banks carrying respectively a road and a railway. For a short distance after you leave Port Said they are flanked by the straggling town, but soon the last dwellings are left behind.

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from the *New York Times*.





## THE SUEZ CANAL

*By Ewing Galloway, N. Y.*

For the first thirty miles the canal follows the edge of a salt lake with a shimmering surface that reaches indefinitely to the west. On the other side is marsh land, with a little cultivation. Then comes the desert. It is a flat and featureless landscape, baked by the sun and reflecting an intense white glare. There is nothing to look at but the Arab driving his donkey along the towpath, a collection of mud huts marking a dreary native village, or a group of dusky children splashing and dangling their legs in the water.

Turning at dead-slow speed the propellers scarcely ruffle the green-yellow water. Only an occasional tremor betrays to the man between decks that the ship is proceeding. It is a kind of phantom progress, as though she was being drawn by invisible forces; and at night, except for the searchlight playing on the bank, the effect is even more ghostly.

And strange it is to be out on the desert and to see a 20,000-ton liner gliding between the invisible banks of the canal. A tall building seems to move along the horizon. In the early days, before the canal had become familiar, many a tribesman must have gazed and rubbed his eyes in wonder, believing himself a victim of one of those mirages in which nonexistent palms, clear water, and shimmering minarets

tantalize the traveler. Today the driver of a donkey trotting along the towpath scarcely glances at the steamer.

From time to time mild excitement on the ship is provided by the approach of another vessel. It climbs up from below the horizon, and the effect is of something being raised on a moving staircase. As the vessels approach each other — like two cars meeting in a narrow lane — the smaller one is maneuvered until it almost touches the bank, where it is moored while the larger ship steals by.

In the second half of the passage the ship traverses a series of marshy lakes, and there is a stop while the cargo is loaded. But it is a relief when Suez finally comes into sight.

6. As you read this true account, notice any words whose meaning you are not sure of. Try to get their meaning from the story itself. Then check your accuracy by the dictionary or by the class discussion.

### MEET MR. SKUNK<sup>1</sup>

*By Samuel Scoville, Jr.*

It is not necessary to go to the forest for adventures: they lie in wait for us at our very doors. My home is in a built-up suburb of a large city, apparently hopelessly civilized. The other morning I was out early for some before-breakfast chopping, the best of all setting-up exercises. As I turned the corner of the garage, I suddenly came face to face with a black-and-white animal with a pointed nose, a bushy tail, and an air of justified confidence. I realized that I was on the brink of a meeting which demanded courage but not rashness. "Be brave, be brave, but not *too* brave," should always be the motto of the man who meets the skunk. From my past experience, however, I knew that the skunk is a good sportsman. Unless rushed, he always gives three warnings before he proceeds to extremities.

As I came near, he stopped and shook his head sadly, as if saying to himself, "I'm afraid there's going to be trouble, but it isn't my

<sup>1</sup> From *Everyday Adventures*, copyright by Samuel Scoville, Jr. Published by Little, Brown & Company. Reprinted by permission of the author.

fault." As I still came on, he gave me danger signal number one by suddenly stamping his forepaws rapidly on the hard ground. Upon my further approach followed signal number two, to wit, the hoisting aloft of his aforesaid long, bushy tail. As I came on more and more slowly, I received the third and last warning — the end of the erect tail moved quietly back and forth a few times.

It was enough. I stood stony still, for I knew that if after that I moved forward but by the fraction of an inch, I should meet an unerring barrage which would send a suit of clothes to an untimely grave. For perhaps half a minute we eyed each other. Like the man in the story, I made up my mind that one of us would have to run — and that I was that one. Without any false pride I backed slowly and cautiously out of range. Thereupon the threatening tail descended, and Mr. Skunk trotted away through a gap in the fence into the long grass of an unoccupied lot.

7. State the main idea of this and the following selections.

#### PEACEPOINT

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

8.           She isn't near to beauty;  
              She's not so much for fun,  
              But when the game is over  
              She never asks, "Who won?"

9.           VACATION CHILD <sup>1</sup>

Run, Tony, run and see  
The green leaves on the tree!  
It never did seem true  
That skies could be so blue.

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from the *Christian Science Monitor*.



That hills and fields could look  
 Just like your picture-book,  
 That flowers people found  
 In shops grew from the ground.

Run up and down and out  
 And in and laugh and shout.  
 "Oh, Mother, here he comes,  
 A real bee that hums!"

— SARA KING CARLETON

10.

### WORDS <sup>1</sup>

Myriad lovely words  
 Are imprisoned  
 Between the  
 Covers of the  
 Dictionary  
 But until  
 We speak them —  
 Write them —  
 Love them —  
 They are only  
 Black marks  
 On white paper

— OLIVE STODDARD

11. Write the pattern of this poem, one item for each stanza.

### WINDOWS <sup>2</sup>

Windows are pretty things that from a ledge  
 With curtains straining morning apricot  
 Upon the kitchen kettles, look on hedge  
 Of ragged robin and forget-me-not.

<sup>1</sup> By permission; from *Vocabulary Building*, copyright, 1937, by G. & C. Merriam Company.

<sup>2</sup> Reprinted by permission of the author.

Windows are lovely things that from a study  
Lead to lawns beneath familiar trees,  
Where homing children on the curtain, ruddy  
In the west, can carve a playful frieze.

Oh, windows are adventuresome that flash  
A signal from a lighthouse over waves,  
Where struggling ships are grounded and may crash  
At dead of night above the secret caves.

Most reverent are windows in a church,  
Where music and the stars of candlelight  
On mellow wood, retell the holy search  
Of bright-robed saints who died to save the right.

— BEULAH JACKSON CHARMLEY

12. Notice the title to the following poem. Each section describes a different kind of power. As you read each part, write down the kind of power it tells about.

### PICTURES OF POWER <sup>1</sup>

Egypt — Pharaoh of the time of Moses:  
Crack of the lash, and ten thousand men  
    Piling my monuments stone on stone;  
Crack of the lash, and they yield their strength  
    For me, a Pharaoh upon my throne.

Rome — Caesar and his mighty legions:  
Gaudy galleys on purple seas,  
    Sweat of the slaves in the dirty hold;  
Beauty above and death beneath,  
    Honor alone to the brave and bold.

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from *St. Nicholas Magazine*, October 1930. D. Appleton-Century Company.

Sting of the whip and chariot's rush —  
Death and terror are power alone.  
Bow down in homage. I am supreme!  
I am great Caesar in far-off Rome!

Dark Ages — The Mongol conquerors:  
Rushing of horsemen across the plain,  
Flashing of swords in the stifling air;  
Men scattered like wheat on the threshing-floor —  
I am the conqueror of worlds. Beware!

Discovery of America — King of Spain:  
Flutter of sailcloth on distant seas,  
Clamor of men for greed and gain;  
Death to the savage hordes! Gold, my cry!  
I am the power of ancient Spain!

Electrical Age — Steinmetz and Edison:  
Whirring of wheels and flashing of lights,  
Dazzling splendor is mine to-day.  
Wheels — more wheels — and the iron cogs  
Turn out my power, for I hold sway.  
Jove's own lightning my hands unlock,  
And water and air and earth hold fast.  
I rule, for the Wizards of Jove's domain  
Have opened my mighty gates at last!

— HELEN TRAFFORD MOORE

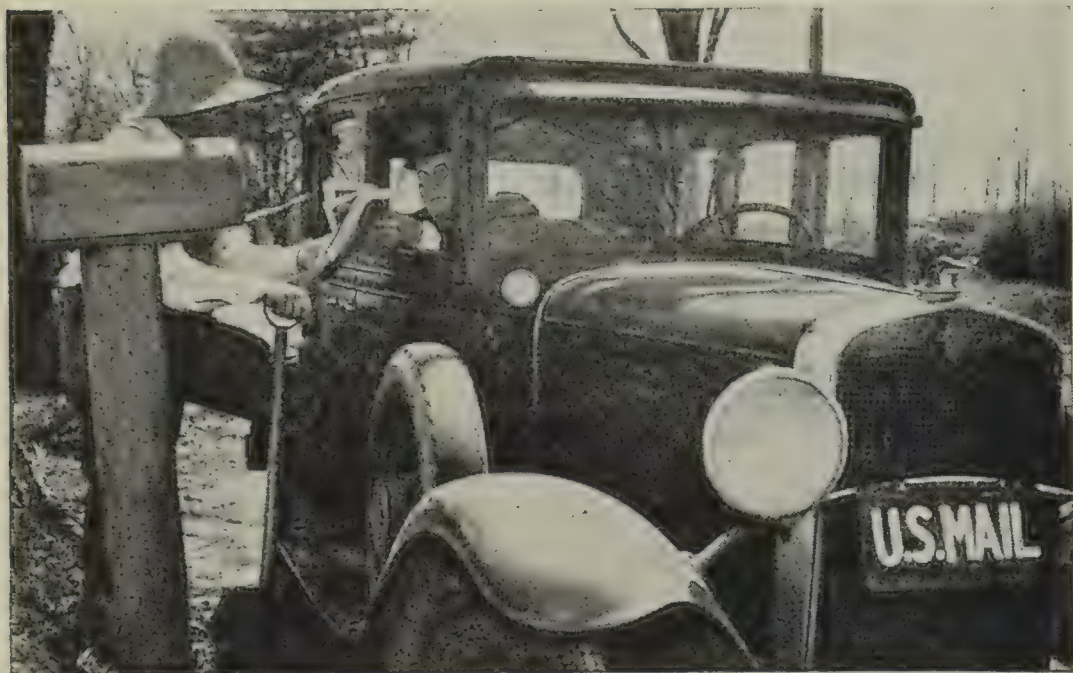
13. Write down the main divisions of thought that make up the plan in the next article.



MERCY BY MAIL, R.F.D.<sup>1</sup>

*By Oliver McKee, Jr.*

Many rural mail carriers find a place in their automobiles for a bag or two of grain at this season, for the Post Office Department has again authorized rural carriers, during the winter months, to distribute grain as food for birds. They are under no compulsion,



A RURAL MAIL CARRIER

*By Ewing Galloway, N. Y.*

of course, to perform this service, but in areas where snow covers the natural food of birds, or where, for some other reason, a food shortage exists, most carriers willingly perform it. The grain is provided by wild-life conservation groups.

Few persons are better qualified to do the job. Like the airplane pilot and the railroad engineer on a regular run, the rural mailman knows every mile of his route. If at all observant, as he travels through the countryside, he learns the places of residence of birds and their habits. He needs little if any instruction in distributing the grain where it will benefit the largest number. He chooses places

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from the *New York Times*.

where the birds are least exposed to attack by their natural enemies, and where they enjoy the protection of some cover. Thickets, hedgerows, and natural windbreaks all make excellent feeding stations.

In the northern tier of states, the rural carrier faces his hardest months in winter. He may not have to worry about his own food supply or that of his family, but he must reckon with zero blasts, blizzards, and icy roads. Yet at no time of the year is he more important as a liaison agent between rural and urban America. Rural carriers serve about 7,000,000 families, representing in all about 26,000,000 persons.

City folk are apt to take the postman for granted and as often as not know him neither by name nor by sight. It is otherwise in the empire served by Uncle Sam's 33,000 rural carriers. To the farm households along his route the rural carrier is both friend and counselor. With his cheery greeting and his neighborhood news, he is always a welcome visitor. In many rural districts he is a man of mark and a community leader.

The rural carrier has more duties to perform than his city colleague. In his automobile, he operates a moving post office. In addition to distributing and accepting letters, he handles parcel-post packages, sells and cashes money orders, arranges for the registration of letters and other mail matter, and accepts deposits for postal savings banks.

Rural carriers have answered many emergency calls. They have helped fight fires, both in farmhouses and in forests, and they have often carried the doctor to an isolated farm sickbed.

Thanks to improved roads and the general use of the automobile, carriers cover longer routes than they did a few years ago. The average rural route is about forty miles. The longest route at present covered by a single carrier is ninety-four miles. In good weather and barring unusual delays, carriers average about five to six hours on the road. Rural carriers seem to like their jobs, for annual replacements run only to about 1000.

14. After reading the next selection reproduce the "secret" in the code (not the message) in your own words.

FUN WITH CODES <sup>1</sup>*By Earl Schenck Miers*

It's really not so difficult to invent a code of your own. Take this message: —

"DKNN JCU OA DCV."

Seems like a puzzler, doesn't it? But if you know the key you can rattle it off in no time. What I did was add two letters to the one I would ordinarily write, changing my alphabet to read: —

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z  
(regular)

C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B  
(code)

To decipher, simply go back two letters in the alphabet for each letter in the code. The message becomes, "Bill has my bat."

15. Read the next account to find these details: —

- a. What does the hostel consist of?
- b. What were some outstanding experiences?
- c. What nationalities were represented?
- d. What benefits are mentioned?

ADVENTURE AWHEEL IN EUROPE <sup>2</sup>*By Margaret Brown*

A hosteling trip through Europe isn't an ordinary tour. The hosteler forgets formality and home culture; he takes his bicycle and his knapsack, and with light heart and light load (and usually light purse!) sets out to discover the native charms of a country, to learn to know it intimately by traveling and living with its young people.

The term "Youth Hostel," from the old English word meaning "inn," has been adopted for these travel facilities for young or young-spirited wanderers. The typical hostel, in Europe and in

<sup>1</sup> Copyright 1937 by The Methodist Book Concern. Reprinted by courtesy of *Target*, a Magazine for Boys.

<sup>2</sup> Reprinted from *Scholastic*, the American High School Weekly, by permission of the editors.





CYCLING

*By Ewing Galloway, N. Y.*

America, consists of separate dormitories for boys and girls, common "self-help" kitchens, day rooms, and sometimes laundry, library, and other such "luxuries." They are under the supervision of wardens, or "house parents." Similar in substance, they vary greatly in form. Our first youth hostel was a remodeled sailing ship in the Hamburg harbor; the next was the top story of a school, the next a romantic old castle; then came a handsome modernistic building accommodating two thousand guests. Always in the hostels we found friendly boys and girls from a dozen countries, eager to lead us to local points of interest, to sing, or hike, or just talk with us.

We are completely convinced that the hostel method is the only way to see a country. Münster entertained us with an age-old religious celebration, with parades of chanting children, and chimes, and streets strewn with ferns. In Weimar we visited the haunts of the great poets, Goethe and Schiller. We attended early services in the beautiful cathedral of Cologne, and in the Tyn Church of Prague. In Dresden we watched the making of Dresden china, and saw the "Sistine Madonna." Oberammergau gave us opportunity to see the actors of the Passion Play in a practice piece, half symbolic, which we understood by its wealth of intonation and gesture. Yes, there are limitless opportunities for the music or art lover.

With our party were several Europeans — Sam Pepys of England, a descendant of the diarist, Met Olden of Norway for a time, and several German boys. Biking together, camping and cooking, discussing world problems and exchanging the songs of our fatherlands, we grew into a truer understanding of our minor differences and a realization of our common, human, world heritage. Hosteling means, along with fun and freedom and friendship, responsibility, co-operation, tolerance, and idealism.

It was a glorious experience. We are a thousandfold richer, broader in our outlook on life and the world. We have fine true friends in many corners of it. And I think every one of us is hoarding pennies toward another such summer!

16. See if you can take the position called for in the next question.

## RIGHTO!

*Question:* When I dig I hold the spade handle with my right hand, my left halfway down the shaft, and use my left foot to press the spade down, the spade being on the right side of my body. Would you call that right or left-handed?

*Answer:* I quite agree with you.

17. Try to imagine the Indian as the poet has described him.

PUEBLO INDIAN <sup>1</sup>

He steps from out the kiva like a god  
From some old heathen hero tale, to lead  
The dance for rain. His nimble feet are shod  
In moccasins with fringe, but free from bead.

For no one white has come to trade  
Within the blue pueblo shade  
And proffer manufactured aid.

With sound of rattle and of drum, with nod  
Of bristling helmets, prancing braves proceed,  
Okoya at their head. Repaid  
Is he the practice in the burning sun,  
The years of play and hunting left undone,  
When now the lance of living rain is won.

— BEULAH JACKSON CHARMLEY

18. As you read this poem try to "see" the colors. Then answer the questions at the end.

JELLY MAKING <sup>2</sup>

Crystal, ruby, emerald,  
Pale white drifting sand,  
Ebony and lava,  
Jade from Samarkand:

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission of the author.

<sup>2</sup> Reprinted by permission from the *Christian Science Monitor*.



Souvenirs that you've brought back  
From some far-off land?

No, my kitchen table  
Holds these treasures rare;  
A berry made of ebony,  
A leaf of emerald there.

Rosy juices bubbling  
Like lava on the Moon;  
Drifting mounds of sugar  
Stirred in with a spoon.

Crystal goblets waiting  
To blush in ruby red;  
Paraffin like creamy jade.  
Lo, a royal spread!

Crystal, jade, and ruby,  
On my shelf they stand,  
For romance in familiar things  
And beauty close at hand  
These my summer souvenirs  
Remembrance of the land.

— OLIVE CARLETON-MUNRO

- a.* What is the main idea?
  - b.* Where do you find it expressed?
  - c.* Which stanza explains each of these terms in the first stanza: crystal, ruby, emerald, ebony, lava, jade?
  - d.* Why are the second, third, and fourth stanzas arranged in this order?
19. A committee may arrange to have the following play read orally. As the class listens, each one should keep his imagination wide-awake and respond to the emotion expressed.

REMEMBER THE ALAMO<sup>1</sup>*By Gladys Schmitt*

## CHARACTERS

ANNOUNCER

SAM HOUSTON

DEAF SMITH

MRS. DICKINSON

GENERAL SANTA ANNA

CHIEF OF STAFF ALMONTE

JUANITA

ANNOUNCER. March 14, 1836 — one hundred years ago, and rain pouring on the miserable little town of Gonzales, a collection of log houses in central Texas. Here, under the command of General Sam Houston, is stationed the ragged, undisciplined, poorly-equipped army of the newly created Republic of Texas, a band of untrained volunteers, the only protection of the Texas settlers against the magnificent invading army of Mexico. Texas calls itself independent. The Mexican army, advancing under General Santa Anna, thinks otherwise. Already, sixty-seven miles away at the Texas mission-fort called the Alamo, there has been an encounter between Mexico and the newly formed Republic. To what end? Nobody knows. Horrible reports of the Alamo are in the air, and thirty of the Gonzales women may well be widows by this time. General Sam Houston sits alone and troubled in the log cabin which constitutes his headquarters.

HOUSTON (*slowly, to himself*). Trapped there in the Alamo . . . less than two hundred Texans . . . surrounded by a Mexican army numbering thousands . . . (*Sound of horse's hoofs.*) Well, whatever's happened — it's over by this time. God help poor Colonel Travis. . . . Said he wouldn't surrender . . . would rather die than surrender . . . (*Shouting at a distance.*) What's that? Somebody riding

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted from *Scholastic*, the American High School Weekly. By permission of the editors.



Harvey Patterson. Courtesy of San Antonio Chamber of Commerce

### THE ALAMO

in, eh? Maybe with more news of the Alamo — bad news of course —  
(*Knock at the door.*) Who's there?

SMITH (*talks in a falsetto voice*). Deaf Smith — let me in, General Houston — (*Shouting*) News — news — news —

(*Quick steps. Door opening.*)

HOUSTON. Smith! Back? Man, come in. Why, you look like a ghost. What news of the Alamo?

SMITH. I've brought you the three survivors — this woman is one of them.

HOUSTON. Three? Good God, man — you brought us only three? Where are the rest?

SMITH. There isn't anybody, General, except this woman and her baby, and a negro boy — Colonel Travis's servant —



HOUSTON. But the rest, Smith? The two hundred soldiers? Where are they?

SMITH. General Houston, this is Mrs. Dickinson. She'll tell you the story.

*(Sound of a door closing.)*

HOUSTON. Madam —

MRS. DICKINSON. General Houston, there's nothing left of the fort — not a brick — not a soul —

HOUSTON. And those brave men that held the fort there — ?

MRS. DICKINSON. General, they held the Alamo for ten days against thousands of Mexicans — they were brave men, General — all of them are dead.

HOUSTON. Dead? Dead — you're sure of that? You saw them die?

MRS. DICKINSON *(her voice breaking)*. Every patriot in the Alamo dead. Not a Texan alive when the fort fell. They all died at their posts.

HOUSTON. No quarter?

MRS. DICKINSON. No quarter, General Houston. After the battle the Mexicans heaped the bodies of the heroes in the fort and —

HOUSTON. Yes? Yes?

MRS. DICKINSON. And Santa Anna ordered the fort burned and the bodies of the Texans with it —

HOUSTON. Brutality! Savage unnecessary brutality!

MRS. DICKINSON. It — it was horrible. I saw the flames from Santa Anna's apartment. They took me there.

HOUSTON *(excited)*. You saw Santa Anna, the Mexican Commander-in-Chief?

MRS. DICKINSON. Yes. I saw him. He's a strangely mild little fellow. Nobody'd dream he would be capable of such outrages —

HOUSTON. They took you to his apartment, Madam?

MRS. DICKINSON. Yes. He was courteous to me — kind — gave me food — played with the baby — and sent me out on a horse with his personal servant.

HOUSTON. Why?

MRS. DICKINSON. He wanted me to give you a message, General. (*Confusion of women's voices outside.*) Is that — that noise — is that the women, General Houston?

HOUSTON. Yes, God help them. They've heard the news.

MRS. DICKINSON. Their men died heroes — like mine.

HOUSTON (*violent, impetuous*). Oh, but it was unnecessary — pure slaughter! The Texans don't work together — those men should never have been in the Alamo. I told the Council that the Alamo was a death trap — I ordered Fannin to join those poor devils — to bring arms and men to their aid. In the beginning, I told the Council to blow that accursed place down. (*More confusion outside.*) And General Santa Anna, Madam — what message did he send me?

MRS. DICKINSON. Santa Anna said to deliver his compliments to you, General Houston, and to assure you that the story of the Alamo would be the story of all Texans who were found in arms against Mexican authority in Texas.

HOUSTON (*laughing*). Oh, he says that, does he?

MRS. DICKINSON. Yes, General. He says he will wipe your ragged army of rebels clean off the face of the earth —

HOUSTON. And you, Mrs. Dickinson? What would you say?

MRS. DICKINSON (*with spirit*). I would say that no decent Texan could sleep or eat until this outrage is avenged, until the Alamo has been paid for and Texas is free.

HOUSTON. And so say I! Smith!

SMITH. Yes, General. Your orders, sir?

HOUSTON. See that Mrs. Dickinson gets food and rest.

SMITH. Yes, sir. Other orders, sir?

HOUSTON. Only this: Order every undisciplined Texan soldier, every deserting coward who tries to run away from this army of ours, to —

SMITH. Yes, sir?

HOUSTON. To remember the patriots whose charred bones lie in that mission — to remember the brave who died for Texan independence at the Alamo.

(*Beat of drums. Tramp of feet. Women's voices.*)

ANNOUNCER. April twenty first in the same year, — 1836, — the year when Texas first called herself a Republic, free of the rule of Mexico. So far, the Republic has seen disaster after disaster. Santa Anna's Mexican troops have been victorious and have slaughtered the Texans at the Alamo and at Goliad. Harrisburg, the capital of the new Republic, has been visited by Santa Anna's men and has been left a heap of hot ashes to drift across the Texas plains. And now Santa Anna, Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican Army, is encamped with more than 1500 soldiers on the Texan plain of San Jacinto. Evening, and Santa Anna and his Chief of Staff Almonte sit around the Mexican campfires in the growing dusk.

ALMONTE. Well, General Santa Anna . . .

SANTA ANNA (*he has a soft, lazy, pleasant voice*). Well, Almonte. . . . Will they attack, or will they run again? What does my Chief of Staff say?

ALMONTE. I say it isn't important, General Santa Anna. I say, have another glass of wine.

SANTA ANNA. Good wine, good vintage, Almonte — but the Texans — what do you say they will do?

ALMONTE. I say it matters very little what they do, General Santa Anna. If they run, they'll run. If they fight, they'll begin to run a little later, that's all.

JUANITA. They did not run at the Alamo, Señors.

ALMONTE. Ah, Juanita. You here? Where's your husband?

JUANITA. Asleep — resting — he has a notion there'll be a battle tomorrow. General Santa Anna — do you?

SANTA ANNA (*laughing*). Not at all, my dear child. Certainly not. The Texans have been running away for a month now. What makes your husband think they'll stand still tomorrow?

JUANITA. I don't know why he thinks so. Maybe he's been dreaming.

ALMONTE. Yes, he probably has been dreaming — don't you think so, General? Dreaming or drinking, one or the other. Wine, Juanita?



JUANITA (*frightened*). Oh!

SANTA ANNA. What's the matter with you, child? Cold? Give her a blanket, Almonte.

JUANITA. No, not cold. Nervous. . . . I saw a bat flying over there, and that's bad luck. General, I'm afraid.

SANTA ANNA. Women can be afraid of the silliest things, can't they, Almonte?

ALMONTE. They're noted for that.

SANTA ANNA. For instance, imagine being afraid of that ragged little army over there — less than a thousand men, no uniforms — no discipline — two cannons — poverty, mutiny, deserters —

JUANITA. But, General, Señor Sam Houston, that general of theirs —

ALMONTE. Juanita's right, General Santa Anna. That Sam Houston is a man worth getting a chill about —

SANTA ANNA. A backwoodsman, like the rest, Almonte! Brought up among the Indians — a failure — an exile in Texas — a romantic fool.

ALMONTE. Maybe so, General —

JUANITA. Some of his men love him —

SANTA ANNA. *Some* of his men, child. *Some* of his men.

JUANITA. I'm afraid tonight — somehow. Please, General Santa Anna, keep special watch against the Texans. And tomorrow when the siesta hour comes, don't let the men sleep. While we sleep, the Texans may sweep down on us, remembering the Alamo, and God help us then.

SANTA ANNA. Oh, come. We've numbers and discipline and munitions — what have they?

ALMONTE. Nothing at all. Two cannon — they call them the Twin Sisters. Two cannon — nothing else in the world.

JUANITA. Oh, but they do have something else, Señor Almonte.

ALMONTE. What else do they have, my dear?

JUANITA. They have their homes and wives to protect — their fields and oxen — and they have the Alamo to avenge.

SANTA ANNA. They're rebels — squatters on Mexican land.

JUANITA. They call Texas theirs. Their wives live there. Their children were born on that land. They will be fighting for their women, their children, their crops, their homes —

ALMONTE. She insists on thinking they'll fight — that's her trouble, General. She has more faith in them than they deserve.

SANTA ANNA. Oh, the saints preserve us, Almonte. Now is the time to stop this talk —

JUANITA. Oh, another bat. . . .

ALMONTE. Not at all, my dear, it's the same bat flying over again.

JUANITA. For the love of heaven, don't sleep at siesta hour tomorrow.

SANTA ANNA. Listen to the music, and forget it, my dear. . . .

ANNOUNCER. Spanish quarters on the plain of San Jacinto, close to dusk on the following afternoon. And now those plains, covered with bright grass and lit by campfires last night, are red with blood and clouded with a rolling mist of dust. Juanita's fears are realized. The battle of San Jacinto has been raging for hours. Cannon fire from the Texan "Twin Sisters" has rent great gaps in the Mexican lines. At headquarters, holding the last reinforcements, is Chief of Staff Almonte. Beside him is Juanita.

*(Cracking of muskets. Shouting. Boom of cannon. Sound of fife or flute playing "Yankee Doodle." All these noises muted enough to allow the conversation between Almonte and Juanita to be heard.)*

ALMONTE. A hundred of our men are down — driven by the Texans into the San Jacinto River —

JUANITA *(her voice breaking)*. No chance for them to get out of there, Señor Almonte?

ALMONTE. Less chance than a fish has on dry land —

JUANITA. Oh, God help me —

ALMONTE. Courage, Juanita!

JUANITA. Don't talk to me about courage, Señor Almonte. Look at those hundred men driven into the river — to die there — maybe dying there now —

*(Loud cannon report.)*

JUANITA. My husband is with those men!

ALMONTE. The day will belong to the Texans —

JUANITA. The day — like all battle days — belongs to the devil —  
(*Loud cannon report.*)

ALMONTE. Look! Look over there, my girl. Do you see that?

JUANITA (*listlessly*). What?

ALMONTE. Their general is down! Sam Houston — their best man — their only leader is down. Oh, now we'll rally —

JUANITA. Let us rally — who cares — the best of us are dead. Why? Because you lords of Mexico wanted more land — and had to sleep at siesta hour —

ALMONTE. Oh . . .

JUANITA. He's not down, you see, after all. He's up again, on a new horse. But he's wounded. His foot is hurt.

ALMONTE. He'll not last the battle out. We'll rally. Two more minutes, and I'll take my troops in —

(*Loud cannon report. Shouts. Screams.*)

JUANITA. Our front ranks are all down. Our middle lines are falling. The men driven into the river — my husband —

ALMONTE. After that — we'll not rally.

JUANITA. Can't you do something to save those men in the river? (*Hysterical.*) Don't let them die.

ALMONTE. That finishes us — six hundred dead — three hundred prisoners —

SANTA ANNA (*shouting*). Retreat! Save yourselves! Retreat!

(*A bugle sounds the retreat. Loud thunder of horses' hoofs. Shouting. Noise slowly fading.*)

ANNOUNCER. Dusk of the following day — a glorious day for Texas. The six hundred dead, two hundred wounded, three hundred prisoners, and general rejoicing in the Texan camp — dancing, singing, hard drinking. Only one danger remains. Santa Anna is still at large. He, the President of Mexico, the Commander-in-Chief of her armies, is still free to return to his own country and to raise another army against the Texans. And what of General Sam Houston, without whom Texas would never have been free? Sorely



wounded, his foot crushed by cannon fire, he lies under an oak tree, cursing the escape of Santa Anna and eating some broth brought by Mrs. Dickinson.

MRS. DICKINSON. And how's the foot by now?

HOUSTON. Painful — damned painful — I could take the —

MRS. DICKINSON. Now, now, you'd better not curse, General. The rest'll take your example — They're copying everything you do today —

HOUSTON. Oh, it's not the foot that bothers me, Mrs. Dickinson — it's that slippery, cursed, escaped Santa Anna. (*Shouting at a distance.*) What's that?

MRS. DICKINSON. Wait, I'll look . . . Oh, Robinson has ridden in with another prisoner — a funny little fellow in a blue shirt and red felt slippers —

HOUSTON. Then what's all the noise about?

MRS. DICKINSON. Don't ask me, General — the fellow looks harmless enough — but from the shouting you'd think they'd captured a lion. He's coming this way.

HOUSTON. What's he want? I can't be bothered. My foot hurts —

MRS. DICKINSON. Oh — oh, General — count ten again —

SANTA ANNA. General Sam Houston?

HOUSTON. Yes, what in the devil do you want?

SANTA ANNA. Sir, I came into the camp with this Señor Robinson. I wish to present myself to the General. I am General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, President of Mexico, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Operations. I —

HOUSTON. What?

MRS. DICKINSON. Oh, please don't jump up like that, General Houston.

SANTA ANNA. The General is wounded, and must remain in the most comfortable position possible. I place myself at the disposal of the brave General Houston.

HOUSTON. General Santa Anna! Ah, indeed! Take a seat, General. I am glad to see you. Take a seat.

MRS. DICKINSON. Sit down, General Anna. Yes, you'll have to make that do — that black box over there —

SANTA ANNA. General Houston, that man may consider himself born to no common destiny who has conquered the Napoleon of the West. And now it remains for you to be generous to the vanquished.

HOUSTON. You should have remembered that at the Alamo, General Santa Anna.

SANTA ANNA. At the Alamo, General Houston, we were trying to teach rebels —

HOUSTON. Yes, and what about Fannin's men, General Santa Anna? What about Goliad?

SANTA ANNA. I — I have traveled a long time, and seen many horrors, and am not myself — am very weary —

HOUSTON. Give this poor devil a drink —

SANTA ANNA. Thanks, General Houston — that's good — I am more myself. Will the General discuss terms of peace?

HOUSTON. That is not for me to do, General Santa Anna. That is work to be done by the Council of the Texas Republic.

SANTA ANNA. Of course, certainly, General Houston. An armistice, then?

HOUSTON. Yes. Certainly, an armistice beginning at once, General Santa Anna.

SANTA ANNA. And mercy?

HOUSTON. I believe so, General Santa Anna. It is not the fashion of the Texas Republic to slaughter its prisoners. No, not even after the Alamo.

SANTA ANNA. And I — what is to become of me, General Houston?

HOUSTON. Your fate, General, does not lie with me. It lies with the Government I represent — the glorious and free Republic of Texas. (*Bugle call. Tramp of marching feet. "Yankee Doodle" played with spirit on the fife or flute.*) My army on parade, General Santa Anna — a ragged bunch of fellows, eh?

SANTA ANNA. Ragged — but brave.

HOUSTON. Not only brave, but industrious as well. The war is over, we hope. Those men who helped to drench the plain of San Jacinto with blood will soon be enriching it with corn and wheat. Peace and freedom we want — only freedom and peace.

*(Music. Continues for a few seconds. Slow fadeout.)*

ANNOUNCER. The name of Sam Houston is linked forever with the glorious history of young Texas. Commander-in-Chief of her armies, first president of her Republic, Senator of the United States, eager worker in the cause of Annexation — Sam Houston is Texas's most illustrious son and one of the greatest men in American history. Coming to Texas as a political failure, he set his shoulder to the wheel and raised the state from its slavery to Mexico, meanwhile bringing undimmed glory to his own name. On this hundredth birthday of Texas, we find ourselves celebrating great Texans as well — and among those none more useful, lovable, and glorious than Sam Houston, illustrious in war and mighty in peace.



## INDEX



## INDEX

- "Adventure Awheel in Europe," 355  
 "Adventures in the Postal Guide," 170  
 "After Butterflies," 110  
 "Agricultural Revolution, The," 341  
 Alcott, Louisa May, 270  
 "Allan-A-Dale," 246  
 Allen, Sara Van Alstyne, 229  
 "America," 282  
 "American Flag, The," 256  
 "Ancient Mariner, The," 243  
 "Angel of the Crimea, The," 68  
 "Animal Dangers," 148  
 "Animals Also Suffer," 289  
 "Answered," 294  
 "At Boulogne," 275  
 "At the Seal Pool," 343  
  
 Bacon, Francis L., 191, 216, 287, 341  
 Bailey, Carolyn Sherwin, 158  
 "Baseball Dog, A," 293  
 "Battle of Blenheim, The," 259  
 "Battles," 193  
 "Big Ben," 305  
 "Blue Bowl," 229  
 Books You Will Enjoy, 42-46  
 Braley, Berton, 321  
 "Breakers Ahead," 270  
 Brown, Margaret, 355  
 Bryant, William Cullen, 268  
 "Buffalo Dance, The," 4  
 Burgess, Thornton, 148  
 "Burial of the Minnisink," 328  
 Burns, Robert, 242  
 "By the Turret Stair," 321  
  
 "Caged Leopard," 286  
 Cairns, Dolores, 232, 233  
 Campbell, Thomas, 278  
 "Captain Bob Bartlett," 262  
 Carleton, Sara King, 350  
 Carleton-Munro, Olive, 293, 359  
 Carroll, Lewis, 300  
 Cary, Phoebe, 255  
 Castle, Gwen, 233  
 "Cataract of Lodore, The," 322  
 Charmley, Beulah Jackson, 257, 270,  
     351, 358  
 "Chinese Jasmine Vendor," 231  
  
 "Circus," 173  
 "City Cat," 147  
 Clark, Mary E., 164, 202  
 "Clean Clara," 298  
 Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 243  
 Cooper, B. B., 231  
 "Costumes in Hungary," 115  
 "Curious Fire, A," 58  
  
 "Daffodils, The," 188  
 "Damocles," 78  
 "Damon and Pythias," 306  
 Darling, Grace, 199  
 Darrow, Floyd L., 89  
 Davies, Mary Carolyn, 250  
 Davis, Dorothy Marie, 144  
 "Dear Neighbor," 257  
 "Death of Lincoln, The," 268  
 "Debtor," 144  
 "Deer Story, A," 111  
 Details, Searching for, 190-217  
 Dictionary, How to Find Words in the,  
     125  
 Dictionary, Use of, 121-139  
 Dictionary, What It Tells Us, 131  
 "Dogdom," 345  
 "Dogie, The," 309  
 Donham, S. Agnes, 206  
 "Doughnut, The," 199  
 Douglas, Malcolm, 279  
 Drake, Joseph Rodman, 256  
 "Duna," 251  
  
 Eipper, Paul, 173  
 Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 153  
 Emphasis in Oral Reading, 307  
 "Enjoying Nature," 236  
 "Everyday Adventures," 66  
  
 "Faithful to the Task," 141  
 Fields, James T., 328  
 Frost, Frances, 259  
 "Fruit of the Wise Men, The," 89  
 Fun in Reading, 3-47  
 "Fun with Codes," 355  
  
 "Geography Game," 193  
 Gerry, M. S., 265  
 "Getting Acquainted with a Vireo," 227



- "Gettysburg Address, The," 279  
 Gibson, Pauline, 330  
 "Glove and the Lions, The," 319  
 "Good King Wenceslas," 284  
 Great American Dams, 96  
 "Guest in an Arbor," 145  
 Gutenberg, Johannes, 78  
 "Gypsies," 146  
  
 "Happiest Land, The," 252  
 Haskin, Frederic J., 290, 307  
 Hickey, Joseph J., 310  
 Hill, Charles T., 58  
 "His First Movie," 258  
 Hixon, Helen, 146  
 Hodgins, Eric, 84  
 Holt, Alfred H., 170  
 Home Reading, 42  
 Hood, Thomas, 248  
 Hough, Donald, 309  
 "How a Bag of Bones Helped a Boy Start  
     His Career," 317  
 "How Do Fish Live in a Frozen Pond?"  
     79  
 "How Intelligent Is Your Dog?" 26  
 "How Music Traveled," 313  
 "How the Suez Canal Looks," 346  
 "How to Eat Fruit," 164  
 "'Howlers' Spotted in Foreign Press,"  
     344  
 "Hungry Sea Gull, The," 310  
 "Hunter of the Grass Tops, A," 154  
 "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of  
     Bethlehem," 244  
  
 Imaginative Pictures, 218-241  
 "In Service," 273  
 "Inchcape Rock," 294  
 Index, Using the, 76  
 "Industrial Revolution, The," 287  
 "Interruption for Wonder," 232  
 Introduction, ix  
  
 "Jelly Making," 358  
 Jennings, Leslie Nelson, 147  
 "Juggler, The," 221  
 "Just a Little Chat," 278  
  
 "Kangaroo Race," 194  
 Keller, Helen, 197, 236  
 Kemper, S. H., 17  
 Kingsley, Charles, 245  
 "Kitten," 233  
 "Knut, The Giant Bull Snake," 37  
 Krug, Edward A., 191, 216, 287, 341  
  
 "Lady Said 'No,' The," 55  
 "Lamplighter, The," 282  
 Lansing, Marion Florence, 221  
 "Learning to Read," 197  
 "Legend of the Northland, A," 253  
 "Leif Ericson," 257  
 Letts, Winifred M., 274  
 Lincoln, Abraham, 279  
 Literary Pseudonyms, 92  
 "Lone Dog," 251  
 "Longer the Quicker, The," 196  
 Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 245,  
     253, 329, 349  
 "Lord Ullin's Daughter," 276  
 "Lucy Gray: or, Solitude," 282  
 "Lunar Hoax, The," 238  
  
 Mackay, Margaret Mackprang, 231  
 Magoun, F. Alexander, 84  
 "Mail Time," 146  
 Main Idea, Discovering the, 140-150  
 Martinelli, George, 346  
 "Marvels," 319  
 McConnell, Burt M., 30  
 McCracken, Harold, 262  
 McKee, Oliver, Jr., 353  
 McLaren, Floris Clark, 195  
 McLeod, Irene Rutherford, 252  
 "Meet Mr. Skunk," 348  
 Meiers, Earl Schenck, 355  
 Meigs, Cornelia, 4, 209  
 "Mercy by Mail, R.F.D.," 353  
 "Mexican Gardener," 142  
 Minnigerode, Fitzhugh L., 80  
 "Missing Pencil, The," 292  
 "Mock Turtle's Song, The," 299  
 "Modern Travel," 83  
 Moore, Helen Trafford, 352  
  
 Neal, John Mason, 286  
  
 Oral Reading for Pleasure, 310  
 "Order of Business," 200  
 "Orion," 79  
 Owen, Margaret Eggleston, 317  
 "Owl-Critic, The," 324  
  
 "Pansy Bed," 232  
 "Past and Present," 247  
 "Peacepoint," 349  
 "Peak, The," 250  
 Peatman, John Gray, 26  
 Peterson, Alvin M., 302  
 "Photographing Wild Life," 302  
 Phrasing, 289  
 Pickthall, Marjorie, 251

"Picture of a Good Student, A," 216  
 "Picture of a Poor Student, A," 191  
 "Pictures of Power," 351  
 "Pigeon Sends Help," 55  
 "Polar Bear, The," 197  
 "Popular New Game, A," 165  
 "Portrait of a Plain Puppy," 258  
 Preparation for Oral Reading, 288  
 Printing and Publishing Statistics, 94  
 Proctor, Mary, 50, 101, 238  
 Psalm 19, 297  
 "Pueblo Indian," 358  
 "Pulse," 229  
  
 "Questions and Answers," 290, 307  
 Quigley, Margery Closey, 164, 202  
  
 "Race for the Pole, The," 84  
 Radio Program, 98  
 "Rainy Day," 274  
 Rands, William Brighty, 299  
 Rate of Reading, 48-73  
 "Rattler and Kingsnake," 166  
 Reading Aloud, 287-341  
 "Real Thrill, The," 320  
 "Recipe for Fudge," 303  
 "Recipe for Success," 195  
 "Red, Red Rose, A," 242  
 "Remember the Alamo," 360  
 Retracing the Author's Pattern, 151-189  
 "Reverie of Poor Susan," 261  
 Review, 342-370  
 Review Practice, 343  
 Review Questions, 342  
 Richards, Laura E., 68, 275  
 "Right Thought, The," 142  
 "Righto!" 358  
 Ritchey, John, 146, 236  
 Rounds, Glen, 37  
 Russell, Sydney King, 286  
 Rutledge, Archibald, 166  
  
 "Sampler," 195  
 "Sands of Dee, The," 245  
 Schmitt, Gladys, 330, 360  
 Scoville, Samuel, Jr., 66, 227, 348  
 "Search for Sleep," 330  
 "Secretary's Minutes of a Club Meeting, A," 292  
 Selfridge, Erica, 234  
 Serdaly, Franz, 301  
 Sharing the Writer's Feeling, 242-286  
 "Shell, The," 145  
 Skimming, 75-105  
 "Skyliner at Night," 235

Slonimsky, Nicolas, 313  
 "Solitary Reaper, The," 151  
 "Something to Celebrate," 300  
 "Songs of Engines," 234  
 Southey, Robert, 261, 296, 324  
 "Sparrow of Ulm, The," 57  
 "Spicy Facts," 83  
 "Stamp Collection Is 'Gold Mine,'" 112  
 Stanford, E. E., 312  
 "State Mottoes," 80  
 Stevenson, Robert Louis, 247, 282  
 Stickney, Helen Frith, 275  
 Stoddard, Olive, 350  
 "Store in the Woods," 293  
 "Story of a Great Inventor, The," 61  
 "Story of Skywriting, The," 30  
 "Story of Squanto, The," 158  
 "Story of the Sun, The," 50  
 Stowell, Thorn, 148  
 "Student's Income," 206  
 "Suez Canal, The," 118  
 "Sunflowers," 312  
 "Surf Riders," 233  
 "Susan B. Anthony," 290  
  
 Table of Contents, Using the, 76  
 Tables, Practice in Skimming, 94-96  
 "Tactful King, A," 58  
 "Taj Mahal," 199  
 Tests  
     Details, 190, 216  
     Dictionary, 121, 138  
     Imaginative Pictures, 238  
     Oral Reading, 287, 341  
     Reading Rate and Comprehension, 48, 100  
     Retracing the Author's Pattern, 151, 188  
     Sharing the Writer's Feeling, 242, 282  
     Vocabulary, 106, 117, 119  
 Thomas, Keith, 145  
 Thorndike, E. L., 129  
 "Timing a Race," 194  
 "Tom Sawyer Rejected," 344  
 "Tongue Twisters," 306  
 "Toy-Shop, The," 265  
 "Tributaries of the Mississippi Couldn't Flood All at Once," 143  
 "Trip to the Sun, A," 101  
  
 "Under Grandmother's Quilt," 268  
  
 "Vacation Child," 349  
 "Vagabond, The," 247  
 Vocabulary, 106-120

- Wade, Mary H., 61  
 "Watch for Fossils in the Rocks You  
   Find," 161  
 "We Thank Thee," 153  
 "Wellington Obeys," 140  
 "When You Are a House Guest," 202  
 "Whose Wild Life?" 309  
 Widdemer, Margaret, 147  
 Williams, Kathrine Hymas, 143  
 "Willingness to Stick," 301  
 "Windows," 350  
 Wistrand, Robert, 230  
 "Woman's Sphere," 17  
 "Words," 350  
 Words, How to Pronounce, 132  
 Wordsworth, William, 152, 189, 262, 284  
 "Worries of Government Experts," 168  
 "Writing of 'Little Women,' The," 209  
 "Young Corn Is Growing," 230











